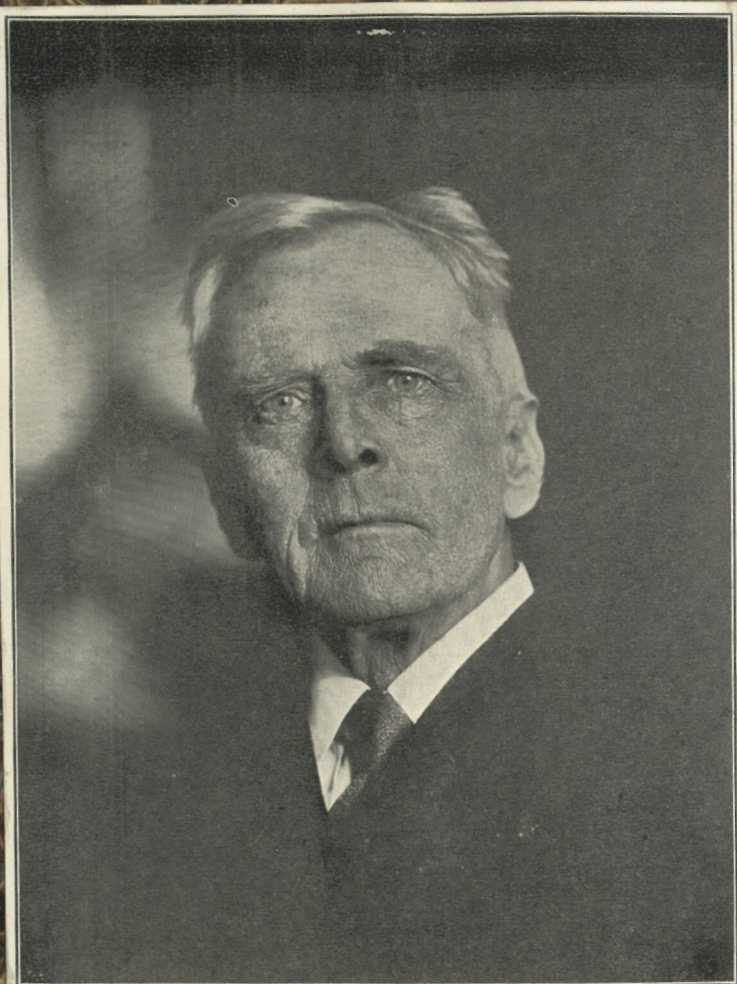


THE LATE CAPT. CHARLES GRANT.





THE LATE ARTHUR H. GARDNER.



William H. Tripp  
Nov. 26, 1949

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shoulder and fell upon the closed bible upon his knee. His bowed head was upon his breast shrouded in the white hair, which reached far below his shoulders, and his wonderful, heavy, snowy beard rippled down almost to the floor. He was clad in his customary threadbare, coarse garments, the patches on which were piled one above the other, but stitched with the neatness and precision of a woman's hand.

"That is Fred Parker's romance," said a summerer at the Nantucket, as he tossed his cigar from the veranda and prepared to ascend to his room. It was late. "My boy and myself found the manuscript of Mary's letters wrapped in oiled silk under a loose brick over the crockery shelf at the hermitage this summer. Among the old man's papers at the store, to which reference was made on their wrapper, we found the notice of the loss of the Cynthia. I visited my aunt a few weeks ago, and she supplied missing connections in the story, as I have related."

"What became of Mary?"

"No one knows. The ship never came back to this coast, and the captain and his wife were last heard from in Australia. My aunt said it did not prove a happy marriage."

—New York Sun.



## The Hermit of Nantucket.

A ROMANCE OF THE FLUSH DAYS OF THE  
WHALE-OIL CITY. 1885

Old Fred Parker's fame as the hermit of Nantucket has attained additional interest this season in the minds of visitors. This has come about by the unearthing of the romance connected with the old man's early days. Up to 1880 every tourist to Nantucket took a three hours' ride in a springless, jolting fish wagon out to Quidnet to see old Parker, the leading human curiosity of the island, to whom, however, Billy Clark, the historic town crier, was ever a close second. Quidnet consists of three houses and a varied assortment of sand dunes on the eastern edge of the island. It is two miles north of Sankaty lighthouse, and its people live mainly by sharking and bluefishing in summer, changing to codding and clamming in the colder months. Down under the sand hills, sheltered from the shore and partially obscured by the waves of rank gray-green sedge and the purple bloom of the shore pea, still stands the famous hermitage of Quidnet, one story high. Everything about it is the same as when old Parker died, and a plain marble slab in its rear marks the old man's last resting spot, for, according to his last request, he was buried by the sounding sea. His little property has passed into the hands of a thrifty descendant, who reaps a summer harvest from the curious in search of mementoes.

In the halcyon days of the whale-oil city Fred Parker was a tall, ambitious, but rather gawky youth, who served customers from behind the counters of Macy's busy grocery. He had a very moderate salary for those flush times, but his slender earnings were snugly invested, in common with all there who had money, in ships which were chasing the whale. His adventures were successful, and he labored diligently at the desk, and scrimped and scraped, to gather enough to buy a sixteenth share in the bark Cynthia, which Nantucketers were then fitting away for the oil fields of the ocean. The oil excitement was at its height. Money was pouring rapidly into the strong boxes of the rich, and business of all kinds was in a booming state. Everybody in this now dead and deserted old hamlet was on the lookout for fresh adventures. In an ill-advised moment the youth mortgaged the Parker homestead, at the back of the town, to enable him to command a still larger interest in the new bark. If she made any sort of a voyage she would repay him his investment in a twelve-month, and he would be a capitalist. With a score of other interested islanders he watched the Cynthia unfold her snowy wings one spring morning outside the bar, and sail away to Greenland seas. Then he went back to his desk and his work.

Time sped on. Meanwhile Fred Parker had met and loved blue-eyed Mollie Coffin, a laughing, rosy-cheeked lass from Edgartown, on the neighboring Vineyard, who had spent the summer with her cousin at Nantucket. They met at one of the features of the island, a "pound party," and she was escorted home that night by the enamored grocer. Intimacy followed, and young Parker made her his confidant. He was madly in love. When she left the island for the Vineyard in the fall her hand was pledged to him. They were to be married when his ship came in.

Through the long, cold winter that followed, the straggling New Bedford sail packet made only now and then a trip to the Nantucket shore. But each time it came and went it transferred letters and pledges of love between young Parker and his affianced. Her notes were tender and assuring, his responses ardent and truthful. The Cynthia was much overdue, he wrote the following spring, but she was a new vessel, and in the most skillful hands. A competency and happiness could not fail to be in store for them. Other months of waiting followed. Then there was a break in Mary's letters. The young lover could not account for it. A two weeks' gale prevailed, and then the mail boat came, but he got no word from her. He wrote her upbraidingly. After this there came another fortnight's storm, and the mail boat was not seen again for fifteen days. When she did arrive she brought a bulky delayed mail,

and the late New York and Boston papers were eagerly sought for by the ship owners and business men. In one of them Fred Parker found a dispatch from St. Johns, N. F., then over two months old. It read as follows:

The Nantucket barkentine Cynthia, Clinby, master, was abandoned 300 miles off this point, February 13, in a gale. She was waterlogged, with 700 barrels oil loose in the hold. On the night of the 12th, in a storm, the Cynthia was in a collision with the British brig Highland Mary, Landon, from Liverpool for New York. The brig lay by the Cynthia the following day, and, the gale increasing, took the crew off and brought them to this port. The Cynthia was a new vessel. She will probably break up.

Vessel insurance was not popular in those days. There was not a cent on Fred Parker's interest in the Cynthia, and it was with blanched face and reeling brain that he read the tidings which made him worse off than a poor man—a debtor without a cent in the world. People talked about his misfortune, but he said not a word to any one. The next trip of the mail boat carried him to Edgartown, where he at once repaired to the home of his intended bride. He arrived just in season to see a shower of old shoes and rice thrown out of the front door upon a little party that was clustered about a carriage in the street. The carriage drove rapidly away toward the harbor as he went in. He inquired for Mary. Her thin-lipped, gray eyed mother struck him down as with a thunderbolt by announcing that she had just been married. Then, while he listened in a dazed sort of way, she told him coldly that the storm which had intercepted Nantucket's mails blew into Edgartown a Bangor ship bound to the East Indies. She halted for repairs, and her delay was lengthened while the captain wooed and won Mrs. Coffin's daughter. The ship had sailed from New York, but was driven out of her way by the gale. The captain brought ashore late papers, one of which contained the account of the loss of the Cynthia. By the advice of her mother, Mrs. Coffin coldly said, Mary at once concluded to give up the young grocer, and after a three weeks' courtship she became the stranger captain's wife, and had sailed away with him in his bonnie ship that very day.

The same norther which bore the false-hearted Edgartown girl out past the painted clay cliffs of Gay Head drove a light fishing dory from the Vineyard over to Nantucket. In it was seated the now broken-hearted Parker. He reached Nantucket in the night, and it is said he was never seen there in the daylight again. His disappearance was commented on, but as he had no near relatives no search was made for him. The following summer, however, he was found installed at Quidnet, in the little house of today, one that had been built for wreckers early in the century. There he lived ever after, a silent man. The storms fed him with wreckage, which he pulled up, and which still remains about the castle. Nailed up on the habitation are a score of faded gilt-name boards of vessels which have been driven over the treacherous shoals in the last half century. Many lives he saved by burning fires at the head of the sheltering little bay near his door for the guidance of shipwrecked sailors, and many were the blessings and rewards he received. Of himself, however, he would say nothing, and finally his story became as much of a mystery to the fresh generation of natives as to the stranger. Twice a year, and always in the night he would go into town and visit the loft of the old Macy store, wherein some furniture and papers of his were stowed. He was always away from view before daylight and back to his well greased little stove and the single shelf which constituted his pantry.

Until the last the old man preserved the sphinx-like mystery which hung about him. His dead body was found one bright summer morning sitting upright in an oaken chair by the fireplace. A ray of light from the single oiled-paper window shot over his



## Interesting Facts About Captain Hussey Who Quelled Mutiny

A few weeks ago an article appeared in these columns which had to do with the mutiny on the ship *Planter* of Nantucket, which occurred off Pitts Island, in the Kingsmill Group of the mid-Pacific, on July 1st, 1849.

In order to quell the revolt aboard his ship Captain Isaac B. Hussey was forced to shoot one of his men. The act restored discipline at a critical time but it ruined Capt. Hussey's career as a whaler through a chain of unusual circumstances.

Since the publication of the article, several interested people have commented on the related incidents. Edward P. Tice remembers his father, Capt. William Tice, another whaling master, tell of the mutiny. Capt. Tice sailed with Captain Hussey and declared him a resolute man, firm with his men without being cruel.

An important addition to the published account is contained in a letter received this week from a subscriber residing in his winter home in Washington, D. C. The letter reaffirms many of the pertinent phases in the article which, in the absence of details, had to be inferred.

The story behind the article is in itself an interesting one. The *Vineyard Gazette* had printed a short summary of items gleaned from a volume of newspapers published in Honolulu nearly ninety years ago. One of these items mentioned a mutiny which had taken place on board the Nantucket whaleship *Planter*, in which Captain Hussey had killed four men.

Believing that here was a bit of history well worth recording, Edouard A. Stackpole, of the staff of *The Inquirer and Mirror*, set to work investigating. Starbuck's History of the Whale Fishery, the great authority on the subject, had no notation of the mutiny and, because of this, it was at first thought that the mention in the eighty-seven-year-old Honolulu paper was a rumor, elaborated to some extent, as was common in those days but not so common as today.

Starbuck, however, noted that Capt. Hussey did not come home with his ship, leaving her at Strong's Island in the Pacific. To say the least, this fact was most unusual, and so the researcher redoubled his efforts. After a check on the dates involved, and a thorough perusal of files of both *The Inquirer* and *The Mirror* for the years 1850 and 1851, the search was at last rewarded by half a dozen references at various dates, all of which went into the creation of an article appearing in the December 11th issue of *The Inquirer and Mirror*.

There was still, of course, the risk of a wrong interpretation of the facts involved in the mutiny. But the letter received this week from the subscriber established the important fact that the several surmises in the material were correct, and that the account, as printed, was a proper version of the

affair. This subscriber should know, as he is the grand-nephew of Captain Hussey of the *Planter*. He is Lieut. Lester Mitchell Folger, of Nantucket and Washington.

"I congratulate *The Inquirer and Mirror* in presenting the facts exactly as they happened, correct in every detail," writes Mr. Folger. "My knowledge of the mutiny on the *Planter*... can not be disputed, as I have in my possession Captain Hussey's statement, signed by himself" and the officers and crew of the ship.

Mr. Folger's letter is so interesting that it deserves re-printing in its entirety. It is as follows:

Washington, D. C., Dec. 26, 1937.

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

I read with much interest the article in your December 11th issue covering the story of the mutiny on the ship *Planter* of Nantucket, commanded by my grand-uncle, Captain Isaac B. Hussey, and the fatal shooting by the captain of a member of his crew named William Clark, that the mutiny might be quelled and the crew return to their duties, which was imperative, owing to the large number of natives who had boarded the vessel and who, if discipline had not been maintained, would undoubtedly have put the officers and crew in grave peril.

I congratulate *The Inquirer and Mirror* in presenting the facts exactly as they happened, correct in every detail. My knowledge of the mutiny on the *Planter* and all the circumstances connected with it can not be disputed, as I have in my possession Captain Hussey's statement signed by himself and the following members of his crew, Joseph Fisher, 1st Mate; William H. Chase, William Paddock, Cornelius Conway, Joseph A. Warren and Charles G. Macy.

I have also a letter written in Honolulu, dated October 20, 1851, from my grandfather, Peter Folger, to his brother-in-law, Captain Hussey, enclosing a printed copy of the examination of Mate Fisher of the *Planter* before a U. S. Commissioner and discharging Mate Fisher from any responsibility of law as Captain Hussey would have been had he appeared at the hearing. The Commissioner did find, however, that Captain Hussey was wholly wrong in not submitting himself to a judicial inquiry.

In the letter of Peter Folger, Captain Hussey was authorized to draw on him for \$1,000 in either Honolulu, Sydney or Valparaiso, where he (Peter Folger) was well known.

A number of other papers concerning this incident are also in my possession as well as the painted portrait of Captain Hussey and a letter of Peter Folger to Captain Hussey, in-



forming him of the death of his wife, Lucretia Hussey, three years after the captain had written her to join him at Strong's Island. The delivery and collection of mail in those days from isolated ports in the South Seas was very uncertain and letters were often transferred from one ship to another until they finally reached their destination.

It may be of interest to readers of *The Inquirer and Mirror* to learn that Captain Hussey acquired land and erected a house on Strong's Island, with the expectation of his wife joining him there. A copy of the deed to this land reads as follows:

"Know all men by these presents that we, Tohasah, King of Strong's Island and Karsah the wife of said Tohasah in consideration of ten pieces of cloth, one keg of powder, one barrel of oil, one box of soap, small hatchet and other small articles to us paid in hand by Isaac B. Hussey of Nantucket and Samuel Brown of New York State, both American citizens, the receipt thereof we do hereby acknowledge have bargained sold and quit claimed unto the said Isaac B. Hussey and Samuel Brown, and to their heirs and assigns forever all and each of our right, title, interest, estate claim and demand, both at law and in equity as well in possession as in expectancy of in and to all of a certain farm or piece of land, situated on the small Island opposite the landing or small beach, thirteen rods in front and thirteen in rear extending right across the Island to the opposite sand beach, bounded on the North by the road and stone wall and on the South by land belonging to said Tohasah the King, said land taking a serpentine direction to the North East by East with all singular heridiments and appurtenances thereunto belonging.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hand and seal this 27th day of December in the year 1850.

Tohasah, his x cross  
Karsah, her x cross.

Witnesses: George Haggerty; Harry Davis, his x mark; Gieva, King's son, his x mark.

This is an exact copy of the phraseology and spelling of the deed. Nothing is known as to what became of this land, although the undersigned's father, Isaac Hussey Folger, inherited the real estate of Captain Isaac B. Hussey.

The exact location of Strong's Island in the South Seas is unknown to the writer and any information as to its location would be deeply appreciated. Wishing *The Inquirer* a happy and prosperous New Year, I am

Very sincerely yours,  
Lester Mitchell Folger.

Washington, D. C.

Pitts Island, in the Pacific Ocean, is in the Phoenix or Kingsmill group, where the natives were noted for their treacherous ferocity. At Strong's Island Captain Hussey left the *Planter*, sending her home in charge of the mate, Joseph Fisher. It was also at this island that he took command of the trading schooner *William Penn*.

Captain Hussey did not live to receive much benefit from his plantation on the island for in November, 1852, he was killed by a native sailor during an uprising.

Correspondence New York World. 1886  
REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

INTERESTING SKETCH OF THE FAMOUS WOMAN  
DIVINE—HER NANTUCKET HISTORY.

NEW HAVEN, November 6.—The Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, for five years Vice-President of Sorosis, one year of which time, during Mrs. Croly's absence, she was acting as President, is a preacher of eloquence and earnest convictions, and as pastor of the Church of the Holy Spirit, in this city, corner of Ward street and Dayenport avenue, lives on Howard avenue, a pleasant street a few blocks distant. Mrs. Hanaford "keeps house" with her friend and companion of the past seventeen years, Miss Ellen Miles, once a Massachusetts teacher and now a writer of children's books and author of many popular poems. Her book, called "Our Home Beyond the Tide and Kindred Poems," has in its different editions reached a sale of nearly 70,000 copies. Mrs. Hanaford, who may be usually found in her study on the second floor of her house, where the outlook is over a semicircle of graceful elms, is a woman of most prepossessing personal appearance. She is essentially feminine, with dark wavy hair, large dark eyes holding a beautiful expression, and delicate features. Mrs. Hanaford is fifty-six years of age, and was born at Nantucket of a good family of merchant ship-owners, being the daughter of Capt. George W. Coffin, who is still living at the age of eighty-two.

Her voice, which is full, rich and clear, is an inheritance of a line of Quaker preachers, coming directly from her father, who is said to have stood on the stormy south shore of Nantucket during a terrible gale, when the beacon lights were dim, directing a laboring ship off shore how to avoid the rocks, thundering his "star-board" and "larboard" so as to be clearly heard above the roar of the wind and surf.

When a young girl, Mrs. Hanaford used to go up the tower of the old Brant Point Lighthouse, kept by her great-uncle, and read aloud to the wild wind and waves from Shakespeare and the *Spectator*, revelling unconsciously in a power which she then failed to comprehend. Her Bible studies commenced in reading aloud to her old grandmother, whose dulling ears heard readily the ringing childish voice. Mrs. Hanaford, whose call to preach, seemed as irresistible as that of Dinah Marris in "Adam Bede," delivered her first sermon in the little schoolhouse at Siasconset, where she had been teacher at sixteen, but it was not until 1866 that she begun regular ministerial work. Since that time she has engaged in unremitting gospel labor, having been ordained as pastor to the First Universalist Church, in Hingham, Mass., in February, 1868. Later she went to Waltham and to Jersey City, serving professionally for several years, and was called to New Haven in 1870 as pastor of the First Universalist Church, the edifice which has since been converted into an opera-house.

The Church of the Holy Spirit has a most attractive audience-room with bright frescoes, stained-glass windows and crimson carpeting and upholstery. It was purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Olds, who offered it to the society, which is preparing to pay for it, upon very easy terms, in the meantime giving them the use of it. Mrs. Hanaford is not only remarkable as a comparatively rare instance of an ordained woman minister, but also for her versatility of genius and power and the amount of work accomplished during the past twenty years of her life. She has ably sustained the office of pastor, doing most arduous work having upon one day preached four sermons in four different towns, addressed a Sunday-school and ridden twenty-eight miles in a carriage to accomplish it. On another occasion she preached three sermons and rode eighteen miles on an intensely hot Sunday.

Her health is perfect. Besides the church, parish, hospital, temperance and woman's suffrage work she has done, she has written some fourteen books, and edited several papers and magazines. Of them was *Myrtle*, issued by the Universalist Publishing House in Boston, where she carried on a Sunday-school paper, at the same time reading proof, examining manuscript and writing editorials at a salary of \$600 a year. She was for three years editor of the *Ladies' Repository*. Of her books, the best known are her "Daughters of America," a work descriptive of eminent women and authors, artists, lecturers, professional and business women. This work has reached a sale of over 60,000 copies. Of her "Life of Abraham Lincoln" some 20,000 were sold, of which 5000 were printed in German. Her "Life of George Peabody" reached its sixteenth thousand. A "Life of Charles Dickens" was also successful, it, with all her "Lives" and books of poetry, being now in the hands of D. Lothrop & Co., the Boston publishers.

It is interesting to note that Mrs. Hanaford published in 1853 a little book called "Lucretia,"



the Quakeress, which appeared in the *Independent Democrat*, of Concord, N. H., about the time Mrs. Stowe was writing "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mrs. Hanaford's book was upon the anti-slavery question. The fact is mentioned to show how the minds of intelligent women were waking up to the great wrong. Of these books and numerous minor works copies may be seen in Mrs. Hanaford's study; one an "edition de luxe" of the "Life of George Peabody," three copies of which were sumptuously gotten up by the publisher—one for his wife, one given to the author, and the third sent to Queen Victoria.

Mrs. Hanaford treasures among her household goods a letter from Buckingham Palace written by Sir Thomas Biddulph, the Queen's secretary, thanking her for the work. Also, framed upon the wall, is an autograph letter of La Place and a "protection paper" given the owner's maternal grandfather for use in foreign ports, printed in three languages and signed by George Washington. The date is 1796. There are photographs of Lucretia Mott, Maria Mitchell and Rev. Dr. Ferdinand C. Ewer, all of whom are family connections of Mrs. Hanaford and born at Nantucket. At the desk there is a bronze bust of Benjamin Franklin, who is an ancestor. Mrs. Hanaford does daily a surprising amount of literary work.

She is at present engaged upon a novelette to be called "The Heart of Siasconet," and is compiling a book of poems relative to Nantucket. She is also writing a series of "Book Talks" for the *Gospel Banner*, and has in hand several more books which have not yet been engaged to any publisher. As a visitor sits looking at this gentlewoman who, despite her earnest wish for equal rights, insists that "men have always been better than their laws," it seems impossible that so much personal work can have been compressed into twenty years. There comes a vigorous scratching at the library door. It is opened and two little dogs, "Benjamin" and "Gypsy" frisk in, striving jealously for the favor of their mistress and the visitor, and follow one politely to the door.

#### OBITUARY. 1899

For the *Inquirer and Mirror*.  
In Memory.

With the advent of the New Year, the new life beyond, the life that knows no death, dawned upon one of Nantucket's worthiest citizens, the late William Hosier. "At evening time it was light!" If before an imposing statue man instinctively straightens himself, how much more do those of us who are left, contemplate with a higher regard, the principle of action that governed the long, industrious, eminently useful life of the departed! Gone—from the little hardware shop on Federal street, where for fifty years he went in and out; the genial storekeeper, whose service was honest; who was always cheerful; the man of integrity the purest in all his business relations, whose hand was open to relieve the poor and needy one, in many an unheralded benefaction! It is such a man that our community has lost forever. Irreparable our loss, while his example shall be our gain. We behold this upright man, and we do know that his end was peace.

In early life he followed the sea, sailing in ships commanded by some of our island's most successful sea captains. Many an interesting account of his experience in foreign ports, on islands far and near, I have heard from his own lips. He was a birthright member of the Society of Friends—the last one remaining of those who frequented the meeting-house on Centre street. He was 81 years, 11 months old, on the evening of his death. His life was an illustration of the text: "Let another praise thee, and not thine own self." And so I am moved to write of him, of whom I learned so much of the heroism of private life unrecorded in story; whose unostentatious deeds only find immortal record in the book of the Recording Angel!

ARTHUR ELWELL JENKS,

#### SAMUEL W. HARRIS.

Captain Samuel W. Harris is the oldest living master mariner on Nantucket, and if he lives until next June will be 92 years of age. He was born June 4, 1812, and like his father, who was a skipper of renown, he took to the water like a duck, for no sooner was he out of school than he was at sea seeking his own fortune. His first cruise was in the old ship *Arabella*, of Plymouth, Captain George Harris, his uncle. His first voyage terminated in April 1834, after cruising in the Pacific ocean 42 months. Then he went out as boatsteerer in the ship *Christopher Mitchell* of Nantucket, Captain Sanford Wilber, sailing July 15, 1832, and returning Aug. 21, 1837, during which time the ship took 2,843 barrels of sperm oil. It was the ship's first cruise, she having been built for Captain Wilber at Mattapoisett during the spring of 1834. It was a voyage in which Captain Harris figured conspicuously, and on his next venture he was given a second mate's berth in the *Phebe*, of Nantucket, Captain George Allen. She sailed July 18, 1838, and returned April 2, 1842, with 1,387 barrels of sperm oil, having been gone from home nearly 45 months. That fall he was given the *Phebe*, and on Sept. 19, 1842, he sailed out of Nantucket in charge of his first and only ship. The ship did well, but while off New Zealand she encountered three heavy gales and was pretty well used up. She reached Pernambuco Dec. 24, 1846, leaking 200 strokes per hour, and had on board 1,175 barrels of sperm oil and 500 barrels of whale oil. The sperm oil was shipped home by bark *Carolina* of Boston, the whale oil sold at Pernambuco, and the poor old ship condemned. Captain Harris returned home in the brig *Eagle* of Salem. When he drove out to his home at Polpis, six miles from the town, he learned that his father had died, leaving him the farm at that place. This was at a time when Nantucket's whaleships were fast being reduced in number. In fact the fleet was reduced two-thirds from the time of his beginning and he decided to keep up the old farm, and there it is that he has lived the past 56 years. The farm consists of about 20 acres, and, as might be expected, the work is done by an assistant. But the captain is still on deck and is an overlooker of affairs. He lives in the old homestead, one of the oldest houses on the island, and is in pretty good health for one of his years, although he does not travel about much. "It is over a year since he has been into town," as the term is expressed of going to Nantucket, and the old salts at the Pacific club, when they learned that the writer had seen Captain Sam, anxiously inquired concerning his health. Every detail was asked for, and it was refreshing, the evidence of interest in an old shipmate.

1903



PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 23d, 1872.

MESSRS. HUSSEY & ROBINSON:—I read the invitation in the *Mirror* for the old folks to contribute facts of history relative to Nantucket, also anecdotes, &c. of former times. My books and papers have been lost or destroyed in moving about, consequently, what I have to say, will be from memory.

I well remember the arrival of the whale ships, related by Capt. Fitzgerald, in the winter of 1813-14. I well remember the capture of the ship *Chili* in Tarpan's cove, I think by the gun brig *Nimrod*. The *Chili* was anchored in the cove when the *Nimrod* hove in sight off Gay Head. The folks living ashore at the cove, knowing her character, advised the captain to get under way as soon as possible. Instead of cutting the cable and getting sail on the ship as soon as possible, they manned the windlass and attempted to heave up the anchor. The wind was strong from the N. W., and while this slow process was going on, the brig overhauled them and altered their course for Halifax, or somewhere else. The captain of the brig admitted that he would not have followed the ship beyond the cove.

Mr. David Barney, brother to Nathaniel, was passenger on board of the *Chili*. Mr. Barney, I think, was mate of the English whale ship *Montezuma*, captured by the Essex frigate, Capt. Porter. The U. S. ship *Essex*, when she arrived on the coast of Peru, fell in with the ship *Walker*, of New Bedford, Capt. West, then a prize to a Peruvian cruiser, both bound to Callao. The Essex retook the *Walker*, reinstated Capt. West and his crew, and then made for the Peruvian cruiser. He soon overtook the scamp, threw all his guns and ammunition overboard, also all his light sails, and then cut away his topgallant-masts, putting it out of his power to catch or capture any more whalers. Capt. Porter wrote a letter to the viceroy of Peru, stating what he had done and what he did it for. Spain being in alliance with England, and Peru one of her colonies, she claimed the right to capture American vessels. But Capt. Porter led the Peruvians into a truer way of thinking. I believe the Essex captured the whole of the English fleet of whalers in the Pacific Ocean at that time.

The facts that I have stated, I learned from Mr. Barney in the several personal interviews I had with him. After the war Mr. Barney returned to England and sailed from there several voyages.

The ships *Lima*, *Criterion*, *Atlas* and *President*, all of which run the gauntlet in the war, made several voyages afterwards.

The *Lima* died in Rio Janeiro, the *Criterion* died in Halifax, the *President* was sold from the place, the *Atlas*, Capt. George Clark, made a voyage to the West Indies where she died. On the passage the ship sprung a leak, and with much pumping, reached port in a sinking condition. Capt. Clark had an old religious black man, by the name of Wright, with him as steward. Several years afterwards, Capt. Clark and Mr. Wright met; I happened to be present. The conversation turned on the voyage of the *Atlas* to the West Indies; Wright observed, when the ship sprung a leak, it was his prayers that kept her afloat. Capt. Clark was of the opinion that the two pumps kept her afloat, and he called Wright an old fool. These are the facts, you can draw your own conclusions.

I have a fact to relate relative to the Island itself which came under my own eye. When I was quite a youngster, say about seventeen or eighteen years old, I was one day out shooting at the ponds, the south side of the Island. I was travelling from Nobadeer pond, eastward, toward Madequecham. On the top of the bank I observed a whale's jawbone set in the ground, with about eighteen inches or two feet out. Curiosity led me to measure the distance to the edge of the bank, and I found it to be forty-eight feet, or sixteen paces. I thought no more of it, went a voyage to sea, and was absent twenty-six months. After I returned, I was on the same route and with the same object in view. I found the old jaw bone just caving down the

bank. In a little over two years the Island had washed away forty-eight feet; the bone showed the depth it was set in the ground, about four feet. At that time the whaling business was progressing. Had the Island washed into the Atlantic Ocean at that time, a grease spot would have marked the place where it once was; should it wash away now, that consolation would go with it. The grease spot would not be left. Still I am proud of my birth-place, and its pleasant associations will never be erased from my memory.

In the year 1820 I sailed from Nantucket in the ship *Falcon*, as chief mate, Shubael Brown master. We had been out about twelve months, when in cutting in a large whale, the purchase-fall parted and the blanket piece struck the captain as it fell, wounding him so severely that he died in about twelve hours. We obtained a full cargo and returned, making the voyage in about two years. The ship was refitted, and sailed again in February, 1823. We had been out about two and a half years, and had nearly a full cargo on board, all sperm oil. We touched for recruits at the island of Rurutu, in latitude about 23° S., longitude about 150° W. The island had no harbor for anchorage, and the ship was laying off and on with all sail set, and the weather fine. The mate stood in too near the land and struck a sunken rock, which soon ground a hole in the bottom. When I arrived on board, the ship was afloat and six feet water in the hold. I immediately run her ashore, and got out all our provision, it being between decks and near the hatchway. The ship beat to pieces, some of the cargo landed, but most of it beat to pieces on the rocks, or washed away to sea. The natives were friendly. I was on the island about a month, when a schooner from the Sandwich Islands stopped there on her way to Valparaiso. I took passage with several of the crew. As the schooner was crowded, a part of the crew preferred to remain on the island and were taken off by the ship *Chili*, Capt. Barnard. All arrived home but two, who remained and married there. I was detained at Valparaiso some two or three months and arrived home in April, 1826. The ship was wrecked in 1825,—owned by Cromwell Barnard, John Swain, Zaccheus Hussey, and others. What oil was saved was brought home by the ship *Reaper*, of Nantucket. My dividend brought home by the *Reaper* was 19 dollars and 99-100. My insurance was about 600 dollars. This wound up my cruise of three years and a little over.

Yours, &c.,

C.

To those interested in insurance matters, whether Fire, Marine or Life, we would commend the *Spectator*, which is received from the publishers, J. H. & C. M. Goodsell, New York. This publication is quite exhaustive upon all subjects connected with insurance, and is really beautiful in its make up and general appearance.

1872

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

Mr. Editor:

Will you please assist me in rendering honor to whom honor is due, by giving a place to the following statement in your next issue.

The strongest claim which Mr. Frederick Hoeg had to being the inventor of the method of finding longitude by sunset observation, is the simple fact that his son George, in 1845, commanded the whaling ship *Atlantic* of this port. The discovery was made by his second mate, Mr. Owen Spooner, while on whaling ground in the South Pacific. Mr. S. spoke about the matter to Capt. H. and to the first and third mates. They treated the matter with, not to say contempt, but with extreme doubt. After the fourth trial Mr. S. succeeded in bringing his object to perfection as compared with one of the best of Dent's chronometers, of London. I know this to be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

1900

CHARLES H. CHASE.



### Obituary.

Another of the venerable residents of Nantucket answered the final summons on Monday, when Mrs. Ann Matilda Joy, widow of Capt. Samuel C. Joy, died after a lingering illness, at the age of 84 years. Mrs. Joy has for many years been one of the well-known residents of the west end of the town, by her cheerful, kindly disposition proving herself a good neighbor and a true friend. None ever entered her home without a warm welcome nor left without feeling the warmth of a genuine hospitality. Possessed of a retentive memory she delighted in "reminiscing" and it was always a pleasure to listen to her recollections of earlier days of Nantucket and of her experiences during her young married life, in which she accompanied her husband on one of his longest voyages.

She sailed with him on the clipper ship Fanny, which took the first passengers from Baltimore to San Francisco at the time of the California gold fever in 1849, and on that voyage (which proved to be three voyages in one) she visited many foreign lands and saw much of the world, memories of the voyage being with her up to the closing days of her life.

Mrs. Joy was the mother of six children, one of whom died in infancy while she and her husband were at sea. The others all lived to maturity, a daughter, Mrs. Lewis P. Tracy, dying nine years ago. Her two sons both took to a sea-faring life and both became commanders of clipper ships like their father. The elder son, William Joy, died in China some years ago, at the height of a very active career in the clipper ship service. The other son, Capt. B. W. Joy, survives, and after many years of service at the helm of clipper ships, coastwise steamers and pleasure yachts, was privileged to minister to his mother during the final illness. Besides Captain Joy, the deceased is survived by two daughters—Mrs. Joseph G. Remsen of Nantucket, and Mrs. Wallace A. Eldridge, of Pocasset. She is also survived by eight grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren.

1915

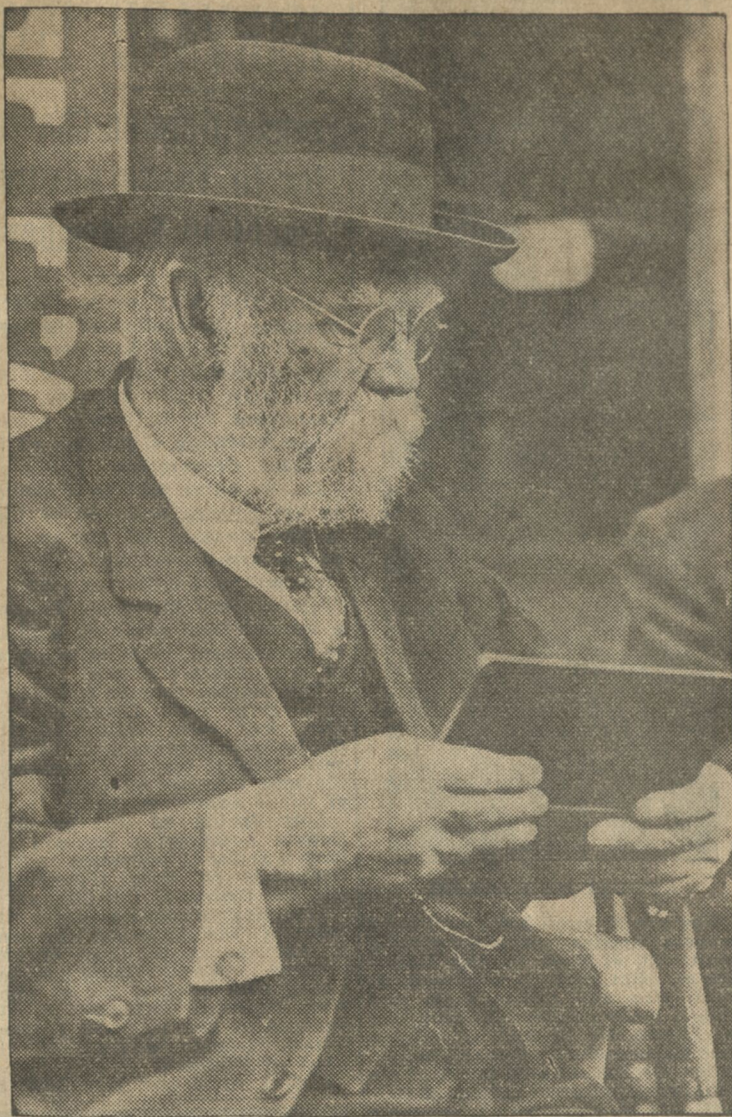
### OBITUARY.

Joy. — On Friday evening of last week, at his home on Liberty street, there died Capt. Edward C. Joy (one of Nantucket's able ship-masters and esteemed citizens, the last of a fine family of sea captains), at the advanced age of 88 years 4 months. Like so many others of Nantucket's youths at that time, he entered upon the sea-faring life at an early age, being fifteen years old when he sailed with Capt. Peter Coffin to the Brazil Banks. He made several short, successful voyages subsequently in the Lydia, with Capt. David Swain; in the Aurora, with Capt. Fred Chase; and then in the same ship with Capt. John Hussey. In 1833, when only 27 years of age, he took command of the ship Lydia, which was burned in 1835 in the Pacific, the crew being rescued by bark Washington, of Hudson, Capt. William C. Clark. He made his last voyage as master in ship Constitution, from 1835-1839. On account of ill health, though in his prime, he was obliged to give up following the sea, and purchased a farm at Siasconset, where he lived a quiet, retired life for forty-two years. In 1881 he moved to town, and a few months after met with an accident which made him a cripple for the rest of his life, and for about four years he was totally blind. Yet in the midst of this suffering, he kept the genial, cheerful temper which had ever made him beloved by all those with whom he came in contact. Of a retiring and unassuming disposition, he yet had always a lively interest in the affairs of the town, and his friends will miss his ready question of, "What's the news?" which was always asked when they called.

Being very much interested in genealogy, and having a most retentive memory, he had made records of his own ancestors back to Tristram Coffin, as well as the genealogies of many other Nantucket families, and conversation on these subjects with him was always most delightful, his mind being perfectly clear to the last. A long, temperate, useful life; a life obscure, but commanding the respect and admiration of all, was ended when he passed away. He was twice married and leaves a widow and one daughter.



## Was Prominent Nantucketer



MOSES JOY

## MOSES JOY IS FATALLY HURT

Nantucket Native, Who  
Built Island's Water  
System, Dies in N.Y.

Friends here have just received the news of the death in New York city of Moses Joy, a frequent visitor here, usually between his trips from New York to Nantucket, where he has spent much of his time in recent years. Mr. Joy, 83 years of age, was seriously injured in a street car accident in New York city and died while unconscious. He was among the oldest and one of the best known members of the Nantucket Historical Association. To Nantucketers Mr. Joy is best known as the builder of the island's water system, which was installed in 1878.

Born June 18, 1853, Mr. Joy spent his youth at Nantucket, where nine generations of his family had lived. A direct descendant of Thomas Macy, the first settler on the island of Nantucket, Mr. Joy received his education in the Nantucket public schools before going to New York in 1870 to learn the trade of a tool grinder in the machine shop of his brother-in-law, D. A. Green. Interested in engineering, he studied civil engineering and later carried out a life long dream to install a water system at Nantucket.

Following the Nantucket water works construction, Mr. Joy became well known as a builder of water works and constructed water systems for scores of communities in New England and through the East. In addition, he was in charge of the construction of electrical systems in several communities. His last project was at Pascoag, R. I.

Many years ago Mr. Joy discovered a process for making candlesticks and gave it to the people of Nantucket. He once claimed that Nantucket residents cleared more than \$1,000,000 through the sale of candlesticks made by his process.

Mr. Joy never married. During his stops in New Bedford Mr. Joy was always a visitor at the Bourne Whaling Museum and the antique shops in the Center.



## 6/22 OBITUARY. 1895

Joy.—Another of the sterling citizens of Nantucket has joined the great majority since our last issue. Moses Joy died at his home on Centre street last Wednesday, at the advanced age of 88 years 4 mo. Mr. Joy was closely identified with the business interests of the island during the prosperous days of whaling, and won an enviable name among his fellow men. In early life he made one voyage whaling as cooper of ship Sea Lion. Somewhere about the years 1828—9 he engaged in the cooperage business with his brother—the late Hon. David Joy—making what were then termed “market casks.” They also carried on the refining of what was known as “gurry,” by a special process, and though others attempted the same business, the Joy brothers alone were successful. They became interested in ships and also in the manufacture of oil and candles, their factory on Easton street being among the last left standing. Like his brother David, deceased was a strong Abolitionist, and was a subscriber to Garrison's *Liberator*, which the postmaster of those days, it is told, passed to him with tongs, refusing to touch “the dirty sheet,” as he termed it. A fugitive slave arrived at one time on an incoming vessel, and was found next day by Mr. Joy, hidden in one of his casks. The poor negro was kindly cared for, and when it was announced that the owners were coming for him, Mr. Joy placed him with the owners of a ship about to sail. The fugitive lived only about a month after leaving port. Mr. Joy was identified with the institution of the Atheneum, and the first library was in the front room of his house. In 1833 he made a trip to Niagara Falls, via the canals, and on his return rode on the first steam railroad, at Perth Amboy. Mr. Joy was a man of strong convictions and stood firm for any cause he espoused, and was most highly esteemed in the community for his many noble qualities. He was thrice married, and leaves a widow. By his first wife he had three children—two sons and a daughter—but one of whom (Mr. Moses Joy, jr.) survives. Funeral services were held yesterday afternoon from his late residence.



7/24/1909

9

7/11/1908

July 24 Good Whaling. 1909

Captain Wallace S. Ashley, formerly of this city, now in command of whaling bark Pescadora, owned by the Chile Whaling company of Valparaiso, is reported with 25 barrels of sperm oil one month out from Valparaiso.

This information was received in a letter from Captain Ashley to Leander Brightman, which was dated at sea, May 25. The Pescadora sailed from Valparaiso April 26th.

Captain Ashley, since sailing for the Chile Whaling company, has made several excellent cruises in the Pacific, and the reports which come from him in the letter to Mr. Brightman looks as if his good luck was still with him.—N. B. Standard.

5/29/1880  
5/29 1880

OBITUARY.—Capt. David M. Bunker, who died at his residence on Pleasant street, on Wednesday last, was a native of our island, and followed the sea during all the years of his prime. He commanded ships sailing from New York for many years, and resided at Fairfield, Conn., previous to 1870, at which time he returned to his native island, purchased a homestead, and settled down, enjoying the ease and retirement which he had so well earned. A high-toned, conscientious man, of strong religious convictions, he won the esteem and respect of all his fellow-citizens, many of whom will feel a personal loss at his decease, and the general feeling of sympathy will go forth to his widow and to his interesting family.

For The Inquirer and Mirror.  
NEW YORK, March 13, 1889.

Mr. Editor:  
In noting with pleasure your effort to secure a correct list of coasters and captains, I perceived you had "Bounced" Capt. Charles A. Bourne from the command of schooners Elizabeth and E. W. Gardner. One of your late correspondents puts Capt. Bourne in charge of the E. W. Perry. I think he was never thus honored. It matters not to him whether the record is correct or not, for his last voyage was to that Bourne from whence there is no return. It is just as well as a matter of history to have it right, however. Yours truly,  
BROOKLYN.

1906 Captain James F. Brown Dead.

Last week Capt. James F. Brown was stricken with a paralytic shock at his home on Liberty street, from which he did not rally, and the end came peacefully on Monday, the funeral taking place Wednesday at the home of his niece, Mrs. Arthur H. Gardner, on Wednesday. Capt. Brown was the youngest of our surviving whaling masters, but had been for some time in feeble health.

He was born on the island July 22, 1829, and sailed his first voyage in the Enterprise, Captain Samuel C. Wyer, for E. W. Gardner, December 28, 1845, and returned January 22, 1850, with 2200 barrels of sperm oil, after a 49 months' cruise in the Pacific ocean. Young Brown went out before the mast, and returned a boatsteerer, and sailed his second voyage November 4, 1850, in ship Young Hero, as second

mate. This was another cruise to the Pacific ocean with Captain Wyer, and he returned to Nantucket June 27, 1855, with 1300 barrels sperm oil.

After remaining home 10 months he signed as mate of bark Sea Ranger of Nantucket, sailing again for the Pacific, September 16, 1856, under command of Captain Henry W. Davis. Captain Wyer, with whom he had sailed his two previous voyages, was agent of the ship, which afterwards was sold to New Bedford. This cruise, which lasted 49 months resulted in filling the ship, arriving home October 14, 1860, at a time when oil brought a good price. On this cruise Captain Davis was taken sick and had to remain on shore at New Zealand a number of months, when Mr. Brown was given command of the ship, and he remained her master until Captain Davis was able to resume his duties. In 1863 Captain Brown went to Cali-

Captain Bodfish to Command Jeannette. 1908

Captain H. H. Bodfish of Vineyard Haven, formerly master of the wrecked steam whaler William Baylies, is to assume command of steam whaler Jeannette of San Francisco. The Jeannette sailed from San Francisco, March 3, 1908, in command of Captain Huffman, who returned to San Francisco ill, leaving the steamer in charge of Frank A. Long, the first officer. Captain Bodfish is to relieve Mr. Long as commander and will proceed to the Arctic in charge of the San Francisco whaler.

The damage by fire to steam whaler Bowhead was \$2,000. The fire is supposed to have been of incendiary origin, although there is no clew to the identity of the incendiary. Smoke was discovered pouring from the hatchways, and those aboard the steamer did all in their power with a small hose and a bucket brigade. Most of the men were ashore and a boat was hurriedly dispatched to bring aid. At Nome the fire fighters borrowed chemical apparatus and hastened back to the ship, finally checking the fire.

OBITUARY.

BROWN.—Capt. Thomas Brown died at his home on Union street Sunday. He had been in failing health a number of years, and his end was peaceful. In early life Capt. Brown followed the sea in the whaling service, relinquishing it in 1855 to take command of the new steamer Island Home, which he successfully run for six or seven years between this port and Hyannis. Later he commanded a steamer running to southern ports. He retired from active life several years ago, and for many months his infirmities have confined him to the house. He was a man of genial temperament and had a host of warm friends. Deceased leaves a widow and several children.

fornia and sailed from San Francisco in the Emily Morgan, returning home in 1867. On June 4th, 1868, he sailed out of New Bedford in Bark Sunbeam, with Captain Thomas N. Fisher, for a Pacific ocean cruise, and returned August 28, 1871, with 1,390 barrels of sperm oil. In 1872 he was again at sea for the Wings, this time as master of the bark Atlantic, which sailed for the Pacific, June 25, and returned four years later with 1,400 barrels of oil. He afterward sailed in 1880 in the Milton, and with the completion of this voyage retired from the sea, settled down at Nantucket and engaged in business as a cabinet maker. At one time he was in the employ of the Gorham Manufacturing company of Providence.



MESSRS. EDITORS:—Our esteemed and long-tried friend, Mr. James H. Barker, who died in Milwaukee, Wis., April 14th, was born in Nantucket, Mass., just after the declaration of war in the year 1812, and like most of the young men of that day, as soon as reaching manhood, sought some employment which would be remunerative and help him on in life. The principal business of Nantucket at that period was the whale fishery. He naturally made choice of this, and sailed on his first voyage at the age of sixteen years, in the ship *George*, Capt. Edwin Barnard, in the year 1828, and ended his whaling enterprise on board the ship *Statira*, Capt. Peter Coffin, at an early date in the year 1838. He then commenced a new career with his brother, Edward H. Barker, on board the steamer *Telegraph*, running from Nantucket to New Bedford, until the steamer *Massachusetts* was built, which latter boat he commanded for many years. The keel of the *Eagle's Wing* was then laid, which steamer he took charge of, running in connection with steamer *Massachusetts* on the same route. In 1854 the route was changed to Hyannis, and soon after the *Eagle's Wing* was sent to ply the waters of Rhode Island. At this time Capt. Barker declined serving longer at the East, and moved his family West, taking charge of the palace steamer, *Plymouth Rock*, plying the waters of Lake Erie. At the time of his sickness he was in Government employ in the Interior Department. His father, Robert Barker, an energetic man, was postmaster in Nantucket from the year 1812 to the year 1815, during the time of the war. Deceased was a nephew of Jacob Barker. He leaves a widow and two children (a son and daughter), both of whom are married and settled in the West.

Capt. Barker was a pleasant, genial man, always happy with his passengers, and looking after their comfort with truly gentlemanly consideration. His sympathies welled out to the aged, as well as to the young, whenever he came in contact with them. Refined and generous by nature, he ever sacrificed his own interests for the good of others, counting it no trouble could he do a favor to any and all who asked it. The hand of want was never stretched out to him in vain. Friend of human kind! thy battle with life is over! *Requiescat in pace!* Pleasant memories cluster about thy name, and thy pure spirit, now clothed in immortality, leaves a bright tint upon thy horizon, even as the quiet beauty of a sunset sky. E.

**Obituary.**

Capt. George H. Brock, an aged and highly respected citizen of Nantucket, died Tuesday afternoon at his late home on Fair street after a lingering illness. The stern Reaper found him, as a shock of corn, fully ripe for the harvest, and called him to his reward. His life had not been without its vicissitudes, but he had borne adversity bravely and enjoyed prosperity quietly. He had filled the various relations of life, as son, husband, father, brother, friend, and filled them well. His life work was done and done well, and wearied with its earthly cares, he has been laid to rest. Captain Brock was a man of generous impulses, and one who united sound sense with strong convictions, and a limited amount of candor. An esteemed resident of Nantucket throughout his long and eventful life, he lived nobly and died peacefully at the advanced age of nearly eighty-two years.

He was born on this island on May 15, 1826, the son of George and Susan Plaskett Brock, and received his early education in the schools of this town. Like the average youth of his day, he manifested a desire for the sea when

a mere lad, but did not sail upon his first voyage until September, 1841. This was on a whaling cruise with Captain Hussey in the ship *David Paddock*, and a few years later he sailed from New York as mate of ship *Roscoe*, in the merchant service.

In 1849 he went to California as third mate of the ship *Gold Hunter* of Fall River, and met with a fair amount of financial success on the Pacific coast, buying into the brig *Belfast* with Folger & Allen as part owner and master. This vessel was later sold at a Chilean port, where she put in leaking, having been badly wrenched and strained in a severe storm carrying a heavy cargo. Shortly after this Captain Brock returned to this coast and sailed in the employ of Harry Hastings as first officer of ship *Noon Day*, on a cruise to the East Indies. Upon her arrival there Captain Brock was given command of the vessel and continued in the Hastings employ as master of ship *Midnight* until he retired from the merchant service with the full confidence and esteem of his employers.

Captain Brock was at one time in command of steamer *River Queen*, plying on the route between Nantucket and the mainland, and shortly after retiring from the sea accepted the position as treasurer of the Nantucket Institution for Savings, in which capacity he served faithfully and efficiently for eighteen years, increasing years and ill health compelling him to retire about a year ago. He also served for a number of years on the school committee, his last term of service in that capacity expiring in February, 1888.

On the 18th of May, 1847, he married Charlotte A. Coleman of this town, who, with an only daughter, Miss Susie A. Brock, survives him. Captain Brock's married life had been a happy one, covering a period of over sixty years. He was a practical, matter-of-fact man, and had his own peculiar way of extracting the pleasures from life as it went along, retaining his clearness of intellect up to his closing days. The widow and daughter who are left behind have the deepest sympathy of the community in their bereavement. Funeral services were held at his late home yesterday morning under the Masonic rites, the deceased being a member of Union Lodge of this town.

Weep not that his toil is over;

Weep not that his race is run.

God grant we may rest as sweetly,

When, like his, our work is done.

Till then we would yield with gladness

Our loved one to Him to keep,

And rejoice in the sweet assurance,

He giveth His loved ones sleep.



## Captain John A. Beebe Dead. 1907

Capt. John A. Beebe, formerly of Nantucket and one of the few representatives of the island's whaling industry a half century ago, died at his home in Wellesley on Sunday morning last, after a long illness, in his seventy-eighth year. He is survived by a widow and one daughter, Miss Alice G. Beebe.

Captain John A. Beebe as a whaleman was certainly a success, and was always considered an excellent man for the owners of the ships in which he sailed. That he was a man endowed with wonderful pluck no one can dispute. His success with the Brewster, hauling her off a hidden coral reef at the mouth of the Bouton passage, which leads into the Java sea, and bringing her into the port of New Bedford in a sinking condition, gave him fame in maritime circles; for it was a plucky struggle from the time the ship was lifted off that reef until she was headed up the harbor. It was a success in the matter of navigation, and furthermore, that voyage netted the owners of the ship 300 per cent. profit on the outlay of the voyage.

Captain Beebe was born in Nantucket, March 30, 1830, and after the usual schooling acquired by youngsters of his native place went to sea. This was at the age of 17, when he shipped on the *Peru*, which sailed out of Nantucket, Aug. 21, 1847, in command of Captain Consider Fisher. He returned home two days after Christmas in 1850, a boatsteerer, and on April 19, 1851, he was again at sea in the *Tropic Bird*, of New Bedford, commanded by captain William Stanton. It was a 30 months' cruise in the Atlantic, and while not much of a voyage as far as taking oil is concerned, yet young Beebe had acquired the sought for experience and the following year he signed on as first officer in the bark *Mattapoisett*, which that year sailed out of Westport. It proved a broken voyage and the next year, on Nov. 17, 1854, he again went out as mate of the *Governor Carver* for the same owners, with Captain Orvin B. Higgins in command.

This voyage was a cruise to the Indian ocean, and with the termination of the cruise, on June 9, 1857, he was given command of the ship, and again went to sea three months later—on September 9. This was another Indian ocean voyage, and he filled the ship in less than three years, with oil selling at a good figure. He arrived home June 28, 1860, and on October 13 of the same year he took command of the ship *Brewster*, then owned by J. Holmes, Jr., & Brother of Mattapoisett. This too proved a good voyage, and while on his return home he fell in with the pirate ship *Florida*, which fortunately left him to run down a vessel which appeared larger and more valuable. Captain Beebe reached his home port on June 30, 1863, and as the ship then changed hands to J. & W. R. Wing, he again decided to try his luck in this vessel, sailing Oct. 17, 1863, and returning home Nov. 28, 1865. This voyage was likewise a good one.

It was on this cruise that he made for himself a name by bringing home the old *Brewster* after many disasters, laden with a rich cargo. He had had great luck whaling, but had the misfortune to be chased one whole day by the *Shenandoah*, south of Cape of Good Hope. The *Shenandoah* sighted him in the morning and stood for him under sail, which Captain Waddell kept on the *Shenandoah* until noon, when he made steam. Under steam the pirate gained on the *Brewster*, and it was a stern chase until just before sun down, when the *Brewster* ran into a fog bank, and this fact with night coming on, saved Captain Beebe his ship, only to meet with disaster in another direction.

While entering the Bouton Passage his ship went on a wall sided coral reef. She went on all standing. Every sail was set, and the impact Captain Beebe said was like two trains coming together. He was below with his wife at the time, and rushing on deck he ordered every sail taken in. This done he took soundings, and learning that the stern of the vessel was in deep water, the cargo, 5,000 barrels sperm oil, which afterwards sold for \$2.65 per gallon was so far as as possible, shifted aft, and then, by means of a spare spar placed over the bow of the ship, with one end on the reef and the other end guyed to the foreyard and jib-boom, began the labor of working her off the dangerous reef. To this spar was attached the cutting tackle, and lashing the lower block of this tackle to the heel of the bowsprit he had a perpendicular strain, and with the rise of the tide was able to float the vessel. With every turn of the windlass the ship lifted, and with each lift she pressed back out of the pocket into which she had run. The ship came off but was leaking badly.

After working around the Cape of Good Hope, pumping night and day, the ship leaking 20,000 strikes a day and the crew kicking like steers, he anchored in the roadstead at St. Helena. There the ship was calked and battened and repaired, as he thought free from leakage to any extent. But the crew was of different mind and had appealed to the United States consul not to allow the ship to make the passage across the Atlantic. Captain Beebe was surprised when informed by the consul of what had taken place, but he managed to convince that official that the passage could be safely made, and a new start was made for home. A portion of the crew refused duty, but they soon fell into line, and it was well that they did, for the pumps had to be worked continuously, and, as stated, on November 28, 1865, she arrived home, almost ready to sink.

Strange to relate, on her next voyage in command of Captain Issachar Aiken, sailing May 1st, 1866, she was never heard from after leaving port. She was probably swallowed up by the sea and all on board lost, for no one ever returned. Whether the strain of going on that reef caused her to become unseaworthy in heavy weather

no one knows.

The next and last voyage of Captain Beebe was in the clipper bark *Xantho*, owned by J. & W. R. Wing. He sailed Nov. 17, 1866, and returned home Nov. 28, 1869, having taken 1,500 barrels of sperm oil.

After Captain Beebe's retirement in 1869 he served the town of Nantucket in various official capacities. He removed with his family to Wellesley in 1891, where he had since resided.



12  
AUGUST 30, 1947.

### Captain Eber Bunker—"Father of Australian Whaling."

Before the outbreak of World War II a number of scholars in Australia and New Zealand became deeply interested in the story of the early whalers who visited the waters and stopped at the ports of the two British Colonies.

It was soon discovered that the whalemens of Nantucket, pioneers as they were in whaling voyages to the seven seas, had an important part in the early marine history of both these lands "down under." Some of the first voyages to the New Zealand coast were by Nantucket men hunting for seals, and as early as 1809 Captain Mayhew Folger was at the islands of the Antipodes, off the southeastern New Zealand coast in the ship *Topaz*.

It was the whaler who actually put the northeastern coast of North Island on the map, using this region, called the "Bay of Islands," as a provisioning and watering place. In fact, the whalemens and traders built up the port of Russell so that it was for two decades (1820-1840) the unofficial capital of New Zealand.

In the early years of the 19th century, the whalemens designated "Bay of Islands" as New Zealand, and "New Holland" as Australia.

One of the first whalemens in these waters was Captain Eber Bunker, who took ships out of London following the War of the Revolution, rounding Cape of Good Hope and proceeding to the coasts of New Holland and New Zealand.

In the light of recorded facts there can be little doubt that Captain Eber was the "Father of the Australian Whaling Industry," as many references to him, notably those in Australian and New Zealand newspapers, have definite descriptions of his prowess.

Captain Bunker was of Quaker parentage. He was undoubtedly the same Captain Eber Bunker, of Sherburne, who, with a number of other Nantucketers removed to London subsequent to the Revolution to take out British whalers. Alexander Starbuck has him listed as Captain of the *Pomona* of London, along with Captain Owen Bunker, who commanded the ship *Brothers*, and Captain Tristram Bunker of the *Scorpion*. Over one hundred Nantucket whalemens removed to London and Milford Haven, in Wales, about this time, and another group went with William Rotch to establish kirk, in France, having at first attempted to secure privileges at an English port.

The late W. Frederick Brown, a native of this island who spent most of his life in Australia, became interested in Captain Bunker and talked with some of his descendants at that time—around the turn of this century. He wrote of him as another Nantucket man who had become "transplanted in Australia."

The date of Captain Eber Bunker's birth is thought to be 1762. He took the ship *William and Ann* to Australia in 1790 with "185 involuntary passengers." His most famous voyage was in the *Albion*, in which he made the shortest passage under sail from London to Sydney. It was also in the *Albion* that Captain Eber Bunker took Lieutenant Bowen to Risdon Cove, in Van Dieman's Land, afterwards Tasmania, for which it is stated he received 50 acres on the banks of the Derwent River, said to be the first grant of land in Tasmania.

In 1786, Captain Bunker married Miss Margaret Thompson, daughter of Henry Thompson, Post Captain of the Royal Navy and personal pilot of King George. When Captain Bunker established his country seat in New South Wales, it was called "Collingwood", after his wife's second cousin, Lord Collingwood, who succeeded Lord Nelson as Commander in Chief of the Royal Navy.

Captain Bunker made a number of excellent whaling voyages in the ship *Albion*. In June, 1802, he sailed from London and three months later was off the New Zealand coast, where he took most of his oil. It was on this voyage that he discovered a group of eight small islands in 24 degrees 5 minutes south latitude. Some of the islands were from two to three miles in length and well wooded. He reported his discovery upon arrival at Sydney in July, 1803.

\* \* \* \* \*

In 1807 Captain Bunker was in command of the *Elizabeth*, a whaler that was owned by Campbell & Wilson, of London. In 1808 he came into Port Jackson (Sydney) in command of the *Pegasus*, with his wife on board, and he subsequently sailed in an Australian-built ship, the *Governor Macquarie*.

King George III received as a present from Captain Bunker a pair of black swans, supposed to have been the first taken to England from Australia. At this time Lord Castlereagh persuaded him to request a grant of land. Captain Bunker was modest in his request and received a few hundred acres at Liverpool, New South Wales, where he built his home. The land is now a suburb of Sydney. He was granted several other areas, one grant being on the Hawkesbury River, some thirty miles north of Sydney, and another in what is now Sydney proper and still bears the name Bunker's Hill from the eminence which once featured its location.

Captain Bunker married three times. Following the death of his first wife, he married the widow of an English officer. His third wife was the widow of Captain Minchin of the 102d Regiment.

He had four sons and two daughters. Three of his sons grew to manhood, and the eldest, Henry Edmund, was lost at sea. James Bunker became a whaler. His eldest daughter, Isabella, married Captain Thomas Laycock, while his youngest daughter Mary Ann Bunker never married.



\* \* \* \* \*

During the recent War, a member of the staff of General Douglas MacArthur with headquarters in Australia was a New England man, Colonel Laurence Eliot Bunker, son of Mrs. Clarence Bunker, of Wellesley Hills, Mass. One day, while poring over a map of Australian waters, he came upon Bunker Islands, off the east coast of Australia, and immediately launched a search to learn if this was a "Nantucket Bunker."

A letter to his mother was forwarded by her to Nantucket, and the information received in reply was then dispatched to Australia. Upon learning that Captain Bunker was a Nantucketer, Col. Bunker began a search for any existing material. He was successful in finding a number of articles concerning Captain Eber in the various Australian libraries. As a fitting climax to his search, Colonel Bunker

had an interesting experience in Sydney, of which he writes to his mother as follows:

"On our way from Canberra to Sydney, I persuaded the General to stop long enough in Liverpool to see if I could find Captain Eber's grave. St. Luke's is right on the main highway and having been built in 1819 is one of the local antiquities. At first I thought I was going to be quite unsuccessful as there was no sign of a grave near the church. But I found it about a block down the road and there in the front row was the big flat stone which was made much later than the time of his death, as it also commemorates two of his grand-daughters. I found an advertisement in the Sydney Gazette of 20 May, 1824, which read: 'To be let, for the term of three years from the first of July next that valuable and desirable farm known as Bunker's Farm, situate adjoining Liverpool, and bounded by the Georges River....' I haven't seen the photograph of Captain Bunker's chart of his Bunker Islands yet. It is dated 17 of April, 1803."

\* \* \* \* \*

Colonel Bunker, who is of Nantucket descent, has found many references to the redoubtable Captain Eber in several Australian books and also in a newspaper file at the Mitchell Library in Sydney.

When the marine history of the "land down under" is written, Capt. Eber Bunker will occupy a prominent place. It will be interesting to learn of other redoubtable Nantucket whaling and sealing masters, and to trace their voyages into the other waters then so remote from the island of their birth.

—E. A. S.



THE LATE CAPT. EVERETT B. COFFIN

1950

### Death of Capt. Everett B. Coffin in Seattle, Washington.

Capt. Everett B. Coffin, aged 84, a native of Nantucket, died at his home in Seattle, Wash., on Friday, December 23rd. Captain Coffin began his sea-going career at the age of 13 when he sailed on whaling ships out of Nantucket.

He left Nantucket at the age of 20, going to Seattle in 1888. He returned to the island for a visit 50 years later, at the age of 70. Although he spent the greater part of his life on Puget Sound, his interest in Nantucket never waned and he kept in touch with friends here all through his life and never tired of telling of the Island.

He was considered the dean of masters on Puget Sound. Going to Puget Sound in 1887, he started out as deck hand on the old side wheel tug "Cyrus Walker". He attained his first command in 1894, at which time he became master of the steamer "Idaho". Alternating between this vessel and the "George E. Starr", he remained on Puget Sound routes until the Alaska gold rush in 1898, at which time he went north to seek his fortune.

\* \* \* \* \*

However he could not keep off the water, and went to work in a Yukon river steamer for a short time, and returned to Puget Sound to become mate on the famous steamer "Flyer". Three years later he became Master of the "Flyer", which command he held for eight years. During this time, the "Flyer" set a world's

record for the number of miles traveled in a year and also became the first steamer in the world to steam a million miles.

\* \* \* \* \*

From the "Flyer", he went to the command of the SS "City of Everett". After approximately a year in this vessel, he took command of the SS "Indianapolis", a former Great Lakes passenger steamer. From the "Indianapolis" he went to the express steamer "Tacoma" in 1914 and held this command up to his retirement in 1932. However, in 1934, he returned to the command of the "Tacoma" to run excursions on Puget Sound. The "Tacoma" was one of the finest day boats ever to run on Puget Sound, having a passenger capacity of 1000 persons and top speed of 22½ knots.

\* \* \* \* \*

Captain Coffin was the first Honorary Life Member of the Puget Sound Maritime Historical Society. He was greatly interested in this group and was one of the reasons it has become such a success.

Surviving are his wife, Laura, and two sons, Everett Herman Coffin, of Seattle, and Myron Coffin, of San Francisco, and one grandchild.

\* \* \* \* \*

In 1935, when Capt. Coffin returned to Nantucket after an absence of half a century, he spent an enjoyable time visiting old friends and recalling old incidents. One of his "gams" was with the late Marcus Dunham, with the two recounting the time when they were members of a boat's crew which caught two whales off Tucker-nuck in the spring of 1886. The two were the last survivors of that chase held for eight years. During this and capture of the hereditary prey of Nantucketers.



# 14 Ave. 12 Crushed by Arctic Ice. 1905

Mrs. Edwin Coffin of Edgartown, wife of Captain Edwin Coffin of the ship *America*, who with his crew and members of the Fiala-Ziegler Arctic expedition, has been rescued by the Arctic steamer *Terra Nova*, has received a cablegram from him announcing his safe arrival at Honningsvaag. The message stated that Captain Coffin would start for home at once.

The ship *America*, which took out the expedition, was crushed in the ice early in the winter of 1903-4, and lost, with a large part of her coal and provisions.

The 37 members of the expedition who returned to safety are all in good health, despite their deprivations and trying experiences and their prolonged imprisonment in the Arctic, the expedition having been severed from all communication with the outside world

since July, 1903. The expedition reached a point 82 degrees and 13 minutes.



THE LATE WALTER N. CHASE.

## Lest We Forget—In Memoriam Walter Chase of Nantucket.

3/29 By Austin Strong. 1947

Sometimes of a summer evening he would be found standing ankle-deep on the mud-flats at the edge of the harbor, his giant frame mirrored on the silver surface of the receding tide. Sea-gulls, no doubt the souls of his departed shipmates, tripped daintily around his red rubber boots waiting for his clam-rake to turn up the appetizing mud. He would stand minutes at a time as immovable as Lot's wife staring at his feet with eyes clouded with old thoughts.

He wore side-burns closely cropped and his massive head was covered with wiry grey hair. The sack slung over his shoulder seemed weighted with more than the oysters he was forever collecting for his shut-ins—it seemed as heavy as Christian's burden.

Somehow one never laughed at the Skipper; he had the presence of a king. He could ride swiftly down Hussey street on his rusty old bicycle, his open shirt flying, his baggy trousers held up by enormous suspenders, the tops of his rubber boots flopping, and not look ridiculous; instead the sight was as awe-inspiring as Zeus in a tandem chariot riding to high Olympus.

There was something of Abraham Lincoln about Walter N. Chase; they had the same height, the same spiritual toughness, the same enduring patience, the same super-human strength. Like Lincoln the Skipper could in his youth lift a full barrel

of flour to his shoulders; like Lincoln there was the same humour behind eyes seared by sorrow.

He was a familiar sight in the harbor, as much a fixture as Brant point or the white dolphin off Old North Wharf. He pulled his big dory with the long slow strokes of the surfman to lay a mooring or drag for a lost anchor. Rainy days would find him in his marine blacksmith shop making scallop dredges for the winter fishermen or mending twisted center-boards for impatient yachtsmen.

Few Nantucketers outside his contemporaries knew his story, many had forgotten it. He was taken for granted by the oncoming generations, an accustomed figure hardly noticed drifting among us remote and shadowy, almost unseen. Yet there was a day when this quiet, self-effacing giant aroused the admiration and the gratitude of his countrymen everywhere.

It took a lot of pleading to persuade the Skipper to fish out from a dusty lower drawer a shabby leather case with the lid torn from its hinges. In it lay a broad vermilion ribbon as bright as spilled blood and attached to it was a shining gold medal which the United States Congress had unanimously voted him for heroic action on the high seas.

Treasury Department  
United States Life Saving Service  
Washington, D. C.  
October 6th, 1892.

Walter N. Chase,  
Keeper of the Coskata  
Life-Saving Station, Nantucket, Mass.  
Sir:

I transmit herewith a gold life-saving medal of honor, awarded to



you under the provisions of the Acts of Congress approved June 20th, 1874, and June 18, 1878, in recognition of your heroic services in saving life from the perils of the sea on the occasion of the wreck of the British schooner H. P. Kirkham, January 20, 1892. The circumstances of the wreck and rescue appear from evidence on file in this Department to have been as follows:

The H. P. Kirkham, a three-masted schooner carrying a crew of seven men all told, sailed from Halifax, Nova Scotia, her home port, on Saturday, the 16th of January, 1892, bound for New York City. She had a good run until the following Wednesday night, January 20th, when thick weather came on, accompanied by sleet and snow, and during a dense and violent squall she stranded at about seven p. m. on the Rose and Crown Shoal about fifteen miles southeast of the Coskata life-saving station.

A high sea was running and within an hour a portion of the vessel's bow was torn away and she was filled with water. Signals of distress were burned, but the crew were soon driven to the rigging helplessly hoping and waiting for relief.

As morning broke on the 21st the keeper of the Sankaty light-house discovered the wreck, which was not visible from the life-saving station, and immediately telephoned the information to you. You speedily transported your surfboat to the outside beach and set sail with your crew for the point where, as nearly as you could judge, the vessel must be. You did not sight her until within five miles, and it was eleven o'clock a. m., before you reached her.

It was impossible to go on board and you therefore ran as close as practicable, anchored and carefully dropped down between seas until you were able to throw a heaving stick with a small line attached into the rigging of the wreck. By this a larger line was obtained from the sailors, with which and with oars you were able to approach still closer, and as near as safety would permit. You then threw the end of the spare line with a bowline on board which a sailor placed around his body, jumped overboard and was pulled into the surf-boat.

Being now compelled to slack away a little, you again as soon as possible, in the lull of wind and sea, worked back and another man was rescued. In this way, under very perilous conditions, the entire crew were taken, one by one, into your boat from the rigging where they had held on for over fifteen hours in the piercing north wind. In less than an hour after the last man was saved the wreck went totally to pieces.

The dangers of the situation were hardly less serious than before. The surf-boat was only twenty-three feet in length over all, and carried a crew of seven men; to these were added the crew of the "Kirkham", making fourteen in all. It was doubtful whether she could live with so great a burden. However, when all were on board, you raised your anchor and headed

for the land, the top of Sankaty light tower the only visible object answering for your guide.

The crowded condition of the boat compelled you to throw overboard the mast and sail, now useless on account of the direction of the wind, which was dead against you and so heavy that at about two o'clock p. m. you were forced to anchor, but not until you had weathered the tempestuous shoal.

At dark six hours had elapsed since you left the wreck and you had accomplished only one mile of the fifteen that lay between you and land, but the gale then slackened a little and you began pulling again. After several hours of toilsome struggle the wind became too strong for you and once more the anchor was let go.

The condition of affairs was now most disheartening. The thermometer stood at twenty degrees below the freezing point, the rescued men were almost lifeless and your crew so thoroughly worn out that they could scarcely be kept awake. You allowed them to sleep by turns, waking them at the end of fifteen minutes each to prevent their freezing to death.

From ten o'clock that night you were obliged to lie until three the next morning. The wind had gradually decreased and you again resumed the oars, pulling steadily for seven hours and finally landing about ten o'clock in the forenoon of the 22nd at Siasconset, almost eight miles to leeward of your station. Thoroughly exhausted, but rewarded with profound gratitude of the hapless men you had saved, and with the enthusiastic commendation of your friends and neighbors, whose hopes and fears had followed you through all the perils of your adventurous experience.

For more than twenty-four hours, day and night, you and your crew bravely battled with the winter storm. At every point you displayed superb seamanship, unerring judgment and dauntless courage. I am assured by sea-faring persons competent to judge of your great work that it was one of the most remarkable in the history of such achievements. It therefore affords me extraordinary pleasure to be the medium of the award of this medal, designed to bear testimony to your skill and good judgment, your unfaltering fidelity to duty and your heroic disregard of danger.

Respectfully your,  
(Signed) Charles Foster.



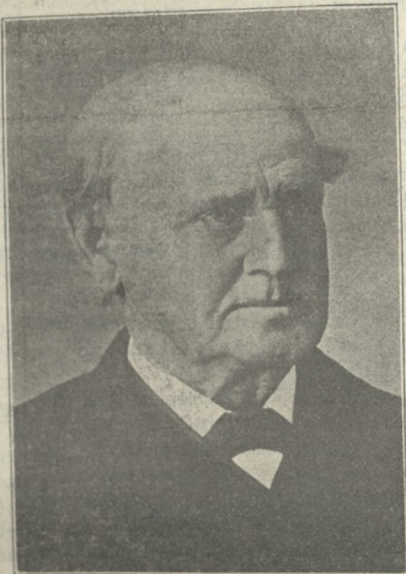
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DECEMBER 30, 1911

### Another Whaling Master Gone.

Captain Edward B. Coffin, one of the three master mariners who for the past few years have been the only link binding Nantucket with the palmy whaling days of half a century and more ago, died at his home on Centre street on Thursday, at the age of eighty-six years. He had been in gradually failing health for some months and his death was not unexpected.

Captain Coffin followed the sea about thirty years and was one of the island's most successful whaling captains. He was born on Nantucket, May 26, 1825, in a house which stood near the junction of North Liberty street and Cliff Road, and, like the average boy of his time, was able to receive but little schooling. In early life he learned the cooper's trade with Charles Myrick, and at the age of seventeen left Nantucket on his first voyage whaling, with Capt. Edwin Barnard, on the bark Peru, which sailed from Nantucket on the 10th of May, 1843.

His first experience on a whaleship covered 40 months, and when the Peru



THE LATE CAPT. EDWARD B. COFFIN.

returned to her home port, September 19, 1846, the whole catch amounted to but 966 barrels of sperm oil. But he was not discouraged, and by December of the same year he was again at sea, this time as a boat-steerer on ship Napoleon, which sailed from Nantucket, December 31, 1846, and returned May 15, 1851, with 2,100 barrels of sperm oil, taken in the Pacific ocean. Then he signed as second mate for a voyage in brig Sea Queen of Westport, commanded by Captain Joseph Marshall. This voyage began October 15, 1851, and ended April 26, 1855, during which time the vessel took 1,500 barrels of sperm oil.

His next voyage was as first officer of the old ship Citizen, Captain William Cash, sailing from Nantucket, October 29, 1855, and in the 45 months

which the ship was out, she stowed down 2,100 barrels of sperm and about 150 barrels of whale oil, besides 900 pounds of whalebone, which was sent home. Capt. Coffin celebrated the Fourth of July in 1859 by walking in upon his relatives from that cruise.

May 3d, 1860, he was given his first command—bark Sappho, sailing for O. & E. W. Seabury, from New Bedford. It was a Pacific ocean cruise, which ended July 18, 1863, and in that time he took 1,400 barrels of sperm oil. Three months later he was again at sea in the same ship and in less than three years he had filled the ship with sperm oil, which sold at \$2.50 a gallon, netting him, as his share of the cruise, \$10,000.

Then, on August 15, 1867, he took command of ship Mt. Wollaston, for a cruise in the Pacific ocean, and completing the voyage August 9, 1871, with a record of 1,300 barrels of sperm oil, decided to abandon the seas, and has since remained on shore, engaging in farming on a small scale, up to a few years ago.

At the completion of his third voyage, Captain Coffin decided to take unto himself a life partner, and on the 6th of September, 1855, married Miss Delia Maria Hussey, of Nantucket, who survives him, and for fifty-six years the two have lived together as husband and wife, faithful and true companions over life's voyage, spending their declining years in their little cottage home on Centre street, which Captain Coffin had built for him some twenty-odd years ago. One child was born to them—a daughter, who died when a young woman.

### OBITUARY. 1899

COFFIN.—Capt. Samuel C. Coffin, whose death is among the mortuary notices in another column, died Tuesday at the home of his eldest daughter, in Chelsea, where he was visiting. Capt. Coffin was a native of Nantucket—a son of the late George Coffin, well-known to our older readers in connection with the "Big Shop." The subject of our sketch was born here nearly 81 years ago, and in early life followed the sea, making one or two voyages whaling, and later entering the merchant service, in which he rose to command. Between thirty and forty years ago he gave up his seafaring life and bought a farm in Middleboro, where he had ever since resided. He married Sarah B. Nye, of this town, who died only a few years ago, since which time deceased had made his home with his son, who managed the farm. Capt. Coffin was in the habit of spending the fall months here with his nephew, Arthur H. Gardner, Esq., and despite infirmities, kept up an active interest in all that was going on about him. He leaves a son and two daughters.



OBITUARY.

CARY.—Capt. Alfred G. Cary, who for a long period had been an uncomplaining sufferer from serious throat affliction, passed peacefully away last Monday at the age of nearly 49 years. The career of Capt. Cary was one of remarkable advancement and business success. Starting out at the age of 15 years with a liking for the sea, he shipped as boy on the clipper ship N. B. Palmer, of New York, after having been unsuccessful in obtaining a chance on the ill-fated ship Honoua.

OBITUARY. 1882

Capt. William Cash, who died at his home on Orange street, on Tuesday night last, was one of our most highly-esteemed citizens, and had been in his younger days one of our most energetic and successful shipmasters. He was bred to the sea from a boy, and was unfortunate in his early voyages, two ships to which he belonged having been destroyed by fire, and one shipwrecked on Long Island, homeward bound, with a full cargo of oil. But persevering in spite of all obstacles, he rose steadily to the highest position, and from the command of the Milton, his successful career was unbroken. He commanded successively the Columbia, Citizen and Isfort, and returning from his voyage in 1865, just at the close of the prices of oil made this voyage a financially golden one, and he enjoyed with his family the fruits of his labors, winning the good opinion of all to whom he was known. He for some years was a member of the Board of Trustees of the Nantucket Savings. His fine physique had seemed to promise a long life, while he was suffering from a malady, which has baffled the best medical science. He was a widow, who has shared his trials on the sea, and two daughters, all grown to maturity, and services, attended by F. & A. M., of which he was a honored member, were held yesterday afternoon.

ADMIRAL SIR ISAAC COFFIN.—A neat octavo of 141 pages, from the publishing house of Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston, written by Thomas C. Amory, about Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin and his English and American ancestors, has just been issued. It contains an engraving of the Admiral, from a portrait by Gilbert Stuart, taken many years prior to the one in the Coffin School, by Sir William Beechey. The author has availed himself of all the ancestral knowledge previously presented to the public, and been diligent and careful in not adopting conclusions not well authenticated. His own researches have been attended with a production of facts not heretofore known to our countrymen, but few, if any, of the Coffin family, and he has made deductions somewhat at variance with many theories previously advanced. Mr. Amory was peculiarly favored as a biographer, the Admiral having frequently been the guest of his father while in Boston; and the social and business correspondence between the Admiral and his father, gave him a rich fund to draw from. Always delightful to the Nantucketer to recognize in the Admiral a man of superior genius and ability, this little work in tracing the history and development of one of the most remarkable men of his time, from his school-boy days in Boston, through varied seafaring experiences, to a seat in the British Parliament, will stimulate a laudable pride in claiming relationship to the founder of the Coffin School in Nantucket. The book will be on sale in Nantucket at an early day. 1886

were conducted with someone there by Union Lodge F. & A. M., of which he was a member. Flags on the shipping, Pacific Club building and in other sections floated at half-mast in respect to his memory.

Lat. of the Contact part of the storm  
41° 16' 36" North  
Long. West of Greenwich  
70° 06' 06" or 4 hr 40 min less  
Wm. Mitchell  
1838  
Nantucket  
Including Trenchard



DECEMBER 30, 1911

### Another Whaling Master Gone.

Captain Edward B. Coffin, one of the three master mariners who for the past few years have been the only link binding Nantucket with the palmy whaling days of half a century and more ago, died at his home on Centre street on Thursday, at the age of eighty-six years. He had been in gradually failing health for some months and his death was not unexpected.

Captain Coffin was about thirty years old when he came to the island's most famous whaling town. He was born May 26, 1825, near the junction of Centre street and Commercial street. He was an average boy of his time, did not receive but little education, but in his life he learned much. He was married to Charles Myrick in 1843, and they had seventeen children. He left Nantucket on his last voyage whaling in the ship *Barnard*, on May 1, 1843.

His first expedition covered 40 months.



THE LATE CAPTAIN

returned to Nantucket in 1846, the vessel had taken but 966 barrels of sperm oil. This was not discovered until the same year. At this time as the vessel was named *Napoleon*, which was sold in December.

On May 15, 1851, with 2,100 barrels of sperm oil, taken in the Pacific ocean. Then he signed as second mate for a voyage in brig *Sea Queen* of Westport, commanded by Captain Joseph Marshall. This voyage began October 15, 1851, and ended April 26, 1855, during which time the vessel took 1,500 barrels of sperm oil.

His next voyage was as first officer of the old ship *Citizen*, Captain William Cash, sailing from Nantucket, October 29, 1855, and in the 45 months

which the ship was out, she stowed down 2,100 barrels of sperm and about 150 barrels of whale oil, besides 900 pounds of whalebone, which was sent home. Capt. Coffin celebrated the Fourth of July in 1859 by walking in upon his relatives from that cruise.

May 3d, 1860, he was given his first command—bark *Sappho*, sailing for O. & E. W. Seabury, from New Bedford. It was a Pacific ocean cruise, which ended July 18, 1863, and in that time he took 1,400 barrels of sperm oil. Three months later he was again at sea in the same ship and in less



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ago, since which time deceased had made his home with his son, who managed the farm. Capt. Coffin was in the habit of spending the fall months here with his nephew, Arthur H. Gardner, Esq., and despite infirmities, kept up an active interest in all that was going on about him. He leaves a son and two daughters.



# OBITUARY.

CARY.—Capt. Alfred G. Cary, who for a long period had been an uncomplaining sufferer from serious throat affliction, passed peacefully away last Monday at the age of nearly 49 years. The career of Capt. Cary was one of remarkable advancement and business success. Starting out at the age of 15 years with a liking for the sea, he shipped as boy on the clipper ship N. B. Palmer, of New York, after having been unsuccessful in obtaining a chance on the ill-fated ship Houqua, which was never heard from after reaching the China sea on her way to Hong Kong. Capt. Cary made a second voyage in the ship as a petty officer, leaving her at Hong Kong for a berth as second officer of steamer Kinshaw, plying between that city and Canton.

His advancement was remarkable, and on attaining his majority, he was given command of a steamer, being the youngest master in the China service. He continued in the same employ during his entire sojourn in the East, and added fresh confidence with his employers continuously by his sterling worth. He came home for a brief visit in 1876 and again a half dozen years later. On his last visit to China his health failed, and he relinquished his position and came to Nantucket to reside permanently, ministering to the comfort of his venerable parents who preceded him but by a few years in death. During his stay in China he received many tokens of appreciation and esteem, but it was through accident only that the facts became known to his friends at home. One of these, a handsome watch, has engraved on the case the following: "Presented by a few passengers to Alfred G. Cary, of the 'White Cloud' steamer, for bravery shown in saving life on several occasions, and particularly in Hong Kong harbor, 11th August, 1867."

Of blunt, abrupt manner as regards exterior, yet there was within generous, fine impulses that marked the noble man, and his most intimate friends realize how strong these characteristics were.

During his long illness, full of pain and acute suffering, he was never heard to complain, bearing his burden with a stoicism that was remarkable. His sister, Mrs. Arthur Vincent, arrived here Saturday in response to his call, and gave him comfort by her presence during his last hours.

Funeral services were held at the Springfield House Tuesday afternoon, and were conducted with Masonic rites by Union Lodge F. & A. M., of which he was a member. Flags on the shipping, Pacific Club building and in other sections floated at half-mast in respect to his memory.

# OBITUARY. 1882

Capt. William Cash, who died at his home on Orange street, on Tuesday night last, was one of our most highly-esteemed citizens, and had been in his younger days one of our most energetic and successful shipmasters. He was bred to the sea from a boy, and was unfortunate in his early voyages, two ships to which he belonged having been destroyed by fire, and one shipwrecked on Long Island, homeward bound, with a full cargo of oil. But persevering in spite of all obstacles, he rose steadily to the highest position, and from the time he took command of the Milton, in 1844, his successful career was unbroken to the end. He commanded successively the ships Milton and Gideon Howland, of New Bedford, Columbia, Citizen and Islander, of this port, and returning from his last voyage in 1865, just at the close of the war, the high prices of oil made this voyage an exceptionally golden one, and he retired with a comfortable fortune. Since that time he has enjoyed with his family the well-earned fruits of his labors, winning the esteem and good opinion of all to whom he was known. He for some years served the town as a member of the Board of Selectmen, and was at the time of his death one of the Board of Trustees of the Nantucket Institution for Savings. His fine physical appearance had seemed to promise long life, even while he was suffering from a secret internal malady, which has baffled all the skill of the best medical science. Capt. Cash leaves a widow, who has shared some of his perils on the sea, and two sons and two daughters, all grown to maturity. Funeral services, attended by Union Lodge of F. & A. M., of which deceased was an honored member, were held at his late residence yesterday afternoon.

ADMIRAL SIR ISAAC COFFIN.—A neat octavo of 141 pages, from the publishing house of Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston, written by Thomas C. Amory, about Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin and his English and American ancestors, has just been issued. It contains an engraving of the Admiral, from a portrait by Gilbert Stuart, taken many years prior to the one in the Coffin School, by Sir William Beechey. The author has availed himself of all the ancestral knowledge previously presented to the public, and been diligent and careful in not adopting conclusions not well authenticated. His own researches have been attended with a production of facts not heretofore known to but few, if any, of the Coffin family, and he has made deductions somewhat at variance with many theories previously advanced. Mr. Amory was peculiarly favored as a biographer, the Admiral having frequently been the guest of his father while in Boston; and the social and business correspondence between the Admiral and his father, gave him a rich fund to draw from. Always delightful to the Nantucketer to recognize in the Admiral a man of superior genius and ability, this little work in tracing the history and development of one of the most remarkable men of his time, from his school-boy days in Boston, through varied seafaring experiences, to a seat in the British Parliament, will stimulate a laudable pride in claiming relationship to the founder of the Coffin School in Nantucket. The book will be on sale in Nantucket at an early day. 1886



## Interesting Anecdotes of Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin.

Several interesting anecdotes in connection with Admiral Coffin were related by Charles F. Swain a number of years ago, who gave the following under the heading "What An Old Man Remembers of Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin:"

"It is well known to all who are familiar with the early history of the United States, that the impressment of American seamen into service on board of British war-vessels caused the last war between this country and England. It was a common occurrence for English war vessels, with boats, to board American ships on the ocean or in foreign ports, claim a part and sometimes all of the crew as British subjects, and by force compel them to serve in the British navy. Captain Obed Fitch, of Nantucket, was so boarded near one of the West India Islands, just before the war of 1812.

The commanding officer of the boarding party held a drawn sword in his hand. Captain Fitch, laying his hand on the officer's shoulder, pointed with the other to the sword and said: "Put that thing away, we don't use them here." The command was given in such a way that it was instantly obeyed. One man and a boy, born on the island, were taken on board of the war vessel, notwithstanding the strong protest of Captain Fitch, who, with his own boat, went to the Englishman, and when he returned he had the boy with him. This little story was told the writer by the late Captain Richard Gardner Swain, who died at San Francisco, in 1859, aged eighty-six years, and who was mate with Captain Fitch on that voyage.

In the year 1811, there were anchored in the Downs, a small fleet of English war vessels, and also merchant ships of different nations. Among the merchant vessels was the ship Union, of New York, that, like others, was waiting for a wind to work out of the channel. About the middle of the day a boat from one of the war vessels went along side of the "Union;" the officer of the boat was courteously received and saluted at the gangway by the mate, but instead of returning the salutation he in a gruff voice said:

"Have you got some English sailors aboard?"

The mate replied, "We have not; our men are all Americans with protection."

"You are a liar," said the Englishman; and the next instant he was stretched his whole length on deck, for a single blow from the powerful arm of the mate had made a spread-eagle of him.

When the English officer gathered himself up, he was ordered into his boat and told to hurry or he might be knocked down again. A little later in the day a well-manned barge went to the "Union," with orders to take the officer in charge to the flag-ship.

The mate was taken to the cabin where the Admiral was seated, with a few of his superior officers near him. The Admiral, looking steadily at the mate, asked:

"Are you in charge of the American ship 'Union'?"

"Yes, sir, in the absence of the Captain, who is now on shore," was the reply.

"Well, sir," continued the Admiral, "You have been guilty of a very grave offence in knocking down one of his majesty's officers."

"I would knock his majesty down, or any officer in his service, who should come on the deck of a ship in my charge and call me a liar."

The Admiral, still gazing earnestly at the mate, said:

"Young man, where were you born?"

"On the island of Nantucket."

"What is your name?"

"Charles Coffin."

"Yes," said the Admiral, "and I'll swear you are true blood."

It was Admiral Coffin's flag-ship they were on board of. Mr. Coffin had been standing during the short interview, but at its close Sir Isaac ordered a servant to hand a chair, invited him to sit down and state the circumstances of the knock-down. The Admiral listened attentively, and after hearing all, sent for the boarding officer and reprimanded him for unbecoming conduct, and returned Mr. Coffin with honor to his ship.

The writer is indebted to the late Captain Abraham Pollard for the foregoing story, and regrets that he does not know to what family that Mr. Coffin belonged. Captain Pollard and Charles Coffin had been school-mates in their early days, and were both sailing from New York at that time.

The writer is not able to name the year that Admiral Coffin made his last visit to this country, but it must have been in 1834—or near that time. When wishing to return to England, he sailed from Charleston, S. C., in the ship Boston, bound to Liverpool.

Four days after leaving port, the ship was destroyed by fire, and the passengers and crew were three days at sea in an open boat. During that time Sir Isaac was reclining on a mattress, suffering severely with the gout, but cheering his companions with funny stories and lively songs.

The ship that rescued the unfortunate ones took them to New York, and the Admiral went home in the ship Caledonia, of which the late Captain Charles Glover was then chief officer. The ship was loading at a "stage-berth," being in the second tier from the wharf.

The writer, by chance, was on the wharf when Sir Isaac came down in a carriage. He tumbled off the seat and managed to get his feet and legs out of the door, when Mr. Glover lifted him to an arm-chair, and was about to carry him aboard, when the Admiral said:

"Hold on, Glover! My feet are on American soil for the last time. It is true they are not of much use to me, but it is American soil, and I want to be carried on board of that ship by Nantucket men, if there are enough of them around; and if not, by New England men anyhow."

There were Mr. Glover, a Bostonian, the late Charles Gardner, son of Tristram, and your writer. Mr. Glover so reported, and the weather-beaten Admiral said: "That's just the boat's crew I wanted. Now tow me aboard, gentlemen." We carried him over the stage, down into the cabin, listened for a time to his cheerful sayings, then wishing him a pleasant passage over the ocean, and with his thanks, we retired."



OBITUARY.

6/23/1894

COLEMAN.—Capt. Henry Coleman died on Sunday last at the age of 79 years. In many respects he was a remarkable man. Ignoring many of the conventionalities of life, his individuality was most conspicuously apparent in his varied relations of human endeavor which measured up to the stature of success in almost every undertaking. He possessed a self-consciousness of his own ability, and rarely if ever was disappointed in his own achievements. Like most Nantucket boys, he made the sea an occupation, and at the age of 16 sailed on a whaling voyage in the new ship Mary, under command of Capt. David Paddock, and returned with a successful voyage in less than four years. He again sailed in the same ship as boatsteerer, in 1835, under command of Capt. Thomas Coffin, bringing home an equally successful cargo in 1839. The same year he sailed again as second mate of ship Mount Vernon, Capt. Lewis B. Imbert, returning in 1844, with a full ship. The same year he was given command of the Mount Vernon, and sailed on the 3d of October, but, meeting with disaster when three days out, he returned and refitted, sailing again on the 8th of November. This voyage was successful and profitable, but Capt. Coleman never cared to further pursue the whaling industry. On the discovery of gold in California, Capt. Coleman took passage in the ship Henry Astor for the land of gold, and conducted several trading voyages to and from San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands, exercising the same sagacity and good judgment that had characterized his whaling career, making quick passages and securing the benefit of the high prices prevailing in San Francisco for the products of the Sandwich Islands.

In 1853 he took command of ship Charles Carroll, of Nantucket, and carried her to San Francisco, where she was sold. He then still further engaged in the traffic between the Sandwich Islands and San Francisco for several years, when he returned to the peaceful pursuits of farm life at Nantucket, satisfied with the adventuresomeness of maritime life, residing for a short time at Ravenna, Ohio.

The Messrs. A. A. Low & Co., of New York, soon after were in need of a captain for one of their ships in the East India trade, and Mr. F. C. Sanford recommended Capt. Coleman, although he had had no experience whatever in the merchant service of that kind. He took the ship and made the shortest passage and most remunerative for the owners that had ever been made. Later, he made a second voyage to China for the Messrs. Low, and was equally fortunate in making quick returns and satisfactory results. From this service he again retired to the peaceful environment of Nantucket, and became interested in real estate transactions with several other per-

sons, which became remunerative.

In every line of business in which he engaged he became master of, and performed his part with wisdom and sound discretion, without any display of gilt lace superiority. He set himself no task that he could not accomplish, and was alive to the issues of public concern without appearing antagonistic to those from whom he differed. His habits were simple, his wants few. His friendships were numerous and an enemy was hard to find. He was patient and kind-hearted in the extreme. He made life pleasanter for many persons by increasing the limit of human happiness. Were every person for whom he gave some token of sympathy to testify to his disinterested friendships, his encomiums would appear like adulations. Selecting his part in life, he fulfilled his mission with credit to himself and generally satisfactory to all others interested.

Incidents of his life, characteristic of the man, are numerous, but none are known to his disadvantage. His funeral was largely attended, and the Pacific Club and Capt. John Killen's flags were displayed at half-mast on the day, as a mark of respect. Two sons and a daughter survive him, all of whom are married.

Tilton to Have Bowhead. 1907

Capt. John A. Cook has disposed of his holdings in the steam whaler Bowhead, hailing from San Francisco, to Messrs. H. Liebes & Co. of that city. The Bowhead, formerly the Hardrade, was built in 1871, in Norway, for North seas whaling. Capt. Cook, who had previously commanded several Arctic whalers, bought the Norwegian craft late in 1897 and commanded her until the fall of 1906, when he turned her over to Capt. James Tilton and left her in Arctic waters to finish her season's trip, coming down to the states with his sick wife, who had been locked up with him in the Arctic for 44 months.

It was the presence of the Bowhead off Herschel island early in September, 1905, that made for the safe harboring of five of the fleet that had been caught north with food supply exhausted at the beginning of a 10-months winter. Herschel island was the sole harboring spot along the hundreds of miles of coast line. The Bowhead was selected to ram the floe that barred the ships from the safety giving channel. She battered her way through into the clear water, after a terrific struggle, and led them 60 miles in safety to the island winter rendezvous.

The Bowhead will be commanded next year by Capt. James A. Tilton of this city, who last season commanded the steamer Herman, which will be laid up as being hardly suitable for the Arctic whaling business.—N. B. Standard.



**EDWARD B. COFFIN.**

Captain Coffin began a seafaring life as a cooper, which trade he learned after leaving school. His first venture was in bark Peru, Captain Edwin Barnard, which sailed from Nantucket May 10, 1843. Captain Coffin is a native of that place and was born May 2, 1826. His first experience on a whaleship covered 40 months, and when the Peru returned to her home port Sept. 19, 1846, the whole catch amounted to but 966 barrels of sperm oil. But he was not discouraged, and by December of the same year he was again at sea. This time as a boatsteerer on ship Napoleon, which sailed from Nantucket, Dec. 31, 1846, and returned May 15, 1851, with 2,100 barrels of sperm oil taken in the Pacific ocean. Then he signed on as second mate for a voyage in brig Sea Queen of Westport, commanded by Captain Joseph Marshall. This voyage began Oct. 15, 1851, and ended April 26, 1855, during which time the vessel took 1,500 barrels of sperm oil. His next voyage was as first officer of the old ship Citizen, Captain William Cash, sailing from Nantucket Oct. 29, 1855, and in the 45 months which the ship was out she stowed down 2,100 barrels of sperm oil and about 150 barrels of whale oil, besides 900 pounds of whalebone which was sent home. Captain Coffin celebrated the Fourth of July in 1859 by walking in upon his relatives from that cruise. May 3d, 1860, he was given his first command—bark Sappho, sailing for O & E. W. Seabury from this port. It was a Pacific ocean cruise, which ended July 18, 1863, and in that time he took 1,400 barrels of sperm oil. Three months later he was again at sea in the same ship, and in less than three years he had filled the ship with sperm oil which sold at \$2.50 per gallon netting him as his share of the cruise \$10,000. Then on Aug. 15, 1867, he took command of ship Mt. Wollaston, for a cruise in the Pacific ocean, and completing the voyage Aug. 9, 1871, with a record of 1,300 barrels of sperm oil decided to abandon the seas, and has since remained on shore.

**Capt. Charles Grant.**

Captain Charles Grant was the most famous of all of Nantucket's whalemén. He went to sea in 1825, when only eleven years old, on the "John Jay" of Nantucket as a steward. His next trip was on the ship "Maria," and after a four-year voyage he shipped as boat-steerer on the "Mount Vernon," then as second mate, and on the third trip he was first officer. At the age of thirty he was master of the ship "Walter Scott," and made a very successful voyage. Later he was master of the "Potomac," the "Japan," the "Mohawk," the "Niger," the "Horatio," and the "Milton," on which he made his most profitable trip.

Captain Grant brought in more oil than any other whalemán, and the men called him "the most charitable man that ever trod the deck of a ship." Above all other things he valued the esteem and gratitude of his fellow men.

**Capt. David N. Edwards.**

Another captain, David N. Edwards, born in Falmouth, Massachusetts, went to sea, when he was eleven, in the merchant service. He was attracted to Nantucket in 1817, as many youths of that time were, by the whaling. He went on his first whaling voyage with Captain Shubael Hussey of the "Lady Adams" to the Pacific Ocean. He made a second trip with the same captain to the Brazil Banks. Next he shipped as first officer on the "Washington" with Captain Reuben Swain on a cruise to the Pacific ocean. Then he was promoted to captaincy on the "Paragon." The ship sprung a leak and sank. The "Rosalie," under Captain Gardner of Warren, Rhode Island, took all the crew and captain on board, landing them at Tahiti, Society Island, then taking Captain Edwards, as a passenger, home. In November, he sailed for New Zealand on the "Harvest," and on his return he became part owner and captain of the "Montano."

Several misfortunes occurred on this voyage, for his chief mate was killed by a whale when only five months out, and his third officer with six of the crew stole a boat and ran away. Disabled by the loss of the men, he immediately sailed for New Zealand where he recruited some men, and promoted his second officer to chief mate, and a Sandwich Islander, Harry Coffin, to second mate. He returned with 3,100 barrels of sperm oil, one of the best voyages ever made.

His owners then built the "Nantucket," a ship of live oak, copper fastened throughout, on Brant Point. This time, which was probably his last, he sailed to the Pacific Ocean catching his whales upon the New Zealand coast and around the Fiji Islands, arriving home in February, 1841. Giving up the sea life, he turned to farming, and also became a Deacon of the North Congregational Church.

**Capt. Obed R. Bunker.**

Captain Obed R. Bunker was born January 7, 1815. At the age of twelve he was setting type in the office of the Nantucket Journal. Then he spent several months on the Cross Rip Lightship, and afterwards an apprentice in a cooper's shop for two and one-half years. His first twenty years of whaling were spent on the ship "Constitution." He was a cooper under Captain James Coffin on his first voyage, then a boatsteerer, and on his third trip Edward C. Joy was master, and Bunker was third mate and cooper. In 1842, he was master of the "Constitution." After his second trip as master, he entered the merchant service and went to Europe in 1853, and then to San Francisco. In 1858, he made his last whaling voyage as captain of the "Spartan."



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**Capt. Henry Plaskett.**

Another famous captain, Henry R. Plaskett, had only a few years of schooling before he went on his first whaling voyage, at the age of thirteen, as a ship's boy on the "Harvest." He was boasteerer on the "President," third mate on the "Russell," and finally master of the "Milo" of New Bedford. Then he was master and part owner of the "Caroline" of New Bedford for two trips.

While he was master of the "Caroline," some of his men caught the gold fever. Among them William Dow, second mate, who, with others of the crew, stole a boat and escaped during his watch at night off Oyhee on Hilo, one of the Sandwich Islands. Captain Peaskett said that while he was master, he never lost a man, though he witnessed several bad accidents.

**Capt. Thaddeus C. Defriez.**

The last whaling captain of Nantucket was Thaddeus C. Defriez, who was born October 14, 1822. He attended the public schools and Coffin Schools, then, after learning the cooper's trade, he went to sea at the age of seventeen. On his first voyage he went as cooper on the "Catawba," which sailed from Edgartown because of the shallow water on Nantucket bar. His second voyage was with Captain Benjamin C. Sayer on the "Edward Cary" as a boatsteerer. He was second mate of the "Sharon" of Fairhaven, commanded by Captain Nathaniel Bonney. On this voyage the captain became ill, and Defriez was promoted to first mate. On December 22, 1852, he was captain of the "Richard Mitchell" on an unsuccessful voyage to the Arctic ocean. After one season in the Arctic, he touched the coasts of California, Chili, and Peru. On his last voyage he was captain of the "Sacramento" of Westport. On his return he successfully avoided the pirate, "Florida," bringing his ship in a thick fog to the South Shoal Lightship a day before several of the fishing vessels around the lightship were burned. He became interested in the Nantucket Fishing Company, and acted as the company's agent. He also held the position of the Judge of Probate and Insolvency for several years, and was known during his years as "Judge Defriez."

These are only a few of the courageous, strong, and daring whalemens, of which Nantucket is so proud, and has a right to be, but their lives are examples of the grit and determination of the Nantucket of to-day.

**EDWARD B. HUSSEY. 1903**

Captain Hussey, the naval hero of Nantucket, was born on that island May 27, 1824. For six years he was an officer in the United States navy, and is the only one of the old school living on the island who laid down the lance for the cutlass. He began his whaling career at the age of 15, when he sailed in the Barclay, of Nantucket, Captain Reuben Barney. This voyage began Dec. 10, 1839, and ended Aug. 12, 1843. It wasn't such a big success, but on his next, the Ploughboy, out of New Bedford, the ship had greasy luck. This was a 49 months' cruise with Captain Shubael Clark, and the vessel returned home Nov. 28, 1847, with 2,200 barrels of sperm oil. The Ploughboy was originally a Nantucket ship, and young Hussey went out in her on this cruise as a boatsteerer. Next he went out second mate of schooner Sophia, Captain William Baldwin, which sailed from Nantucket, June 15, 1848. For a time he served as mate on this vessel, but left her at Sydney, and returned via London. His first ship as master was the Peruvian of Nantucket, sailing from that port for the Indian ocean on Dec. 6, 1852, and returning Oct. 19, 1856, with 1,000 barrels of sperm oil. One year later the ship was broken up at New Bedford. His next vessel was the Richmond, and this voyage was of less than three years' duration, he sailing from New Bedford Oct. 1, 1857, and returning March 24, 1860, with quite a quantity of whalebone taken in the South Atlantic. September 30, seven months after his return, he was again at sea, this time in ship Hero, of Nantucket, which sailed for the Pacific ocean. He had taken 400 barrels of oil when the vessel was lost in Algoa bay, New Holland. He returned home to find the south engaged in war with the north, and he abandoned whaling and enlisted in the navy as acting master, serving on frigate Sabine, the gunboat Osceola, then with the Gulf squadron, and Nyanza, altogether putting in six years in the navy. While on duty in the gulf he had command of gunboat William G. Anderson, used in transporting ordnance from New Orleans to Pensacola. With the termination of this service Captain Hussey made one other voyage whaling, going out as



OBITUARY. 1896

His return was to pirate Florida waters, capturing the ships of Captain Defries at night when near

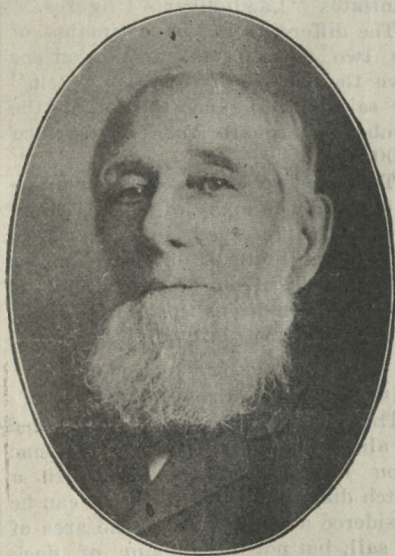


was a very successful voyage, besides the above cargo, the ship sending home 11,578 pounds of whalebone during the trip.

He stayed at home until the 25th of July, 1848, and then sailed as second mate of ship Sharon of Fairhaven, commanded by Capt. Nathaniel Bonney. Before the voyage was completed the captain came back home in feeble health, the mate, George Rule, taking command of the ship for the remainder of the voyage. Defriez was advanced to the position of first mate and he remained in that capacity during the rest of the voyage, the Sharon returning home on July 31, 1852.

Six months later, on the 22d of December, Thaddeus C. Defriez was given command of his first ship, sailing from Nantucket as master of the Richard Mitchell (owned by Field, Sanford and others), for a sperm whale voyage, with the understanding that the first cruise should be in the Arctic ocean, for bowhead whales. Captain Defriez's first venture as master was not particularly successful, but he was not alone in hard luck, for none of the fifty-two ships which cruised in the northern waters that year struck luck.

He spent one season in the Arctic and then touched the coasts of Calif-



The Late Capt. Thaddeus Coffin Defriez, the Last Nantucket Whaling Master.

ornia, Chili and Peru. Captain Defriez recalled a terrific hurricane encountered by his craft off Cape St. Lucas, in which the ship was somewhat disabled. The sea dashed wildly across her, carrying away her head and false stern, and the jibboom and foretop gallant mast were broken and had to be repaired on board. Naturally enough such an occurrence as this proved to be somewhat of a set-back, but a year after his return home in the Richard Mitchell he was given command of the Sacramento, of Westport, sailing from that port May 27, 1858, and returning June 16, 1863, with over 1,100 barrels of sperm oil.

His return was at a time when the pirate Florida was engaged in destroying the ships of the loyal states, and Captain Defriez carried no lights at night when nearing this coast. He

brought his ship in by the South Shoals lightship in a thick fog, and the day after he passed the fishing fleet off the lightship, a number of the vessels were burned. With the completion of this voyage he gave up whaling and remained on shore, becoming interested in the Nantucket Fishing Company, which had a number of vessels engaged in the cod and mackerel fisheries, and Captain Defriez acted as the company's agent.

In 1868 he was appointed Register

of Probate and Insolvency by Governor Bullock, to fill a vacancy, and later was appointed Collector of Customs for the port of Nantucket. This position he held until 1873, when he resigned to accept the position of Judge of Probate and Insolvency, which office he held with dignity and honor until January, 1908, when increasing years compelled him to retire to private life. It is worthy of note that, although he was not educated to the law in youth, his decisions while on the Probate bench showed such evidence of good sense and justice, as well as an understanding of the principles of law, that when appeals were made to a higher court (except in perfunctory cases) they were seldom, if ever, set aside.

Captain Defriez's life record was one that any man might be proud of. He served in many positions of trust in his native town, and for over ten years was president of the board of trustees of the Coffin School, and for a long period was president of the Nantucket Institution for Savings. He was also president of the Nantucket Atheneum and a trustee of the Unitarian church.

Captain Defriez was twice married, his first wife being Elizabeth Peabody, of Boston, whom he wedded September 27, 1852. His second wife was Mrs. Eliza S. Dillingham, of Edgartown, whom he married February 10, 1872. He is survived by one son by his first marriage—Dr. William P. Defriez, of Brookline, and also by a grandson, Thaddeus Coffin Defriez, 2d, who is at present on the staff of the Boston Globe.

Funeral services are to be held at his late home on Fair street this (Saturday) afternoon at 2 o'clock.



## THADDEUS C. DEFRIEZ.

From sailor to jurist is the experience of Hon. Thaddeus Coffin Defriez, perhaps the best known man on Nantucket. And well known as Judge Defriez is, there are those among the younger people of the island who do not know that this most affable gentleman was once in command of a whaleship. Forty years ago he retired from the seas, and since that day he has occupied a prominent position in the affairs of the island. Today he is better known as Judge Defriez, yet there are those of the old school of whaling masters who find it difficult to address him thus, and he is frequently addressed as captain. He is a direct descendant of the famous Tristram Coffin, and the son of Henry I. Defriez who was in the merchant service years ago, and was born on "the sea girt isle" Oct. 14, 1822. He attended the schools of his native place, and at one time was a pupil of the Coffin school. He began a whaling career at the age of 18 years, for like others of his acquaintance, a sailor's life was the ideal. His first voyage was in the *Catawba*, which sailed out of Edgartown harbor in command of Captain Henry Pease. The *Catawba* was a Nantucket ship, which had fitted and sailed from Edgartown, young Defriez going out in her as cooper, he having learned the cooper's trade. It was a 45 months' cruise in the southern Pacific, and resulted in the capture of 2,200 barrels of sperm oil. His next venture at sea was as boatsteerer in the ship *Edward Cary*, Captain Benjamin C. Sayer, which sailed from Nantucket Oct. 9, 1845, and returned March 28, 1848, with 2,500 barrels of whale oil, 175 barrels of sperm oil, and 11,000 pounds of whalebone. This was a cruise on the northwest coast, and besides returning with the above cargo, the ship sent home 11,578 pounds of whalebone. From boatsteerer he was advanced to second mate, and on July 25th of the same year he was again at sea, this time on the *Sharon* of Fairhaven, commanded by Captain Nathaniel Bonney. In 1850 Captain Bonney returned home sick, leaving the vessel in charge of the mate, George Rule, a brother of Captain Charles H. Rule. By this arrangement Captain Defriez was made first officer, and in this capacity he completed the cruise. He returned home on July 31, 1852, the ship having done well, and six months later, December 22, took his first ship out, sailing as master of ship *Richard Mitchell*, for Field & Sanford of Nantucket. It was a cruise on the northwest coast and into the Arctic ocean, and one season north was a poor one, for out of the whole 52 ships which cruised in that ocean not one struck luck. Captain Defriez's first voyage as master was not particularly good, but he was not alone in hard luck, and on his return he was given the Sacramento, of Westport, Alexander Cory agent, sailing from that port May 27, 1858, and returned June 16, 1863. His return was at a time when the pirate Florida was engaged in destroying the ships of the loyal states, and Captain Defriez carried no lights at night when near this coast. He came in by the South Shoal light-

ship in a thick fog, and the day after he passed the fishing fleet off the lightship a number of the vessels were burned. With the completion of this voyage he gave up whaling and remained on shore. In 1868 he was appointed register of probate and insolvency by Governor Bullock to fill a vacancy, and later was appointed collector of customs. This position he held until 1873, when he resigned to accept the position of judge of the courts of probate and insolvency for Nantucket county. This appointment was made by Governor Washburn, and Judge Defriez has held that position since.

1903

## Portrait of Captain Thaddeus Defriez Presented Court.

A portrait of Capt. Thaddeus Coffin Defriez, who died in May, 1913, and who was Judge of the Probate Court from 1873 to 1908, was brought to the island last week by express and presented the Probate Court by his descendants, Mrs. Chauncey Gray and Ivins Defriez, of Cambridge. It is an excellent portrait of one Nantucket's outstanding men. Upon his death at the age of 80 years, Capt. Defriez was the last whaling master of Nantucket.

Due to its size, there was no wall space available in the already cramped quarters of the Probate Court in the upper floor of the Town's building. Register of Probate John J. Gardner, 2nd, contacted the Nantucket Historical Association and arrangements were made for the portrait to hang in the Whaling Museum on Broad street.

Captain Defriez lived most of his life in the house at the corner of



CAPT. THADDEUS C. DEFRIEZ

Fair and School street, where he died May 21, 1913, aged 80 years and 7 months. He went to sea at an early age, shipping out before the mast on the *Catawba*, out of Nantucket, in 1840. He made voyages in the *Edward Cary* and the *Sharon*, and in 1852 went out as master of the new ship *Richard Mitchell*.



25

With the advent of the Civil War he was master of the *Sacramento*, of Westport, and soon after the war he retired from the sea. In 1868, he was appointed as Register of Probate by Gov. Bullock, and in 1873 was elevated to the important post of Judge of the Probate Court. He continued in this office until 1908, when he resigned, due to ill health. Death came five years later when he was in his 81st year.

### 1912 Another Master Mariner Gone.

Captain William M. Eldredge, commonly known as "Uncle William," died Monday afternoon after an illness of less than a week. He was one of the last two master mariners of the olden days and his passing leaves but one of the old school of Nantucket sea captains still with us—Capt. Thaddeus C. Defriez.

Captain Eldredge was one of the genial, good-natured old salts—a warm friend of everybody and a man who wanted everybody to be his friend. Although failing eye-sight for several years prevented him recognizing persons whom he passed on the street, he always responded with a cheery word to a salutation and would stop for a chat with young or old. He was always "Uncle William" to the resident, but to the summer visitor it was "Captain" Eldredge, and to the visitor he had for years been a picturesque figure—a relic of Nantucket's prosperous days of long ago.

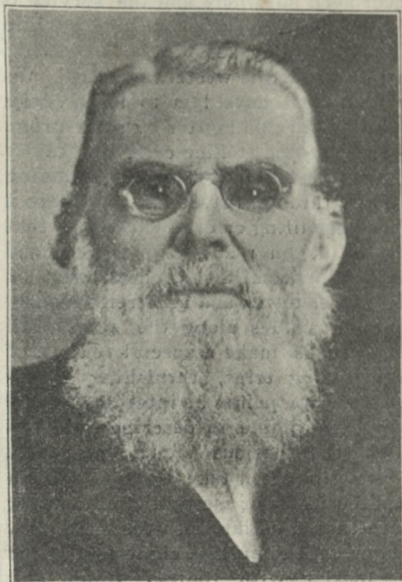
The last of his family, with no immediate relatives left to care for him, Captain Eldredge passed the last few years of his life at "Our Island Home," where he lived in comfort and contentment, making frequent trips up town and enjoying the walk of a mile each way, even up to Wednesday of last week, in spite of his eighty-six years. A few years ago he spent a short time at "Sailors' Snug Harbor," but he was not contented there, so returned to his island home, where his familiarity with the streets enabled him to wander about town and make "visits" to his friends, although partially blind, and during the summer months he spent several hours each day mingling with the visitors and offering for sale souvenir books and cards.

William M. Eldredge was born in the little house on Farmer street now owned by Oscar Norcross, and first saw the light of day on the 9th of May, 1826. He went to school until ten years old, and then entered the employ of Hadwen & Barney, working for them two years in their candle-house which stood just west of Pleasant street. A third year he spent in the employ of C. G. & H. Coffin in their candle-house near the south beach, and then lived two years with his father on his farm at Pocomo.

When he was sixteen years of age, Eldredge decided upon a seafaring life, and shipped as "boy" on the *Joseph Starbuck*, which sailed from Nantucket on the 27th of November, 1842, bound for Edgartown, where she was to load supplies for a whaling voyage to the Pacific. The good ship never reached Edgartown, for she encountered bad weather outside Nantucket bar and was wrecked, becoming a total loss.

Of the band of men who manned that staunch vessel when she left Nantucket Captain Eldredge has for many years been the sole survivor, and his story of the disaster, as he related it in detail, always teemed with interest.

Meeting with ship-wreck on his first voyage did not dampen the ardor of Eldredge for a seaman's life, and on the 18th of July, 1843, he sailed on ship *Empire*, with Capt. Charles A. Veeder, and was gone over four years,



The late Capt. William M. Eldredge.

the voyage ending on November 27, 1847, when the ship returned to Nantucket with 2,076 barrels of sperm oil and 35 barrels of whale oil. On April 7, 1849, Eldredge sailed as second mate with Capt. Reuben F. Starbuck on the brig *Tyleston* of Nantucket, for an Atlantic ocean voyage. The cruise was an unlucky one and the ship returned in July of the following year, having taken but 30 barrels of sperm oil and 80 barrels of whale oil.

In 1851, he sailed as second mate on ship *Midas* of New Bedford, Captain Woodbridge, the vessel going up into the Arctic and making a very good voyage of about two years. Eldredge's next venture was as mate of the bark *Lewis* of New Bedford, which sailed in the winter of 1853. This proved to be a "drunken voyage," and Eldredge left the ship at the Sandwich Islands, returning home in the *Emerald*, of Sag Harbor.

He made his next voyage as mate in 1856, on the ship *Isabella* of New Bedford, but was taken sick when the vessel was nearing the Sandwich Islands and was obliged to leave her at Honolulu. Being in poor health, he went to California, and there sent home for his wife (whom he married in 1853) and in 1858 they returned to their home in Nantucket, Eldredge desiring to sign for another voyage. Only a few days after his arrival in Nantucket he shipped as mate on the merchantman *Samuel Robinson* of Fairhaven, on a voyage to Honolulu with a cargo of "knick-knacks." From this time forth Eldredge continued in the merchant service, following the Honolulu trade for about ten years, and "rounding the Horn" seventeen times.



In 1861 he went out on the West Wind for \$17 per month, leaving the vessel at Honolulu to take his first command, coming home as master of ship Nassau of New Bedford with a salary of \$100 per month. He made two more voyages as master, both to Honolulu, and both on New Bedford ships, the first in command of the Hawaii and the second in command of the Asia. In 1868 he decided to make one more voyage and shipped as mate of the brig Heman Smith of Boston, on an Atlantic whaling cruise lasting twenty months.

This was his last voyage and upon his return home in 1870 Captain El-dredge gave up the sea and engaged

in farming, which he followed up to twelve years ago, when he retired from active life and during the summer months drove a public carriage, in which occupation he made many friends among the summer visitors. For a man eighty-odd years of age, Captain El-dredge has been remarkably well preserved and was able to walk several miles each day without fatigue. His last illness came upon him suddenly and last Saturday he lapsed into a stupor from which he never aroused.

Funeral services were held in the First Baptist church, Wednesday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock, the Rev. P. B. Covell officiating.

#### Whalemen as Discoverers. 1906

Lieutenant John C. Soley, U. S. N., has been engaged in collecting some very interesting and valuable data in reference to the Gulf Stream, but we do not see that he gives credit to the discoverer of this mighty flowing river of the Atlantic Ocean. It was the Nantucket whalemen to whom the honor of the discovery belongs, and it was Benjamin Franklin who should have the credit of bringing to the attention of the world what the whalemen first discovered. Anyone who doubts this assertion may obtain abundant proof by reading the "Works of Franklin," volume III., pages 353 and 364. The truth is that the American whalemen have never received a tithe of the credit that belongs to them as explorers, discoverers, civilizers and even missionaries.

The early whaleman was not a scientific person, but as a navigator and a seaman he never had an equal. The whalemen opened the path which the scientific navigator and hydrographer followed and charted, and which the whale-seeking navigator knew many years before the scientific man elaborated upon it.—American Lumberman.

FOLGER.—Capt. William C. Folger, 2d, who died Thursday morning, was a man who in early life was closely identified with the whaling interests of this place. He commenced his sea life when but a lad, and rose rapidly in the line of promotion, sailing in command of ship President, of this port, May 21st, 1851. He afterwards made a number of voyages north, but for many years has resided in South Wareham. He was recently stricken with paralysis, and came to Nantucket to pass his remaining days. Capt. Folger was a man of genial character, and had a host of warm friends. He leaves two sons grown to manhood. His funeral occurred yesterday, services being held at the home of his sister, Mrs. Harrison Gardner. 1886

#### OBITUARY.

FULLER.—Again death has invaded the ranks of our retired master mariners and diminished their number by one. Capt. William C. Fuller, the subject of this sketch, commenced his career as a whaleman with Capt. Abram Swain, in schooner Harmony, at the age of thirteen. Thereafter he regularly followed the sea, with but slight intermissions, through the stirring vicissitudes incident to a mariner's vocation. In 1853 he sailed as master of the ship Ocean, from New Bedford, and commanded successively from that port the Petrel, Napoleon (two voyages), and the Milton. He returned from his last voyage in 1876, and since that time has peacefully lived at home with his family, content with his well-earned quiet and rest. The same fidelity and loyalty to duty, high conscientiousness and cheerfulness which caused him to be in demand among ship owners, characterized his life as a citizen in his native town. Of modest disposition and large hospitality, it was his delight to minister to his friends and relatives who enjoyed hearing of his many adventures. His fondness for children was marked, and one of his keenest pleasures was in surrounding himself with two or three as he worked now and then in his garden. From his life may be drawn noble illustration for the young to imitate—a loving son, faithful husband and father, and upright citizen.

S.



COPY

of Portrait of

Captain Isiah Folger -  
Who brought the Seattle  
Pilgrims to Alki Point in his  
Schooner "EXACT" - Nov. 13-1852

All painting belonged to  
Mrs. Helen Appleton, of Nantucket.





MARCH 10, 1934

## An Interview With Captain George Grant.

"Wednesday the 17th: All hands employed in getting ready for sea. Getting off yams, bananas, wood, pigs and babies, with several other articles. So ends this day."

The above is an amusing extract from the log of Captain Charles Grant, father of the present Captain George Grant, who is curator of the Whaling Museum. The baby referred to is none other than Captain George himself.

It seemed strange to us that nobody had ever before tried to "touch up" or interview this interesting man. He is, in fact, the only one left of the sea-going whalers, and is rich in experience and stories. Captain Grant is fine-looking, has very white hair and mustache, very blue eyes, and was only too pleased at being asked to talk about the old days. He gave a rough sketch of his life. Included, here and there, were a few humorous tidbits.

The story, as he told it, was about in the order of the following:

Born on the Samoan Islands in the southern Pacific Ocean—put to sea at the early age of three weeks. This was due to the fact that his mother, Nancy J. Wyer Grant, accompanied her husband, Captain Charles, on many of his long voyages. To be exact, Mrs. Grant sailed thirty-two years on eight four-year voyages. Captain George's brother and sister were also born at sea, on different islands in the Pacific.

George Grant shipped with his father until he was seventeen. He came to Nantucket for a short stay, then sailed away again, this time on the "Mary Frazier".

Mr. Grant inserted a story about a monkey and a goat which were kept on board as pets. The monkey was called "Jackal". As the goat's name has been forgotten, there can be no harm in calling him Billy. On one peaceful Sunday, Jackal and Billy were freed from their cages and allowed to roam around at their own free wills. Not much work was done on Sundays, so it was fairly quiet on board. The second officer, a religious man, sat on deck in the sunshine reading the Bible.

But a whale was sighted. There was a great stir among the crew. The whaling boats were lowered, and the men, armed with harpoons, were soon on the way out to meet the whale. The whale, however, did them one better, and over-turned the boat. All the men had been located and helped when somebody noticed a small, moving object on the back of the capsized boat. A glance through the telescope proved it was Jackal, hopping around, chattering vigorously and looking generally puzzled. He was rescued. After the business of attending to the whale was over, the second officer discovered that Billy the goat had made a meal of the pages in the Bible.

This is only one story that Captain Grant has to tell. It would not be possible to write down here, all of the novel experiences and yarns that Captain Grant could tell if he wanted to.

Captain Grant was away on the "Mary Frazier" for four years. On his return in 1880, he married. Typical of a sailor, though, he went back to sea the very next day. Before his retirement, Captain Grant sailed much and on many ships. While on one voyage, he met his parents in New Zealand. He spent one winter in the Arctic, and shows some photographs of whaling up in the north.

Back in Nantucket, Captain Grant has had nineteen years of service at the Surfside Station. He is now in charge of the Whaling Museum, willing to show visitors around—and can tell a story about practically every object in the collection. Some of the curios are of his own making.

—Ann Bennett.

## OBITUARY. 1896

GARDNER.—The telegraph brought intelligence Thursday evening of the death at Gardner, Mass., on the 1st instant, of Capt. Oliver C. Gardner, a former resident of Nantucket, after a lingering illness. Capt. Gardner will be remembered by our younger readers from the fact that he spent a year here some three years since, and to our older readers he was well known, having been identified with the whaling industry of a half century ago, rising to the command. He was second officer of ship Joseph Starbuck, which was wrecked on Nantucket bar in 1842, and was in Nantucket on the fiftieth anniversary of that occasion. He gave up a seafaring life nearly a half century ago, and moved to Gardner, where he entered the employment of the Heywood Bros., with whom he remained until a few years since. Capt. Gardner married Miss Harriet E. Chapman, of this town, and three children were born to them, all of whom are deceased, his widow surviving. He was a man of strict integrity and possessed of qualities that made him a favorite in social circles, and in his adopted home in Gardner he was held in highest esteem.



### Captain Gibbs Dead. 1913

Capt. Charles I. Gibbs, who, as master of the lighthouse tender *Azalea*, went to the rescue of the crew of Nantucket Lightship eight years ago next month and participated in one of the notable incidents of bravery on the sea, died Sunday morning at his home in Mattapoisett.

Capt. Gibbs had been in feeble health for about two years with kidney and heart disease. He is survived by a widow, Hannah M. Bowles of Mattapoisett, whom he married April 25, 1901; one son, Charles I. Gibbs Jr., superintendent of the New York and Cuba Steamship Line; and two daughters, Mrs. Mary Littlefield of Rockford, Ill., and Mrs. Annie Moon-ey, wife of the rector of the Episcopal Church in Attleboro.

Charles Isaac Gibbs was born June 26, 1835, in Sandwich, son of Isaac and Experience Freeman Gibbs. His mother was a descendant of the earliest settlers of the town of Sandwich.

When he reported aboard United States sloop of war *Richmond* on July 28, 1861, at the age of 25, he had visited every continent, and twice crossed the Atlantic in the winter time as officer of a sailing packet ship.

In the Navy, Captain Gibbs was a participant in the fighting at the passes of the Mississippi, the storming of Fort Jackson and Port St. Philips, the capture and surrender of New Orleans, the capture of Port Hudson, the fighting at Vicksburg and the battle of Mobile Bay.

Captain Gibbs was appointed acting master in the Navy in 1862, and on February 4, 1864, in consideration of good service, approved by Admiral Farragut, was promoted to acting volunteer lieutenant. In 1865 he was given command of the *Morgan*, and was honorably discharged from the service January 5, 1866, as acting volunteer lieutenant.

In 1869 he became a master in the Lighthouse Service. On December 10, 1905, when commander of the lighthouse tender *Azalea*, he started late in the afternoon from New Bedford, in a winter gale, to the rescue of the Nantucket light vessel No. 58, which did not live through the storm. The *Azalea* reached the light vessel, took her in tow, and after starting for port took off Captain Jorgensen and 12 men just before the lightship dove to the bottom of the Atlantic. His service was recognized by the department and he was granted an increase in pay. He obtained a leave of absence November 1, 1906.

### OBITUARY. 1889

GARDNER.—“Death loves a shining mark,” and when he laid his ruthless hand upon Capt. Chandler B. Gardner, last Wednesday, a true type of noble and upright manhood was blot- ted from the community. Deceased had passed the allotted age, and had nearly reached the mark, four-score years. His had been a life of rugged experienced upon sea and land, but a sturdy manhood and strong physique had carried him through to ripe years. “Uncle Brown,” as he was familiarly called, passed his early life upon the seas. His first voyage was with Capt. Peter Coffin, as boy, in the *Barclay*. He afterwards was boatsteerer in the Pacific, Capt. Baker, then third mate and chief officer of the Congress. His next voyage was as chief mate of the ship *James Stuart*, Capt. Gardner, of St. John, N. B., of which vessel he was appointed master on the succeeding voyage. He also made voyages in command of ships *Helvetia*, of Hud- son, and *Logan*, of New Bedford.

Upon retiring from the sea, he went to California during the early gold excitement, returning home about thirty years ago, since which he has devoted his time to fishing and farming to within two or three years, when ad- vancing years warned him to desist, and there were many lonesome hearts, when it was announced that the veter- an would retire from the Sconset shore fishery, which meant that the open door of his little cottage on the bank would be closed forever to the many who enjoyed his brusque hos- pitality.

A man of bluff and even stern ap- pearance, he nevertheless was posses- sed of a generous heart, that beat strong beneath his rough exterior; and there is a moral lesson in his life of devotion to the wife who has been his helpmeet through so many years, es- pecially since the sad affliction which deprived her of sight. Nothing has been too good for her, nor has any- thing been too much trouble to him when she has expressed the wish. Such devotion is rare, and its rarity makes it the more impressive. To the widow and the several children the community will hold out their sym- pathy, and all will feel his death to be a personal loss.



# Whaling Man Dies on Island

Captain G. H. Grant,  
85, Succumbs  
At Nantucket

Special to Standard-Times

NANTUCKET, May 4—Captain George H. Grant, 85, one of Nantucket's last whalemens, died today at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Walton H. Adams, 17 Fair Street.

Captain Grant, who was known to thousands of Nantucket visitors, had been in failing health for the last few years.

He was widely known in his capacity as custodian of the Whaling Museum. His anecdotes were a highlight of a visit to the Whaling Museum.

He was born on the Island of Samoa, a son of a Nantucket whaler and his Fairhaven-born wife, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Grant.

Captain Grant, who learned the trade of mason, was a member of the Surfside Life Saving Station for 19 years.

He is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Madeline Norcross; and one son, Arthur B. Grant, all of Nantucket.

SWIFT.—Seth S. Swift died yesterday afternoon at his residence in Fairhaven, aged 76 years, 11 months and 14 days. He was a native of West Falmouth, and was born Oct. 25, 1814. His early life was spent in Nantucket, where he learned the boat builder's trade, which he worked at about two years. He was then offered a boatsteerer's berth and commenced a seafaring life, making two voyages around Cape Horn. He held the position of third mate during his second voyage, and upon his return received the offer of a mate's berth. This he declined and returned to his trade. In 1853 he left Nantucket and came to Fairhaven, engaging in the grocery business at the corner of Bridge and Main streets. He continued in this occupation for 30 years, but retired about three years ago. Mr. Swift was a prominent member of the Society of Friends and leaves a widow and daughter and many friends to mourn his loss.—*N. B. Standard*, October 10. 1891

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

1873

A little more History from the veteran Capt. Edmund Gardner.

"Since I wrote a note to thee on affairs that had transpired on my native isle, some few things have been fresh in my mind and I think they are worth saving, and if not, they are easily burned, which will be a quietus. I will now mention what I had from B. F. Folger. Being near the house of Obadiah Folger, some repairs were being made. Franklin told me the house was his Great Grandfather's, Eleazer Folger; it then descended to Barzillai. While in the occupancy of Eleazer he kept, probably, the first tavern ever established on the island. Easter, a maiden daughter, was uncivilly treated by a sojourner, which so incensed the father, that he cut the sign post down, and never more kept a tavern. At the time Franklin gave me the foregoing facts, the sign was in the attic of the house occupied by Obadiah Folger. When Barzillai Folger, senior, died, the house descended to Obadiah and his sister Eliza, and they occupied it all of my boyhood, and as long as they lived. I am now told that it is occupied as a summer residence. This Folger family was a very remarkable one. Some thirty years since, or more, a doctor from some interior town, wrote to Dr. Bartlett of this place, making the inquiry, "if sailors lived as long as others." The Dr. called on me and showed me the letter. I wrote my brother, Charles Gardner of Nantucket, desiring him to make inquiry as to the early business of Walter Folger, Sr., Barzillai Folger, Gilbert Folger, Tristram Folger and Obadiah Folger. I was personally acquainted with them all. My brother made the inquiry, and informed me that they were all mechanics, all followed the sea, and were all ship masters, and their average age was 82 years. When I showed the account to the Dr. he thought that would settle the question. I then informed him that my father was a mechanic, and followed the sea until the revolution commenced, but never went more; lived till near 94 years of age, which goes to establish the fact, that seafaring men that pursue a strictly temperate life in all things, live as long as others, or landsmen. Two men that have been sailors with me are now living, one 84, and the other more than 80." We presume the latter to be George Swain Esq., who is 82, well and hearty; was with Capt. Gardner in the ship Winslow of New Bedford, and sailed for the Pacific Ocean in 1815; may he live a thousand years. "But," says Capt. Gardner, "Jack-tar sailors are short lived; being much exposed to dissipation, and careless of themselves. My father made me a visit in 1828; he was then 92 years old, had not been off the island of Nantucket for 54 years. When last in New Bedford there were two houses, and the third building. In 1807 I sailed in ship Union; at that time there were forty-eight ships (and to that year had never lost one) and that year four were lost, being one-twelfth of the ships belonging to the island, the Commerce, Cato, Union, and the name of the other has escaped my recollection. My items may not be worth preserving, but they are easily disposed of."

From thy friend and still a Nantucketer,

EDMUND GARDNER.

We can assure the captain that all such matters, which relate to, and are indeed a part of the history of his native isle, as he has, at different times communicated, are very interesting to Nantucketers at least.

W. R. E.



CAPT. CHARLES GRANT.

31

Captain Charles Grant is the greatest whaleman alive today. It is doubtful if there ever was his equal, for he has brought into port more oil than any single captain known to the present generation. Sperm whaling was his line, and he has made money hand over fist; but alas, today in his 90th year he hasn't a cent, and is dependent upon what he earns as keeper of the old mill at Nantucket, which is now controlled by the Historical society of the island. A more generous man never trod the quarter deck of a ship. Too generous, in fact, for his own good—his wealth, for he has been a wealthy man several times, has been wasted, and now that his career is drawing to an end, he looks back and sees his mistakes. Yet, while talking with the writer recently on this subject, he remarked: "I suppose if I had it to go over again, I should do the same thing." Captain Grant is a man who has the respect of every one on the island. He is such a whole-souled man that everybody likes him, and when he was in command of a ship every Nantucket lad was crazy to ship with him. Can this be said of some others whose records have appeared in this series of whaling records? Captain Grant was born at Nantucket, June 14, 1814, and began his career as a whaleman at the age of 11½ years. His only chance for an education was by reading while aboard ship, and about the only schooling that he can boast of is when at the age of 18 years he attended a regular school to complete a knowledge which would better fit him as a navigator. His first ship was the old John Jay of Nantucket, which sailed Dec. 3, 1825, and returned March 28, 1828. It was a broken voyage and on this cruise Captain Grant acted as steward. Captain Alexander Drew, the master, in a quarrel stabbed his second mate with a knife while at the table, and was sent home in irons. It was anything but a bright beginning for the young lad, and the ship took less than 1,000 barrels of sperm oil on the voyage. His next venture was in the ship Maria, Capt Benjamin Ray, which sailed from Nantucket, Dec. 5, 1828, and returned April 24, 1832, with 1,980 barrels of sperm oil. His next cruise, in the Mt. Vernon, just off the stocks, was as a boatsteerer, and he was absent 34 months. The ship took 3,100 barrels of sperm oil, taken in the Pacific ocean. Upon the completion of this voyage his stay on shore was short, for on October 5, 1835, he was again at sea in the same ship, this time as second mate under Captain Lewis B. Imbert. It was another Pacific ocean cruise which ended July 17, 1839, resulting in the capture of 2,600 barrels of sperm oil. Still he was not tired of the old hooker, for on October 31 of the same year he again sailed with Captain Imbert as first officer, and when the ship was headed homeward 3,000 barrels of sperm oil were stowed down below her



## MIRROR, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.

5/9/42



"Cap'n" Grant on Duty in the Whaling Museum.

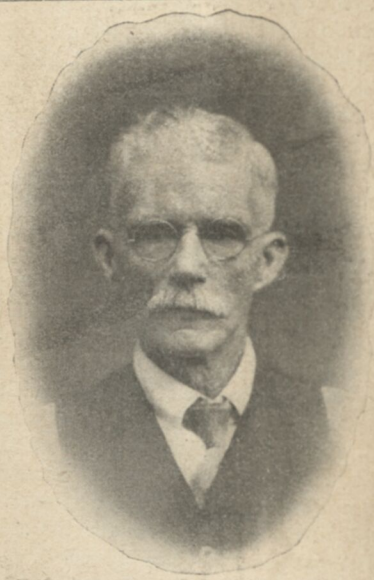
### Death of George A. Grant, Veteran Whaleman.

George Arthur Grant passed away early Saturday morning at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Walton H. Adams, Fair street, at the age of eighty-six. He had been in failing health for some time.

The deceased was a direct link in the chain which connects the Nantucket of today with the Nantucket of the old whaling days. He spent many years of his life aboard whale-ships and had a thorough knowledge of the whaling industry and incidents and experiences connected therewith—which have now become matters of history and tradition only.

As custodian of the Nantucket Whaling Museum ever since it was launched in 1930, "Captain" Grant was well known to thousands of summer visitors, to whom his genial personality, his wealth of anecdotes, and his knowledge of the methods of whaling as carried on during Nantucket's palmy days, proved of keen interest. Many there are who visited the Museum year after year to chat with the custodian and hear him give the call of the whaleman from the mast-head.

The deceased was in the life-saving service for a number of years after quitting the sea, and also followed several other pursuits as long as his strength would permit, prior to accepting the position at the Whaling



THE LATE GEORGE A. GRANT.

Museum. He was a member of the Pacific Club and was able to visit the club-room daily up to a few months ago.

He is survived by two daughters and a son, namely: Mrs. Edward W. Norcross, Mrs. Walton H. Adams, and Arthur B. Grant; and by four grandchildren. A sister, Mrs. George Peirce, of New Bedford, also survives.

Funeral services were held Wednesday, conducted by the members of Nantucket Lodge, I. O. O. F., of which the deceased had been a member 36 years. Interment was in Prospect Hill Cemetery.

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George A. Grant was the last of the Nantucket whalemen who lived the real sea-life of that traditional New England industry. Until a ripe old age he breathed the very atmosphere of his calling, being custodian of Nantucket's Whaling Museum.

George Grant was an islander, both by birth and inclination. He was born on the 28th of October, 1856, on the island of Upolo in the Navigator



Group, where his mother had gone ashore from the whaleship "Mohawk", his father's ship.

His father, Captain Charles Grant, was one of the greatest whaling masters Nantucket ever produced. His mother, Nancy Jay (Wyer) Grant, was a brave and resourceful woman. She spent thirty-two years at sea on board a whaleship with her husband—the outstanding record of any whaleman's wife. Her children were all born in various parts of the Pacific Ocean during voyages aboard whaleships.

Three months after George Grant was born, his father's ship, the "Mohawk", sailed into the harbor of Upolo and his mother took him on board, having wrapped him carefully in banana leaves. For a year and 7 months the voyage continued, the ship cruising across the Pacific, around the Horn, up the Brazil Grounds, arriving home at Nantucket on the 28th of August, 1858—when the youthful whaleman was twenty-two months old.

George stayed at home for a year. In May, 1859, his father sailed again in command of the "Mohawk", leaving his wife and three children ashore. But Mrs. Grant missed the life aboard ship that she had grown to know so well, and in November she took her youngest child—George—and sailed on board the ship "Belle of the West", bound from New York to Melbourne. From Australia, the two took a schooner for the Bay of Islands, New Zealand, where, after a wait of some weeks they intercepted the "Mohawk", and were taken aboard by her happy master. Mrs. Grant knew the cruising habits of her husband so well that she realized to just what corner of the Seven Seas he would steer his ship at various seasons of the whaling year.

Then followed three years of voyaging throughout the South Seas. The Civil War had been in progress for nine months before a chance meeting with a New Bedford craft brought the news.

The "Mohawk's" voyage ended in the month of June, 1863. George had become a strong lad of six—well able to climb into a boat as it hung from its davits or to shinny on top of the deckhouses. He was the ship's favorite for'ard as well as aft; could tell time by the ship's bell, was able to coax the best portions of plum duff from the galley, and found a fast and true friend in the ship's monkey.

But Nantucket's whaling industry was nearly gone. Long before, the island had surrendered her supremacy to New Bedford. Messrs. Philip and Isaac Macy, owners of the "Mohawk", had been forced to sell her to New York, and so Captain Grant regretfully left his island home to command another New Bedford ship (having previously commanded the "Potomac", of that place, in 1850).

He was given command of the ship "Japan" and again Mrs. Grant and George went a-voyaging. Late in 1865, the "Japan" returned to New Bedford. George then came back to Nantucket with "the folks."

A few months later, George again went to sea with his father and mother. Captain Grant had become master of the New Bedford whaler "Milton" and sailed some time before without them. Taking her youngest son, Mrs. Grant went out to the Bay of Islands by steamship, joining her husband's ship at Russell, just below Flagstaff Hill.

His voyage with the "Milton" was the best of any in Capt. Grant's long career, for he brought back a cargo valued at \$190,000. In speaking of this high water mark in his father's career, George remarked: "We saved most of the whales fastened. Father had a good crew and would never let his officers abuse them. 'Treat your fo'c's'le hands like human beings and they'll work like men,' was one o' my father's expressions. He was right, too; a good crew generally means a good voyage."

The twelve-year-old whaler's next voyage with his father was in the ship "Niger". He had already begun his active life aboard ship. When asked if he wasn't young for pulling an oar in a whaleboat, he replied: "I never thought so. You see, father began his whaling at the age of ten, sailing as cabin boy in 1824 on the 'John Jay,' out of Nantucket. When the 'Niger' put to sea in October, 1870, I expect I felt like one of the men for'ard—able to take my place in a boat with any of them."

After a voyage that lasted nearly five years, the "Niger" returned with a good cargo. Young Grant was now a tall young man of 13. He had "got his growth" then, as he termed it, and when his father decided to remain at home in Nantucket several months, George decided to go to sea on his own hook. Arriving in New York city a fortnight after stepping ashore from the "Niger" (1875) he got a berth on the merchantman "Governor Morton", bound from New York to San Francisco. The food was poor and the officers hard on merchantmen in those days, yet George enjoyed the voyage, and at San Francisco shipped aboard the ship "Seminole." This craft sailed across the North Pacific to Yokohama, Japan, with a cargo of wheat under her hatches.

The "Seminole" loaded a cargo of tea at Yokohama, sailing through the Malacca Straits to the Indian Ocean, rounding the Cape of Good Hope, and, after a stop at St. Helena, arriving at Liverpool, her destination.

This busy ship immediately took a cargo across the Irish Sea to Dublin, loading at that port some flax and English porter, bound for New York.

It was summer, 1877, when young Grant left New York for his island home. His two years in the merchant service had been exciting, vigorous and pleasant. But the smell of the great sperm whale was in his blood. Only a few weeks did he remain home, then going to Edgartown, signing on the whaler "Mary Frazier" as a boat-steerer or harpooner. The voyage lasted three years. In August, 1880, he again rounded Brant Point.



Promotion was next in order. When the bark "Alaska" sailed out of New Bedford in 1880, George Grant was her third mate. He had stayed at home a little longer this time—six weeks.

But he had managed to find time to get married. The wedding took place on the 13th of September, 1880, and on the very next day he embarked on the whaleship, bound for the Pacific—a bridegroom for a day!

The voyage of the "Alaska" occupied three years. Grant left the "Alaska" at New Zealand, remaining in the Bay of Islands for a year and a half, returning home in 1884.

In 1889, his active whaling career came to an end. Journeying overland to San Francisco, he signed on the ship "Young Phenix", Captain Millard, for a cruise in Alaskan waters after the right whales. Returning to the old home port of Nantucket late in 1890, he settled down to a life that took him only a short cruising radius of his island home.

### George A. Grant, of Nantucket, Last of American Whalemén.

Life holds no greater joy for those in their declining years than opportunity to live in blissful contemplation of the past. In this respect, perhaps the happiest man in any town anywhere is Captain George Grant, of Nantucket. He is the last of the American whalemén who lived the real sea-life of that traditional New England industry. Now, at a ripe old age of 79, he again breathes the very atmosphere of his calling, being custodian of Nantucket's Whaling Museum.

Grant is a whalemén, born and bred. The "log" of his life reads like fiction. He went to sea at the age of 3 months, being carried aboard his father's whaleship wrapped in banana leaves; at the age of six months he had been half way around the world, and two years later he completed his circumnavigating, having sailed through five of the seven seas; he went on a journey of six thousand miles by sea before he was five; went aloft at the age of seven; harpooned his first whale at sixteen; got married on the 13th day of September and left the very next day for a 3-years' voyage.

It was five years ago this summer, on the island of Nantucket, that a building was dedicated which has since become world-famous as the Nantucket Whaling Museum. Housed in a brick structure formerly used as a sperm whale-oil candle manufactory, is a collection of whaling gear, valuable old log-books, documents, historic portraits, and other items relative to the whaling industry. Presiding over this unique and entirely insular institution is George A. Grant.

Of medium height, his figure still alert and his eye still keen, his mere presence commands attention. Young islanders regard him with a certain awe, and visitors hearing him for the first time return to listen again—

they are being privileged to receive a first-hand account of that lost art of sperm-whaling, that great industry of which Nantucket was headquarters of the entire world for more than a century and a half.

To the visitor who follows him all about the Museum, listening closely to his tale, and to the islander who sees him on a winter's day, strolling along the waterfront, there is a certain quality that stamps the man.

His erect figure seems restless, as if his eye sparkles with the remembrances; and, as he gazes seaward, there is a look which belongs on the faces of a generation that is gone—a race of seamen that has vanished.

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George Grant is an islander, both by birth and inclination. He was born on the 28th of October, 1856, with the dull booming of heavy surf ringing in his ears—surf that was being driven over coral reefs by a South Sea gale. It was only a few weeks before he heard this tropical storm, sweeping the island of Upolo in the Navigator Group, that his mother had gone ashore from the whaleship *Mohawk*, his father's ship.

Fiction, with all its beguiling, has never equalled the story of young Grant's early life. His father, Capt. Charles Grant, was one of the greatest whaling masters Nantucket ever produced. His mother, Nancy Storey Grant, was a brave and resourceful woman. She spent thirty-two years at sea on board a whaleship with her husband—the outstanding record of any whalemén's wife. All her children were born in the Pacific. Ella Baker Grant was born in the Bay of Islands, New Zealand, in 1854. Charles Grant was born at the famous island of Pitcairn in 1850—the first white child ever born there.

Three months after George Grant was born, his father's ship, the *Mohawk*, sailed into the harbor of Upolo, and his mother took him on board, having wrapped him carefully in banana leaves. For a year and 7 months the voyage continued, the ship cruising across the Pacific, around the Horn, up the Brazil Grounds, arriving home at Nantucket on the 28th of August, 1858—when the youthful whalemén was twenty-two months old.

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He was given command of the ship *Japan*, and again Mrs. Grant and George went a-voyaging. Late in 1865, the *Japan* returned to New Bedford. George then returned home with his father and mother, and in the same year (September, 1865) he had one of his greatest adventures.

He was ten years old at the time. Together with another lad named Coleman he went out in a dory to go fishing at Hussey Shoal, near the mouth of the harbor. They tied the dory's painter to the buoy marking the shoal. Fishing became so good that they did not notice the rope was becoming frayed from the action of the waves until the dory gave a sudden lurch—one oar went overboard at the same moment. The wind had gone around sou'west, "breezing up" sharply. The painter was rotten, the strands letting go at the constant snubbing.

The wind and tide took the dory out around Brant Point while the two tried desperately to bring the craft ashore by means of the one oar. As the shore at Beachside started to fade, Coleman, who was two years older than Grant, became seized by panic and jumped overboard. George had resolved to stick by the dory, saw his companion become even more frantic in the water as he made no headway swimming against the tide.

"He began to holler for help," said Mr. Grant, in telling the story. "So I pulled off my clothes and jumped in after him. First thing he did was grab at me and pull me down. But I managed to wiggle free—when I came up I started out for shore. I never saw Coleman again."

Like a true island boy, bred to the sea, he made no foolish attempt to breast the tide but swam with it, at the same time edging in toward the shore. There were no jetties at the harbor mouth in those days. After an exhausting struggle, the ten-year-old boy crawled up the beach at the lower cliffs. He was so far gone that his straining muscles gave him power to reach highwater mark and no more. When his natural recuperative powers gave him back his strength, he made

his way homeward as fast as his legs would allow.

"I crossed lower Main Street," he said, "as free from clothes as the day I was born. Some tried to stop me—but they might as well try to stop a young sperm—I went by 'em like a streak."

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As for his first time aloft. He had often gone up in the rigging of the whaleships but his father had forbidden him to go up to the cross-trees. In 1865, when the *Milton* sailed from New Bedford without them, his mother again went out to join her husband at the Bay of Islands. They sailed from New York to Panama, there taking a steamship on the Pacific side. He was eight years old at the time. It was Sunday, and he had gone on deck early, wearing a white linen suit. The steamer's rigging look inviting, and so he climbed up the shrouds—finally going clear up to mast-head. The steamer was burning soft coal. When he again reached the deck, his mother at first failed to recognize him because of the soot, "I'll never forget the lick-

ing she gave me," the old whaleman always says, when he tells the story.

After a voyage that lasted nearly five years, the *Niger* returned with a good cargo. Young Grant was now a tall young man of 17. He had "got his growth" then, as he termed it, and when his father decided to remain at home in Nantucket several months, George determined to go to sea on his own hook. Arriving in New York city a fortnight after stepping ashore from the *Niger* (1875) he got a berth on the merchantman "*Governor Morton*," bound from New York to San

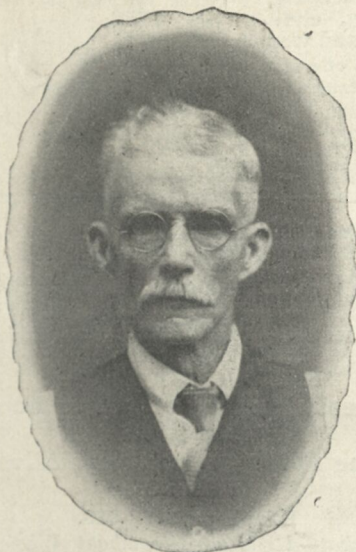


Francisco. The food was poor and the officers hard on merchantmen in those days, yet George enjoyed the voyage, and at San Francisco shipped aboard the ship *Seminole*. This craft sailed across the North Pacific to Yokohama, Japan, with a cargo of wheat under her hatches.

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GEORGE A. GRANT

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The voyage of the *Alaska* occupied three years. During a cruise on the Chatham Islands' whaling grounds in the South Pacific there occurred an incident which the old whaler recalls as one of his happiest.

The captain of the *Alaska* happened to be on deck with his spyglass one morning and sighted a ship. All the officers trained their various types of glasses on the object, but young Grant's were not strong enough to distinguish the vessel's name. The captain, with a twinkle in his eye, let his third mate borrow his spyglass. Grant took one look and cried aloud:

"It's the *Horatio*—my father's ship!"

The Captain consented for young Grant to go aboard the *Horatio* in exchange for her third officer for a two-day's cruise. Going aboard, however, was the highlight of the incident.

Neither his father nor his mother had been home when he shipped on the *Alaska*. The *Horatio* had been out three years and was filling for home at this time. As the *Alaska's* boat approached the *Horatio's* rail,

young Grant saw a Nantucket boyhood acquaintance—Arthur Folger—leaning over the rail. Resolving to have a little fun, he averted his face and, as he climbed aboard, kept away from Folger. Going aft quickly, he knocked at the cabin door. His father, thinking it an officer, invited him in without going to the door. As he entered the cabin, his mother, who was seated at a desk across the room, gave him a quick glance, turned away—then looked back at him swiftly: "My God, boy!" she cried, bounding out God, boy!" she cried, bounding out of her chair, "Where'd you drop from!"

The mother was soon asking questions of home. Her daughter had been married during her absence, and her first query was: "What kind of a man did Ella marry?"

"He's a New York man," replied the son, going on to tell about the wedding. "But, mother, you haven't asked me yet what kind of girl I married."

"What! Boy!—you married?"

Grant left the *Alaska* at New Zealand, remaining in the Bay of Islands for a year and a half, returning home in 1884.

In 1889, his active whaling career came to an end. Journeying overland to San Francisco, he signed on the ship *Young Phenix*, Captain Millard, for a cruise in Alaskan waters after the right whales. Returning to the old home port of Nantucket late in 1890, he settled down to a life that took him only a short cruising radius of his island home.

His long career afloat, embracing thirty-two years of practically continuous life aboard ship, has so become a part of him that the many incidents occurring therein, though of more than ordinary interest, are but casual bits of sea life to him. What he considers outstanding is a happening like that of Christmas Day, 1872. It was a memorable day for the *Niger*, his father's ship. During the preceding two months, Grant's father had requested the master of every whaleship spoken that he try to be in a certain longitude and latitude in the South Pacific on Christmas Day—so that each with his wife might come on board and take Christmas dinner. And so, on that never-to-be-forgotten Christmas Day, 1872, the masters of eight different whaleships, together with their wives, had a fine dinner of stuffed pig in *Niger's* cabin.

Then there was the time he harpooned his first whale. He was sixteen at the time, and was granted the



high honor of becoming boat-steer in the mate's boat. The first whale approached was a cow whale; the long harpoon went into the blubber straight and deep. "She only made 30 barrels," he says, with a twinkle, "but she was my first whale—and I never missed with my irons."

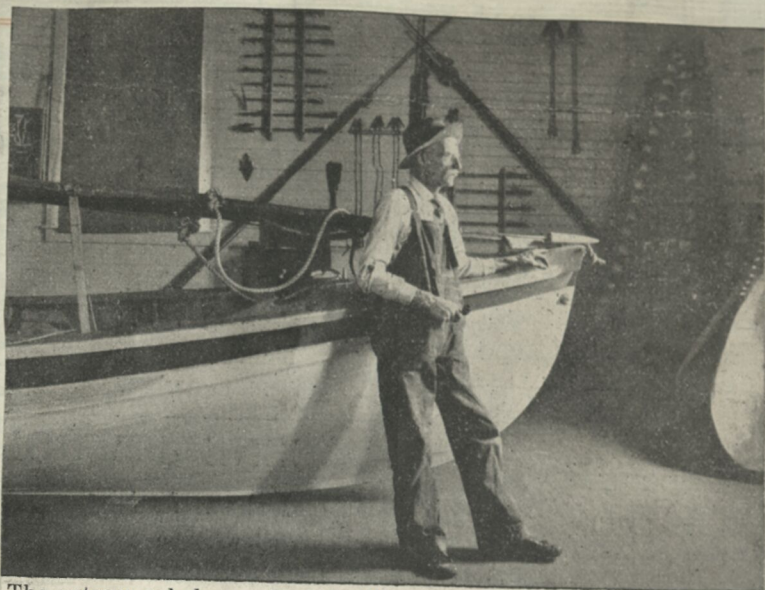
Being in a whaleboat when it was "stove" by the powerful flukes of a sperm whale was not an unusual occurrence for George Grant. And yet, he only mentioned one, and that time marked a most humorous incident. It seems that the whaleship's pet—a monkey—got into the mate's boat one day and hid under the stern deck. The mate lowered and was fast to a whale before the monkey was discovered. Of a sudden, the sperm's great flukes side-swiped the boat, turning her completely over. The second mate came up to the rescue as fast as his men could pull. Young Grant was on deck with his father and was surprised to see the second mate's boat suddenly lose headway and the men lean over the oars. His father was watching through his glass, smiling. "What's the matter?" asked the puzzled boy.

"It's that monkey," laughed his father. "He has been running from shoulder to shoulder of the men in the water that are hanging onto the boat—now he's dancing a jig on the mate's head."

The whalemens were fond of pets aboard ship, no matter if it were a monkey, parrot, goat, Kanaka, or Galapagos turtle. Goats were the most difficult of the lot. A good many ships out of Nantucket in the early days would not whale it on Sundays. Mr. Grant often recounts the yarn concerning the mate who was reading his Bible one Sunday when he was called aft, leaving the Bible on the main hatch. When he returned he interrupted the goat busily chewing on the "good book." The volume was rescued—but the goat had assimilated from Genesis to Revelations.

If you ask him, Capt. Grant will show you some slender slips of bamboo, with a long needle at one end. They are patterned after his earliest harpoons, fashioned when a boy on board the *Japan*, when he used to creep stealthily upon the fo'c's'ls head to the pigpens and practice harpooning the pigs. All went well until his father sighted him one day just after a successful dart. Practice was postponed for the rest of that day—and targets along the bulwarks replaced the pigs thereafter.

Most of the islands visited by the whaleships during George Grant's career were inhabited by friendly natives. One of the islands in the New Hebrides was an exception, however, and during a visit about fifty savage natives came on deck and began to crowd the men aft. It looked like a certain fight until the



The veteran whaler in a familiar pose alongside the whaleboat.

mate, with great presence of mind, suddenly reached into his mouth, hawled out his false teeth and advanced towards the natives. With a volley of shrieks, the savages threw themselves over the rail. The white man's magic was altogether too much.

All manner of men sailed in whale-ships. Take the steward of the ship *Niger*, for instance. He had been a head chef in a Boston hotel until his habit of drunken sprees lost him one position after another. It was then that he took to the sea in a laudable attempt to cure himself. Whether or not he succeeded Mr. Grant does not know, but he was certain that he was the best steward he ever knew.

A whaler's life is hard at best, but, Mr. Grant always says, there was something about it that got under your skin and into your blood, as if an invisible harpoon had vaccinated one.

There are several islanders still living here who made voyages whaling. And on the continent there is still a comparatively numerous group of men who experienced, even though only for a short time, the hard life of a whaler.

But they doff their caps to Nantucket's representative, George Grant. He alone, among them all, has really lived in the true tradition of that great and far-flung calling. He alone can be truly called—"The last of the American whalemens."

E. A. S.



## OBITUARY.

1899 For The Inquirer and Mirror.  
Moored at Last.

Old Ocean murmurs on; of those it bore  
Afar to foreign climes, remotest seas,  
How few are left! We count their voyages  
o'er;

The men who sailed our ships—remember  
these!

Buffeted by ocean storms; bronzed  
by exposure to the sea gale; "after  
life's fitful fever he sleeps well." I  
write of one of Nantucket's aged ship  
masters, whose final voyage from his  
island home has found him, let us trust,  
safely moored among the "islands of  
the blest." His brusque salutation;  
his energy; his quick appreciation of  
any manly exertion that makes for  
honorable achievement, I remember  
now; there is a shade of sadness that  
dims the recollection; the passing  
away of one who was my friend,  
whose "adoption I had tried," closes  
forever the social interchange of our  
many greetings.

Nearly forty years ago Capt. James  
Wyer was one of the original purchas-  
ers of the brick building known as the  
warehouse and commercial office of  
William Rotch. On the lower floor  
they organized the Pacific Club, famil-  
iarly styled the "Captains' Room"—a  
restful retreat for retired sea-voyagers.  
Only two of the purchasers are now  
living—Captain Obed Swain and Mr.  
James H. Gibbs. A lucrative industry  
of our island's past lives only in his-  
tory. Nantucket's whalemén were  
second to none of any New England  
seaport, in courage and activity; their  
perseverance and daring ventures indi-  
cated indomitable will. Among these  
knights of the oar, Capt. James Wyer  
was esteemed for those elements of  
character so essential in the first officer  
on shipboard. The honor-roll is a long  
one; the survivors of the old sea-guild,  
very few! Summer visitors who knew  
our sea-faring brother; many of our  
young people; the middle-aged; even  
the aged, will feel their loss; these  
will offer, affectionately, their tender  
sympathy to the bereaved family of  
him, of whom there may be written no  
more fitting eulogy: "He was a good  
citizen."

ARTHUR ELWELL JENKS.

[Capt. Wyer was in early life a sea-  
faring man, rising through the various  
grades of promotion until he assumed  
command of the *Spartan*, in 1851. He  
took on this voyage, which ended Nov.  
14, 1853, 650 barrels sperm oil, and  
purchased a sufficient quantity of whale  
oil at the Navigator islands, of ship  
York, to fill his ship and make a re-  
munerative voyage. He gave up the  
sea, and went to California, remaining  
a number of years, when he returned  
to Nantucket and has since resided  
here. He never entered public life,  
but has always taken great interest in  
local affairs. In the Pacific Club, as its  
president, he has been prominent, and  
the cutting off of his daily coming and  
going there is a sad miss to the small  
coterie of his contemporaries who now

assemble. Capt. Wyer was twice  
married, and leaves a widow and step-  
son and step-daughter, who have the  
tender sympathy of the community in  
their hour of sorrow. The funeral  
services were conducted by Revs. G.  
H. Badger and M. S. Dudley at his late  
home on Pleasant street, Monday after-  
noon, and were largely attended. The  
floral offerings were numerous and  
beautiful, and about town flags were  
set at half mast as a mark of respect  
to an esteemed fellow-citizen.—Ed.]

Massachusetts

3/5/1938

### Nantucket Whalers' Discoveries Basis For U. S. Pacific Claims.

The long-smouldering issue of the  
sovereignty of islands in the South  
Pacific promises to break out soon in  
a diplomatic exchange with Great  
Britain along lines now being care-  
fully determined by the State Depart-  
ment.

Recognizing the value of many of  
the small islands for airplane bases,  
an extensive and intensive study of  
the whole question has been in pro-  
gress for more than a year by direc-  
tion of Secretary Hull. Old records  
of American discoveries are being  
searched to ascertain whether priority  
can be established for the United  
States.

Whether the issue in its recent  
phase has been the subject of diplo-  
matic exchanges between Great Bri-  
tain and the United States officials  
would not say. Before the United  
States takes a positive position, how-  
ever, the investigations may have to  
go farther.

For months geographic experts of  
the State and Navy Departments, act-  
ing under orders from the top, have  
been examining old records at Nan-  
tucket and other points along the Aa-  
lantic for documentary proof that  
American whalers were the discover-  
ers of a number of islands in the  
South Pacific. Many of the islands  
have for years been claimed by Great  
Britain.

The islands under investigation are  
the numerous ones of the Phoenix, Gil-  
bert, Ellice and other groups lying  
along the south of the Equator from  
the vicinity of the International Date  
Line and extending toward Australia.

The claims of the United States to  
these Pacific Islands are based princi-  
pally upon the discoveries of Nan-  
tucket whaling captains. A local his-  
torian presented the State Depart-  
ment with a list of some twenty-five  
of these discoveries, the result of a  
research that has taken place over a  
period of ten years. He believes that  
Nantucket should be credited with  
supplying the basis for this country's  
claims.

It was in the year 1818 that whale-  
ships poked their bluff bows into a  
region of the Pacific on the equator  
among the Caroline, Gilberts and  
Phoenix groups of islands, be-  
coming the first whalers from any  
country, in this locality. From 1818



to 1828, these Nantucket navigators charted and named over twenty-five islands in this section of the Pacific alone.

In the Gilbert (or Kingsmill) group, Parker's island was discovered by Capt. William Plaskett in the "Independence", in 1828. Chase's, Lincoln's, Bird's and Dundas islands were discovered by Capt. George Barrett during the years 1821 and 1822. Starbuck, Loper and Tracy's islands were discovered by Capt. Elisha Folger in the "Equator", in 1824. Coffin's, Great Ganges and Little Ganges islands were discovered by Capt. Joshua Coffin in the "Ganges," in 1822. Tuck's, Worth's and Rambler islands were discovered by Capt. William Worth in the whaleship "Rambler", in 1824.

Howland Island (Worth's) and Baker's Island (New Nantucket), were discovered in 1821 by Capt. Elisha Folger in the "Equator". He also discovered Granger's Island in the Mariana group.

Maro or Allen's Reef was discovered by Joseph Allen in the whaleship "Maro", first whaler to enter Honolulu harbor and also the first to whale on the Japan grounds.

On July 21, 1827, Capt. Alexander Macy, in the ship "Peruvian", landed on an island not laid down on any charts in 8 degrees 52 minutes south latitude and 157 degrees 23 minutes west longitude.

Capt. Prince Mooers, in the ship "Spartan", discovered Mooers, and Spartan islands and Dangerous Reef, in 1825.

Reaper Island was discovered in 1828 by Capt. Benjamin Coffin, in the ship Reaper.

These, as well as other islands, were first laid down on charts by Nantucket whalers who sailed among them during the whaling season on the Kingsmill Grounds, as the region was called. These whalers were the only white men in these waters during the years 1818, 1819 and 1820.

In 1824 and 1825 two Nantucket whalers from the ship "Globe" lived two years in the Mulgrave islands of the Caroline Group. They made an accurate survey of the atolls and wrote a book on their adventures.

They were rescued in 1825 by the United States war vessel "Dolphin", first navy craft to fly the Stars and Stripes in these waters.

NING, MARCH 12, 1938.

### Nantucket Whalers Explorers Discovered Pacific Islands.

The part Nantucket whalers played in the discovery of Pacific Islands now claimed by this country is not so well known to the various radio commentators, who are now broadcasting the various phases of the diplomatic situation, as it should be.

Government agents, under the direction of a Mr. Boggs, were sent to Boston, Salem, New Bedford and New London to search through old records for information, but it was not until they came to Nantucket that they were able to obtain any definite basis for the contention that this country had a prior claim to the most strategic of certain islands in mid-Pacific.

Incidentally, the State and Navy department never took the trouble to acknowledge officially the aid given to them by a local historian in this matter. The fact is, the agents who came here found little or nothing, due to several pertinent reasons, until this local historian presented them with the results of his own research in this phase of island history.

Today, the average person thinks of the Pacific Ocean as containing but two or three principal groups of islands—the Hawaiian group, the Philippine, the Society and possibly the Fijis. When they think of single islands they recall Tahiti, Hawaii, Pitcairn, Guam, Samoa and Easter islands. While these are outstanding historical centers they are not, by any means, the geographically important of all the Pacific isles.

In the early days of deep-sea American whaling, the ships of Nantucket became the pioneers which opened up new whaling grounds in all parts of the watery globe. They were the first to go to the Greenland grounds, to the Brazil Banks, the Coast of Guinea, and the Falkland Islands. And in the early 1790's, it was a Nantucket ship, sailing out of Dunkirk, that first arrived home with a cargo of sperm oil obtained in the Pacific Ocean.

During the last years of the 18th centuries and the first years of the 19th, Nantucket ships sailed the "off-shore" grounds, a thousand miles off the coasts of Chile and Peru. Finding ships from other ports slowly following in their wake, the Nantucket shipmasters began to penetrate to the west and north, penetrating into unknown portions of the South Seas.

It was while sailing through groups of islands which were not laid down on the charts that these whaling captains began to make their own charts—proceeding to name many islands which they had discovered in the vast reaches of this ocean.

Many of them they named for the owner of the ship, some for the ship itself, and in other cases, with pardonable pride, named the island after themselves.

In 1818, several Nantucket whale-ships poked their bluff bows into a region of the Pacific on the equator among the Caroline, the Gilbert and and Phoenix groups of islands, becoming the first whalers from any country, in this locality. From 1818 to 1828, these Nantucket navigators charted and named over twenty-five islands in this section of the Pacific alone.

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For three centuries the tremendous sweep of the Pacific had charmed the hearts of the navigators from five nations. It was common knowledge that Magellan had crossed its great breadth and that Drake had dared its storms in circumnavigating the world. The voyages of Mendano and Quiro are not so well known as those of Bougainville and Hervey, but they were all unimportant until the cruises of the redoubtable Cook took place. And yet even this great navigator did not touch in the groups that were used by the Nantucket whalers.



as supply bases and watering places. Three islands—Jarvis, Howland and Baker—were taken over by this government two years ago, by right of occupation and use. For a century Great Britain had claimed them, but apparently the United States sudden announcement of sovereignty in 1936 has not been disputed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sailing ever thus into unknown seas the Nantucket whaling masters became the maritime giants of their day. The whale they chased was the sperm—the greatest creature on land or in the sea and every time they lowered to engage him in mortal combat they took their lives in their hands.

They were forced to use the islands for provisions as they needed the fresh fruits and foods. They replenished water casks which were marked with rings of green from stagnant water. Voyages of years made scurvy a dreaded occurrence.

But, having dared uncharted seas, they were influenced with a determination which nothing could stop—not even the dangers of unknown, which have influenced seamen from the beginning of marine history.

#### Seattle's First Settlers Landed By Nantucket Sea Captain.

Capt. Isaiah Folger, of Nantucket, has the distinction of being the man who brought the first handful of settlers up Puget sound to a place called Alki point. Here twenty-four persons, twelve adults and twelve children, were put ashore from the schooner *Exact*, becoming the pioneers who founded the great city of Seattle. The date was November 13, 1851.

Capt. Folger had already had a remarkable career before he took those founders of Seattle to the site of the present city, bringing them from the village of Portland, in Oregon. The *Exact* was a former packet between Nantucket and Providence, and Capt. Folger had taken her around the Horn with some of the original Forty-niners to California.

The *Exact* made several unusual voyages under the command of the redoubtable Captain Isaiah. On one of the Alaskan cruises, she disappeared for a time, and word was sent home to Nantucket that she had been wrecked on that rocky coast and Captain Folger had been killed by the natives. A year later, the *Exact* sailed into San Francisco harbor, with her skipper at the helm, a ghost ship, if ever there was one.

Mrs. Robert Appleton is a granddaughter of Captain Isaiah Folger, and has several of the old sea captain's possessions.

1937

#### Nantucket Whalemen Never Headed Once Started.

A few weeks ago, exception was taken through these columns to a paragraph appearing in the *Hyannis Patriot* relating to early whaling on Nantucket and Cape Cod. The article was headed "Whalemen and Whaling." While the Nantucketers were not the first to go whaling they were soon to take an active role in the colonial pastime of catching drift and shore whales, and when they did start to adopt it as a vocation they soon outstripped the world. This was the gist of the reply to the *Hyannis*' paper's statement.

Last week the *Patriot's* editor—Donald Trayser—wrote as follows:

"We are reminded of the old story of the Cape Codder who used to boast that as a young man he often went on whaling trips with his father. The trips ended in the woodshed, he said, with his father doing all the whaling. Well, *The Patriot* returns from its whaling trip with *The Inquirer and Mirror* chastened but not completely convinced.

"Our paragraph on early whaling (and we confess we must be more careful where our scissors explore for fillers in the future) undeniably covered too much territory. To say Cape Codders were the first whalemen in the new world is going too far. We skip over the Norsemen, for their doings in the new world are still largely conjectural, as are those of the Basque fishermen. But to move along to colonial times, there is some pretty good evidence to show that Cape Codders were a mite ahead of Nantucketers.

"On this point every Cape historian quotes Alexander Starbuck's History of the American Whale Fishery, about Ichabod Paddock. His name alone is irresistible. We join the throng by quoting: 'In 1690 the people of Nantucket, "finding that the people of Cape Cod had made greater proficiency in the art of whale-catching than themselves," sent thither and employed Ichabod Paddock to remove to the island and instruct them in the best method of killing whales and obtaining oil.... No record of this story exists save in the form of tradition, but many circumstances give it appearance of great probability.... It is related by Zaccheus Macy... who died in 1797, aged 83 years, and hence was contemporary with some of the men living in Paddock's time.'

When arguing with a Nantucketer, one can quote a Starbuck and a Macy, however pertinent the point may be, it is time to take a deep breath. Then, to continue, there is the entry in Col. John Gorham's diary: 'About whaling first in New England, and old man from Long Island came to Barnstable and to Cape Cod or Barnstable Bay,

then abounding in whales, and my grandfather first fixt out old Lopez a-whaling in ye year about 1680.'

"This bears out *The Inquirer and Mirror's* statement about the first off-shore whaling expeditions from Long Island, where 'old Lopez' must have acquired his skill. As we understand it, there is little dispute but that the Long Islanders first organized boat-crews as minute men to dash out for whales on sudden call, although it may be that mere accident or chance of preservation of records gives that honor to Long Island, and that lack of similar records takes it away from Plymouth or Massachusetts Bay colonies.



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"And so on. It all leads back to admit that our paragraph of sweeping statements swept too large a slice of first things. It is always unwise to generalize, to say that so and so did something—first, that Cape Codders made long voyages before the famous whalemens of Nantucket and New Bedford were born, and, to give our contemporary a gentle dig, having begun their deep-sea whaling in the 1680's, 'within the next twenty years became the most proficient whalemens in America.' When the French and Indian Wars were on, it was to Barnstable that the Province authorities turned, to the Gorhams, for a whaleboat fleet and men to man it.

"However, therefore, and in closing, let us remark that quite a passel of reading leaves us still believing that the early years of whaling found Cape Codders quite up with Nantucketers in the art and skill of making an honest pound or two out of leviathan. As the part time occupation developed into a full time profession, Cape Codders passed it over for farming, coasting, cod and mackerel fishing, leaving it to Nantucket to write the real history of whaling and whalemens.

—D. G. Trayser.

1886

#### AN OLD SAILOR'S YARN.

Some months ago we heard one of our veteran seamen, who, though drawing near to four-score years, is still hale and hearty, tell the following anecdote, and it amused us so much at the time that we have thought it worth writing down as nearly as possible in his own way of telling it. It calls up interesting reminiscences of the palmy days of whaling, and is at the same time illustrative of curious oddities of character, or perhaps we should rather say of manner. It is now nearly fifty years since Captain B. sailed on his first voyage as master, in command of a ship under the English flag, fitted from the port of St. John, New Brunswick—well, let us call her the Argonaut. He had been mate of the same ship on the previous voyage under another Nantucket captain, and had made a very successful cruise right whaling in the South Pacific, on the old New Zealand grounds. He was then a young man, and full of hope and ambition as he found himself in command of the ship, starting out for a similar voyage, and fortune seemed to favor him at the outset. On arriving at Sydney he shipped home five hundred barrels of sperm oil, taken during the outward cruise, and then made the best of his way to the old hunting-ground for right whales. But for a year after that time he had been only moderately successful, not having found whales so numerous as he could wish, and began to fear that he might be obliged to go into port, and buy more provisions, or else come home without filling the ship. About this time he fell in with the Ajax, of New Bedford, commanded by his townsman Captain W., cutting his last whale, and about starting for home. He requested Captain W. to report on his arrival home the Argonaut, with fifteen hundred barrels, hailing only

what he then had on board, and making no account of the sperm oil shipped at Sydney. Captain W. ran across into a Chilian port where he spent some weeks before he came home, reporting the Argonaut just as he was requested. Mr. S., the owner, at St. John, was not in the best of spirits at the receipt of the news, assuming that his ship had only a thousand barrels of right whale oil on board at the date of the report, and that the chances of a profitable voyage were not very flattering.

Meanwhile, our friend Captain B., after hailing the Ajax, made sail to the southward, for a change of cruising-ground, and two days later fell in with whales in great numbers. For the next three weeks he just "cut and slashed" as he expressed it, boiling and stowing down within that period eleven hundred barrels, and filling up all his hatchways. He made no port, but pushed her at once towards Cape Horn, and in a very few days after the unfavorable report from New Bedford had been received, the Argonaut anchored off the port of St. John. Her signal had been made out, and in a few minutes a boat came alongside bringing Mr. S., the agent. He stepped on board, took the captain's hand rather coldly, and asked in a disappointed manner, "What did you come home for, Captain?"

Captain B., to use the slang phrase of a later period, "caught on" at once, and proceeded to humor the joke.

"Well," he answered, "I was getting tired and I thought my officers were tired, too, and we've been out twenty-one months, which is long enough,—and besides I found I hadn't casks enough, and that I should have to go into port and buy more casks if we stayed, and——"

"Well, then," interrupted Mr. S., "I should have gone in and bought the casks. That's what I should have done."

Captain B. tried to look somewhat crushed at the reproof, and Mr. S. turned away to speak with the second mate, who was a countryman and an acquaintance of his, and after a lukewarm greeting, he asked: "Well, how much oil do you think the ship's got in all?"

"I should say," answered the second mate, "something rising three thousand barrels. About twenty-six hundred of whale, and five hundred of sperm."

"What?" cried Mr. S. "What d'ye mean?" He rushed to the booby hatch, pushed back the slide, and peered in at the solid stowage of oil between decks.

"Are all the other hatchways full like that?"

"All's full, everywhere," answered the officer.

Mr. S. turned excitedly towards Captain B. who was enjoying all this immensely.

"Captain B., why didn't you tell me the ship was full?"

"Just because you never asked me. You only asked me what I came home for, and I thought that was a queer kind of salute, and a cold welcome, too, considering the circumstances."

It was now the owner's turn to look a little sheepish and apologize, but only for a moment. He shook both of Captain B.'s hands with the greatest fervor, patted him lovingly on the shoulder, and expressed his readiness to fit him right out again in the same ship, or even in a better one, if he wanted. But the captain was now in a position to suit himself as to terms, and his later voyages were made under the flag of his own country.



1886

SWAIN.—Alfred Swain, who died at his residence in this town, on Tuesday night last, at the age of eighty-two years, was a remarkable man in his ways, possessing strongly marked characteristics. In his youth he made a voyage in the whaling business, but not liking the sea gave it up, and for many years followed the occupation of a house-carpenter and builder. He was elected Representative to the General Court on the Republican ticket, in 1860, and served through one session, this being, so far as we remember, his only active appearance in public or political life. About thirty years ago he began to be interested in the common and outlying lands of our island, and having a good turn for mathematics took up and followed the business of a surveyor of land. He also spent much time and labor in the examination of old records, and search of land titles, and turned the knowledge thus acquired to good account. He became himself quite an extensive land-owner, and in the latter years of his life he undoubtedly knew more about old titles, and understood better the peculiar intricacies of our local land system of "sheep commons," or undivided fractional parts, than any other person living. Mr. Swain was never demonstrative or outwardly brilliant, having no great gift of fluent speech, and caring little for display or conventionalities, but a very intelligent, clear-headed man, shrewd, patient and pains-taking, and distinguished for a quiet persistency in whatever he undertook. Wherever local land-matters were under discussion his few words carried greater weight than the more elaborately expressed views of others, for he evidently knew whereof he spoke. He has been in feeble health for a year past, but his intellect and memory remained unimpaired, and his decease was somewhat sudden. He survived his wife but a few months, and leaves only one married daughter. Much of his peculiar knowledge of course dies with him, but as he was in the habit of taking notes and preserving them, he has doubtless left many land-surveys, maps and memoranda which may be of great value to others in the future.

# OBITUARY. 1890

Capt. Andrew S. Hussey, postmaster at Mount Jackson, Va., died of la grippe Sunday morning. Capt. Hussey was born on the island of Nantucket in 1804. He was in the whaling service at an early age and had charge of vessels on the west coast of Africa for the late Stephen Girard. He was in the coast survey of the United States for years, and commanded the United States steamer Active on the Pacific coast during the late war.

## Nantucket Whalemén.

BY WILLIAM G. KIRSCHBAUM.

With this chapter concludes the series of articles relating the experiences of master mariners who, as whalemén, were conspicuous before the community prior to the war of the Rebellion.

WILLIAM T. SWAIN. 1906

Captain William T. Swain, one of the prominent men of Nantucket, is the leading lumber dealer of that place. Not only is he engaged in the lumber trade, but in the coal and hardware business, and, strange to relate, his lumber yard is located on the same spot, or very nearly so, where he first shipped to go whaling when he first arrived on the island 46 years ago, then but a young man, just beginning a career as an officer. That he has been successful every one on the island admits, and today there is every reason to believe that he can write his check for a handsome sum. Captain Swain gained fame more especially as a hunter for the sea elephant, and in this pursuit he acquired considerable of a reputation.

He was born in New London, Conn., Dec. 28, 1835. His first voyage was in ship Phoenix, Captain Brewster, of New London. It was a successful cruise to the Arctic ocean, and young Swain came home a boatsteerer. He next went out as third mate of ship Julius Caesar, Captain Daniel Babcock, on a voyage to Desolation island, and after remaining at home five weeks was again at sea, this time as mate of bark Ripple of New London, in command of Captain Ebenezer Morgan, who was known among whalemén as "Rattler Morgan," for his hustling qualities. It was an 11 months' cruise in the South Atlantic, and resulted in a good cut. The Ripple was filled.

About this time McCleave & Macy heard of Swain, and he was induced to sail for that Nantucket firm, which was interested in the Desolation island whaling. On Aug. 16, 1857, he was given command of schooner Eliza Jane, which went out as tender to ship Catawba. Hurd's Island had been discovered but two years previous. He sailed direct from Straight wharf, close by the property which he now owns. That voyage resulted in a full ship in 18 months, and then he went out on a trading cruise in the Catawba with Captain Timothy Riddell. Both bought into the ship and loaded her. They ran two cargoes of horses and mules from Montevideo to the West Indies, and returned to the states with sugar, consigned to New York parties. It was a paying venture and Captain Swain remained at home until 1864, when he went out as mate of schooner Somerset, Captain Joseph Ward, of New London. This was on June 4th of that year, and the following August the schooner was lost on Desolation island. Captain Swain remained on the island with the crew for three months, the captain having gone to another vessel. The wrecked sailors lived on birds, eggs and anything they could get, and while there caught 100 barrels of oil, which was at that time worth \$1 a gallon. This was shipped home in the Trinity, owned by the same agents as the Somerset, and they refused to deliver the oil to Captain Swain, when a lawsuit which dragged along for two years resulted. The court finally decided in his favor, ruling that he and the crew had a right to use the material on the island which had belonged to the Somerset, as she had been cast away. There never was a case like this before in the courts and considerable interest was felt in the matter at the time.

Next he went out as mate and navigator in schooner Gertrude Hawes of New London, engaged in the African trade. He was the only one of the crew to see the vessel home, she going into Boston with a cargo of hides and wool from the Cape of Good Hope. Next, on June 25, 1869, he sailed as mate of ship Roman, Captain John Williams, of New London. He had charge of the tender Emma Jane, which he sailed as master of bark Roman, of New London, was gone eight months, and returned home with 1,225 barrels of oil. Again he sailed in the Roman, this time on May 17, 1873, and returned to New London, April 17, 1874, with 1,500 barrels of oil and 2,314 pounds of whalebone. That was his last voyage, for in 1877 he removed to Nantucket, purchased the John Macy lumber yard and since, one of the successful business men of the place.



# OBITUARY.

1901

SWAIN.—At his residence on Gay street, on the morning of July 6, at the ripe age of 87 years, Capt. Obed Swain passed away. He was a native of the island and enjoyed his home life, although his earlier years were passed upon the ocean in pursuit of the whale. His first voyage was made in the ship *Richmond*, of New Bedford, when he was a boy of 14 years. On this voyage he was in the Pacific, and went ashore on leave at the Bay of San Francisco while it was a Mexican province, as early as 1829, some twenty years prior to the emigration of gold hunters in 1849. He made subsequent voyages as seaman and officer in the ships *Eagle* and *Reaper*, of Nantucket, the *Henry Astor*, of Hudson, the *George Washington*, of Wareham, the *New Bedford*, of New Bedford; and in 1848 he was appointed to the command of ship *Catawba*, in which he made two voyages, retiring from the service in 1857. Subsequently he engaged in the yachting business for many years, and had a fine catboat built for him, in which he took parties sailing and fishing. He was always considered a safe and efficient yachtsman, and won the esteem of his many patrons. He was interested in public affairs, inclining to a conservative policy in public expenditures. In theology he was exceedingly liberal, remembering the Quaker faith of his ancestors. He was one of the old school courteous gentlemen whom it was a pleasure to meet in social intercourse. He was ever frank and honest, doing to others as he would be done by. His funeral was attended by a large delegation from the Pacific Club, of which he was an original member, and no finer tribute could be paid to the character of a citizen than to see at his funeral such men as Ex-Senator James Easton, a nonagenarian, Judge T. C. Defriez, Ex-Collector Joseph W. Clapp, Ex-Postmaster John M. Winslow, Henry Paddack, Esq., president of the Pacific National Bank, Joseph C. Brock, Captains Charles Grant, Obed R. Bunker, Wm. H. Tice, Edward B. Hussey, Edward B. Coffin, John A. Beebe, William J. Macy, John Killen, Joseph W. Congdon, D. B. Andrews, Clinton Parker, David Parker, B. C. Easton, Leander Cobb, James H. Gibbs, Daniel Whitney, Josiah Folger, Andrew M. Myrick, Alex. M. Myrick, Rev. R. F. Alger, Reuben Long, William Cathcart and others. Rev. J. F. Meyer conducted the funeral services.

## Death of Capt. J. H. B. Robinson.

From The Boston Globe, May 2.

Capt. James Hussey Barker Robinson, who was for 21 years an employe of the *Globe*, both in the composing room and editorial rooms, died May 2 at his home in Wareham, after an illness of eight years, having been bed-ridden a large part of that period.

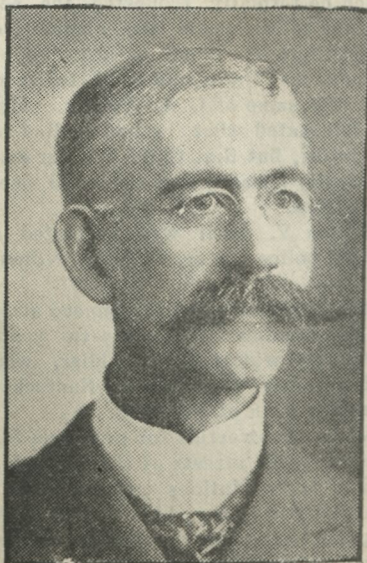
Capt. Robinson was born in Nantucket, Sept. 21, 1854, nearly 58 years ago, and was educated in the public schools of that town, finishing his studies at the Sir Isaac Coffin Academy.

His parents removed to Providence shortly after the completion of his education. After six months as a dry goods clerk and six months in a shoe store, young Robinson entered the Providence Journal office as an apprentice in the composing room. His health failed him, however, shortly after becoming a journeyman, and, always having had a love for the sea, he shipped for a four years' whaling voyage out of New Bedford. When the ship arrived at Fayal in the Azores, he determined to leave her on account of poor food and small pay. Young Robinson narrowly escaped drowning in trying to desert on this occasion, as he tried to swim ashore, three miles distant. Four times during the voyage the boat to which he belonged was smashed by whales, but in each case Mr. Robinson miraculously escaped. He made two other efforts to escape from the ship with companions, once at the Chatham Islands in the South Pacific, and again in New Zealand.

In the Chatham Islands, after wandering about in the hills for several days without a morsel of food, they were accidentally discovered by a shepherd just as they had laid down in despair to perish.

Even this was not enough, and in New Zealand he tried again. By a shrewd trick he succeeded in throwing the Maoris off his trail, and for two weeks he struggled through the dense bush, only to describe a complete circle and be captured, after a desperate struggle with the natives, not five miles from where he had started.

As a last resort the captain of the ship took a new tack by promoting



The Late Captain James H. B. Robinson.

SEE NEXT PAGE



him, and he was appointed harpooner. In his spare moments he made a study of navigation and was soon made an officer. He was 6 feet 4 inches tall, and at that time was a marvel of strength.

On his return, his health being good, he decided to remain at sea, and shipped as mate on a Boston barkentine for a trading voyage to the west coast of Africa, with Thomas G. Macy of Nantucket, as supercargo.

Shortly after arriving on the coast the captain was stricken with African fever and sent to the States, mate Robinson taking command of the ship. Macy was the next to be stricken and for six weeks Capt. Robinson worked his vessel up the coast in search of an English man-of-war, where medicinal aid could be given his old townsman. It was his constant watching, aboard ship with a mutinous crew, that weakened his constitution, and he himself next succumbed to the disease so dreaded in those days by traders on that coast.

He raved in delirium for four days, with no one taking care of him. He was sent home by an English officer on a gunboat, and returned to his former home in Nantucket, where he rapidly recovered from the fever, but his health would never permit of his following the sea further.

In 1880 he went to work at the case on the Providence Journal, and came to the Globe in 1883, where he remained until 1904, his last position being on the day desk in the editorial room.

In 1892, when he was the managing editor of the Daily Herald in Newport, R. I., he was also the correspondent of the Globe there.

Mr. Robinson had a considerable reputation as a writer of serials and short stories, having written extensively for the Golden Days, McClure's, Youth's Companion, Yankee Blade, New York Sun and the Globe. He was a member of Garden Lodge, Knights of Honor, of Melrose, and old friends in it kept up his dues, so that his widow will receive \$2000 death benefit. He had a son, Rex Robinson.

On account of Mr. Robinson's knowledge of the sea and the title he once bore, he was familiarly known among his associates in the Globe office as "Cap" Robinson. He reported the international yacht races from Navesink Heights, N. J., several times for the Globe.

1912

## Quakers and Whalemens Interest The Neighbors." 1939

A talk on "Elihu Coleman, Nantucket's Pioneer Anti-Slavery Quaker," by Dr. Thomas E. Drake, Professor of American History at Haverford College, and a discussion on the "Outstanding Adventures with the Nantucket Whalemens," by Edouard A. Stackpole, Nantucket author and President of the Nantucket Historical Association, were features of the Neighbors' Night held in Bennett Hall last Tuesday evening.

A large audience filled the hall and enjoyed fully the opportunity to hear these two able young men, in spite of the fact that the evening held a full quota of entertainments at various places on the island.

Mr. W. W. Justice of Cato Lane, Nantucket, and Philadelphia, made an ideal chairman, setting up an atmosphere and background in the minds of the audience that contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the talks that followed.

Mr. Justice spoke briefly of the atmosphere and background of the picture to be presented by the speakers, mentioning the strong fibre, the decency and character of our Quaker forbears, asking: "Where shall the rest of us find again a belief to give us stimulus, a conscience to give us decency, a new devotion to give us something of that nobility without which our life is meaningless."

He introduced Dr. Drake as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I take pleasure in calling on Dr. Thomas Drake of Haverford College, a graduate of Stanford in the West, curator of one of the largest Quaker collections in this country, holder of degrees from several institutions of learning both here and abroad, a gentleman and a scholar—Dr. Thomas Drake."

Dr. Drake, in his talk on Elihu Coleman, declared that in the long struggle against human slavery in America, three of Nantucket's sons and daughters were outstanding among the many islanders that contributed to the cause. Two of these were Coffins—Lucretia Coffin Mott and Levi Coffin—the other was Elihu Coleman.

"Some of us," he said, "were brought up on the exciting adventures of Levi Coffin, who moved to Indiana, and who tells in his book of reminiscences of the hair-breadth escapes of fugitive slaves. Coffin was 'President,' so-called, of the famous Underground railroad."

Little is known, the audience was informed, of Elihu Coleman's physical appearance but we do know that he was a carpenter. The house that he built with his own hands 217 years ago is still standing on Hawthorn Lane, now the summer residence of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Blair.

Dr. Drake sketched in the slavery background at the time Coleman lived, bringing out the fact that the Quakers were, to some extent, slaveholders. They did, however, have the



reputation of being very kind to their slaves, only one record of cruelty being found in contemporary accounts.

Dr. Drake brought out some of the activities in the Newport and Dartmouth groups of Friends. Rhode Island, of course, benefitting from the triangular trade of molasses, rum and slaves, was hardly in a position to boast of any sentiment against the practice of slavery at first. One of the Quakers who spoke out against the practice in Newport was regarded unfavorably and, in Philadelphia, Benjamin Lay was disowned for his remarks and publications regarding the industry.

Attempts by individual Quakers to discourage slavery did not meet with ready approval. Even Elihu Coleman's now famous essay, or tract, on the evils of slavery, the first of its kind in New England, failed to meet with approval. Dr. Drake noted that the original manuscript of Coleman's paper or tract is preserved for posterity in the possession of the Nantucket Historical Association's Fair Street rooms.

Elihu Coleman lived to see a change in the views of Quakers regarding slaves. John Woolman pleaded his cause successfully until finally the Friends saw the light.

"Coleman must have been happy indeed," stated Dr. Drake, "that his fellow Quakers were the first Christian group of any size to perceive and act upon the great Truth which he had proclaimed. We may well honor him, therefore, this modest carpenter of Old Nantucket, as a pioneer among New England's Quaker prophets of a more Christian way of life."

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Mrs. Claude Bond then sang a group of three solos—Schubert's "Serenade," an 18th century English love-song, and "The Waters of the Minnetonka." Possessing a sweet soprano voice, Mrs. Bond sang excellently and was warmly applauded. She was accompanied by Mrs. Edmund Crocker on the piano.

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Mr. Justice then introduced the concluding speaker, as follows:

"In introducing Mr. Stackpole, I ask you to remember the boast of Owen Glendower: 'I can call the Spirits from the vasty deep,' and the retort: 'But will they come when you call them?'"

"I need hardly introduce so well known a young man to a Nantucket audience. He has written five books—historical fiction—based on Nantucket's past, and his latest 'Mutiny at Midnight,' has just been published. I may say hot off the griddle. But here he is at home, and I feel that, among his friends, I shall say—Neighbors, greet Edouard Stackpole."

In his talk on some of the outstanding adventures with the whalemén, Mr. Stackpole brought out in a very entertaining manner the intrepid courage of the great men who covered the globe in their search for whales."

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First sketching in the early cruises of the whalemén, Mr. Stackpole told of Christopher Hussey's first capture of a sperm whale, after having been blown far out to sea by a gale.

"From that time on, for more than a century," he said, "Nantucket became sperm whale conscious—for the sperm oil was the best—and maintained a position at the head of all the whaling ports in the entire world."

He traced the wanderings of the early whalers from Greenland to the Western Islands, from the Brazil banks around Cape Horn into the vast Pacific. He told of the shipwreck and death, mutiny and disaster. Among the brief descriptions were the loss of the *Union*, after running upon a whale in mid-Atlantic; the loss of the *Franklin*; the terrible experiences of the survivors of the *Henry*; the epic cruise of the boats from the whaleship *Essex*, stove by a whale; the loss of the *Oeno* in the Fijis and the massacre of all but one of the crew—William Cary—by the natives; and many other such experiences.

He interspersed his remarks with some anecdotes, including humorous bits, in the lives of the men, having to do with their life aboard ship as well as in the town between voyages.

"Nantucket, even as she stands today, is a monument to the faith and courage of the island's whalemén," he declared. "The Society of Friends and the whalemén were synonymous—whale oil and the Quakers built this town in the sea as an example of an outstanding period in the maritime and civic life of our country."

In closing, Mr. Stackpole mentioned a happy experience taking place the day previous. The hero of his story *Mutiny at Midnight* was Cyrus Hussey of Nantucket. Following his being a castaway on a savage island in the Mulgrave group in 1824, Hussey was finally rescued by the topsail schooner *Dolphin*, of the United States Navy, being literally snatched from the captivity of the natives by a Lieut. Hiram Paulding, leading a landing party. The great-grand-daughter of Cyrus Hussey lives in Nantucket, and Mr. Stackpole, corresponding with the great-grand-daughter of Lieut. Paulding, was able to arrange for a meeting of the two.

The meeting took place Monday in the house where Cyrus Hussey lived, and, he told his listeners, it was an event he will not soon forget.

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The spirit of Nantucket was recaptured by the two young men on Tuesday night—the quiet determination of the Friends and the fortitude and daring of those who followed the great profession of whaling.

—J. R. B.



## A SAILOR OF THE OLD.

Robert Ratcliff, whose death we record this week, was a rare specimen of the old-fashioned British tar, such as those of whom Smollett wrote and Dibdin sang. He served in the Royal Navy during the stirring times in the early years of this century, and was one of the crew of the English line-of-battle ship Northumberland when she carried the great exile Napoleon to St. Helena after the collapse of the French empire at Waterloo, in 1815. Some years later, the fortunes of the sea having left him adrift upon our island, he sought and found employment here, married a Nantucket lady, and became a permanent resident of this town. In the palmy days of the whaling business, he found steady and lucrative employment as a rigger, employing quite a number of workmen, but overseeing and directing all the work himself. With the decline of whaling he, like many others, found his occupation gone; fire and other adverse circumstances swept away all his savings. His wife died some years ago, leaving no children, and the infirmities of age finally compelled the stout old seaman to accept a home at the Asylum, where he has lived well cared for to the advanced age of eighty-eight years. He was a professing christian, and a man of excellent character, universally respected throughout his long life, and kindly remembered by all who knew him in his prime. In 1878, his case having been brought to the attention of the British Charitable Society through the efforts of F. C. Sanford, Esq., that society granted him an annuity of fifty dollars. His remains were buried from the Unitarian Church, Wednesday morning, a delegation from Union Lodge F. and A. M., following them to the grave. 1882

## OBITUARY. 1894

RUSSELL.—The death of Capt. Daniel Russell, at his home in Roxbury, on the 16th inst., removed from life one of Nantucket's absent sons who held dear to the island of his nativity, and kept up active interest in her welfare. In early life he followed the sea, and at an early age assumed command of a whaler. Later he engaged in the merchant service between this port and New York. Removing to Boston, he was appointed by Gov. Andrew as state agent to assist discharged convicts, which position he held to the time of his decease. He suffered physical pain for some time before the final summons, but bore up under it with christian fortitude, never complaining. His end was quiet and peaceful. Funeral services were held at his late home in Roxbury on Friday week, and were largely attended, many floral offerings bespeaking the esteem of friends of the departed. Capt. Russell's remains, accompanied by the widow and two sons, were brought to Nantucket Saturday, and laid at rest in the family lot in the North ground (a simple service being first held at the old homestead) on Sunday afternoon.

## A Rare Old Salt Is He. 1892

The most interesting character all up and down these coasts is an ancient mariner from Nantucket, an old-time New Bedford whaler, a merchant captain, a business man ashore on both sides of the continent, novelist, lecturer, marvelous talker, the nestor of the old Brooklynites—Capt. Charles F. Swain.

This wonderful old man went into retirement so many years ago, after a long and busy life, that the present generation has never heard of him; but he is yet in its midst, hale and hearty, and very much alive with the good humor and buoyant hopefulness that have made possible so perfect a state of preservation as he enjoys mentally and physically for a man of his age. The snugest of snug harbors is charted as 46 Sixth avenue, Brooklyn; and it is here that Capt. Swain is resting for the time when he shall be piped aloft.

Of a humane turn of mind, and always strictly temperate, the captain early took an active interest in the work of promoting temperance and morality among seafaring men, and it was due as much to him as to any other of the eighty men who organized the Marine Temperance Society of the Port of New York in 1833, that this pioneer of the seamen's benevolent societies was created. Sterling, progressive, solid burghers of Manhattan Island were these eighty—every man a ship owner, a sea captain or a shipping agent—and of them all, but Capt. Swain is left to tell the story.

The Mariners' Church had been organized under the name of the New York Port Society in 1818, but there were many who thought that the more practical methods of a purely benevolent society were necessary to draw within the fold the more reckless of the men it had to deal with, so the temperance society was formed as an auxiliary to the church, and as its feeder.

A Recorder reporter lately asked Capt. Swain to make a memorandum of the meeting of 1833 at which the society was organized, and he readily consented. He reads and writes without glasses, and said humorously that he would have no trouble at all in calling up the incidents of so comparatively recent a day. Thereupon he took pen and paper and in about twenty minutes had completed, in a beautifully clear hand, the following:

"The New York Marine Temperance Society was organized in the old Mariners' Church, situated on Roosevelt street, on the evening of Feb. 23, 1833. There were many friends present, some of whom expressed their doubts in regard to any temperance reformation being accomplished among the sons of the ocean. Others were certain that great good could be done for a too long neglected class, and should be done by those who had grown rich by the toils of the weather-beaten sailors. Capt. Edward Richardson was elected president, presided over the society for thirty-nine years, and was elected for the fortieth year a few weeks previous to his death, which occurred on the 6th of April, 1872, when he was 83 years old. Capt. Richardson, while he was president, signed over forty thousands certificates of membership, a record never beaten, unless by Father Matthew, the Irish Temperance apostle. The Rev Henry Chase, pastor of the church, was the first secretary, and as such signed many certificates. For many years monthly meetings only were held.

"About the year 1865, the Water Street Mission was established under the auspices of the Port Society and in charge of Capt. Richardson. There, for some fourteen years, weekly meetings were held in addition to the monthly meeting held at the church. An auxiliary meeting was organized at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and another at the Sailors' Snug Harbor. A great good work was done among seamen. At one time in eighteen months, nine hundred were received into membership in the Mariners' Church. The New York Marine Temperance Society is the oldest and largest organization of the kind in the world, having been over fifty-nine years actively engaged in temperance work among seamen, eighty-odd thousand of whom have pledged themselves to total abstinence.

"I was vice-president and secretary during a period of over thirty years. When in this part of the world and able, I have always attended the meetings. It is known to the officers that most of the seamen who join the society keep their pledge, and many of them unite with the church after a little."

It is proper to supplement this little sketch with the statement that the meeting of New York friends of the sailor man in 1833 here referred to started the great temperance movement which swept the merchant navies of the world within two decades, and resulted in the abolition of the grog ration as a custom on ship-board. The issue of spirits in any form in ships either of war or of commerce is now very rare.

Capt. Swain is a member of the society known as the Old Brooklynites, and is the Nestor of that most interesting of organizations. He is also the oldest living sea captain in the United States, with the exception of Admiral Selfridge of the navy, who is a year his senior. He was born on the Island of Nantucket, and springs from a race of seamen. At 16 he took to the sea in a New Bedford whaler, and made two cruises to distant seas. Then he entered the merchant service and became first officer in the



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ship *Huron*, a noted vessel of her day plying between New York and London. Later he held the same berth in the ships *Emily*, *America* and *Romulus*. At 23 he commanded the ship *Alexander Mansfield*, sailing out of New York.

Capt. Swain retired from the sea in 1831, and entered business in New York, which he followed successfully eighteen years. Then he took to green water again, as shore life was too humdrum and too much in one place to suit him. After commanding sail packets between New York and Nantucket, he went out to the Pacific in command of the bark *Philena*, with freight and passengers, during the gold excitement on the West Coast, and continued several years in service in those waters. Then, for a long time he was shipping merchant in San Francisco, and dipped into mining also in California and Nevada, as everybody did in those times.

During his long voyages, Capt. Swain used to write, and one of the permanent results of his work is a nautical romance called "Captain Waters and His Bo'sun," which has a plot as thrilling as "The Wreck of the Grosvenor."

In the course of a long talk with the captain, the Recorder man asked him how he was on the walk—whether he was still firm on his pins. He replied cheerily, with a gruff chuckle:

"Well, I am that! And you can just say in The Recorder that I will give any man in the country five years the advantage in age, and I'll run him a mile for a bushel of oysters!"—N. Y. Recorder.

1886

RAYMOND.—Last Saturday morning Capt. Frederick S. Raymond passed away, after a long period of suffering and confinement, at the age of about 59 years.

Capt. Raymond in early life followed the sea, making voyages with Capt. Charles A. Veeder, in ship *Empire*, of this port, and with Capt. George Folger, in the *Peruvian*. He subsequently learned the printer's trade, and was employed for a time on the *Islander* and other papers published in Nantucket. Later in life he went West, and continued his seafaring life on the Great Lakes, where he sailed for a term of eighteen years as master. He subsequently returned to his trade in Buffalo, remaining a few years, when he came to Nantucket and engaged in the manufacture of linen coats. He was overtaken by disease, which assumed a serious form, and for many months he was confined to his home until death released him from suffering. Deceased was a Master Mason of long standing, having been made a Mason in Hiram Lodge, No. 105, of Buffalo, in 1854. A man of blunt manner, he nevertheless was possessed of a kind heart, and had a large circle of warm friends. He was twice married. His second wife and a young daughter, and two grown-up sons by his first marriage survive him, and to them we extend our kindest sympathy.

1826

DEATH OF A NANTUCKET SHIPMASTER.—

The intelligence reached us, on Thursday, of the decease, at Rootstown, Ohio, of Capt. John B. Rogers, formerly of this town. Captain Rogers was, in the days of his prime, a highly valued shipmaster in the whaling business, and widely known, especially among those of our old seamen who were his contemporaries. From 1842 to 1846, he commanded the ship *Alpha* of this port, and from 1846 to 1850, the ship *Narragansett*,—making two very successful voyages. After his retirement from the sea, he removed to Rootstown, where he has since resided. His wife was a daughter of the late Charles Folger, Esq.

National Maritime Day and Capt. Robert Inott of Nantucket.

Throughout the nation, especially along the eastern seaboard, National Maritime Day was observed on Wednesday of this week by appropriate exercises. It was under proclamation by the late President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, fourteen years ago, that the 22nd of May was first set aside to commemorate the first successful crossing of the Atlantic by a steamship—the *Savannah*—in 1819.

Nantucket has a special part in this national observance. Captain Robert Inott, who commanded the *Savannah* on her first trial runs, was a Nantucket man, whose grave is in the Old North Burial Ground on New Lane.

Realizing that history makes but little mention of this shipmaster, an interested islander wrote to the White House in 1933, requesting that some measure of recognition be tendered Captain Inott. In conclusion, the letter stated:

"Because I believe you will consider it fitting, I would like to request that you delegate the local Sons of the Revolution Chapter, as a representative organization, to hold appropriate exercises here on that day, and so acknowledge a debt which the nation owes not only Captain Inott but Capt. Daniel Elkins, another Nantucket man, who was a partner of Moses Rogers, the *Savannah's* master on her Atlantic crossing."

In reply, the late President's Secretary, Louis McHenry Howe, wrote as follows, in part:

"While it does not appear that the President has any expressed authority in law to make the designation you suggest, he feels the holding of the proposed exercises by the Sons of the Revolution is a fitting and laudable undertaking, and that the organization is to be commended for its civic and patriotic spirit in thus desiring to honor the memory of their countryman, Captain Inott."

Captain Inott was a comparatively young man when he died, a victim of yellow fever, at Tampico, Mexico, in 1825. His body was brought home in a barrel of pickle and interred at Old North Burial ground. He commanded the whaleship *Samuel* on one voyage.

Captain Daniel Elkins, also a native of Nantucket, was a partner of Capt. Moses Rogers, the *Savannah's* master on her famous trans-Atlantic voyage. The two shipmasters persuaded several Savannah merchants to purchase the vessel, fit her with a steam engine, and astonish the world by sending her to Europe.

The *Savannah* was built for a sailing packet in New York in 1818. Capt. Rogers had sailed coasting steamers for Robert Fulton. Capt. Elkins died in Cheraw, N. C., in 1823, at the age of 34, and is buried in St. David's cemetery.

1946



1882

A SAILOR OF THE OLDEN TIME.—Mr. Robert Ratcliff, whose death we record this week, was a rare specimen of the old-fashioned British tar, such as those of whom Smollett wrote and Dibdin sang. He served in the Royal Navy during the stirring times in the early years of this century, and was one of the crew of the English line-of-battle ship *Northumberland* when she carried the great exile Napoleon to St. Helena after the collapse of the French empire at Waterloo, in 1815. Some years later, the fortunes of the sea having left him adrift upon our island, he sought and found employment here, married a Nantucket lady, and became a permanent resident of this town. In the palmy days of the whaling business, he found steady and lucrative employment as a rigger, employing quite a number of workmen, but overseeing and directing all the work himself. With the decline of whaling he, like many others, found his occupation gone; fire and other adverse circumstances swept away all his savings. His wife died some years ago, leaving no children, and the infirmities of age finally compelled the stout old seaman to accept a home at the Asylum, where he has lived well cared for to the advanced age of eighty-eight years. He was a professing christian, and a man of excellent character, universally respected throughout his long life, and kindly remembered by all who knew him in his prime. In 1878, his case having been brought to the attention of the British Charitable Society through the efforts of F. C. Sanford, Esq., that society granted him an annuity of fifty dollars. His remains were buried from the Unitarian Church, Wednesday morning, a delegation from Union Lodge F. and A. M., following them to the grave.

R 8, 1945.

### Capt. Starbuck and the Pacific Island of "New Nantucket."

A few months ago, Staff Sergeant William R. Waine, writing from an A. A. F. base in the Southwest Pacific theatre, requested information concerning the island in the Pacific known as "New Nantucket." He stated he had a hazy recollection of hearing or reading somewhere that such an island existed and was curious as to its location and history.

A survey of the modern maps will not reveal "New Nantucket." The cartographers of this century have given it a newer name—"Baker's Island"—in its position just above the equator, in longitude 176° 20' west of Greenwich. Its nearest companion, Howland Island, a few miles to the northeast, was originally known as "Worth's Island."

"New Nantucket" was discovered by Capt. Obed Starbuck, of Nantucket, during a voyage to the Pacific in the whaleship *Loper*, in the year 1825. Upon his return home in the fall of 1826, he reported the new discovery together with several others which he had made during that particular voyage.

Just why Capt. Starbuck decided upon the name "New Nantucket" is a matter for conjecture. The island is not more than a mile in circumference, low, sandy, with only a coarse grass and a few shrubs for vegetation, and is not more than 10 feet above the surface of the sea at its highest point. As a nesting place for thousands of sea birds over the centuries it has an extensive guano deposits and was utilized by the guano-collecting schooners of the past century which transported thousands of tons of the powerful fertilizer from Pacific isles.

[Note: At one time a guano factory was maintained at Woods Hole, or Woods Holl, as it was then called.]

The name "New Nantucket" clung to the island for over a century, and the humor of its appearance contrasted to "Old Nantucket" was the butt of many jokes. Nonetheless, it was visited by numerous whaleships seeking bird's eggs as a change in the rigid ship-board diet, and was a land-fall for ships making a passage "on the line."

The island came into the news at the time Amelia Earhart was lost on her Pacific flight. In 1938, when the air-clipper routes were being planned across the Pacific, the island again came into the news being in direct line of flight from Hawaii to Samoa, the Fijis and New Zealand.

At one time a supply party was stationed there and rude huts erected. A Japanese submarine lobbed a few shells into the installations a few weeks after Pearl Harbor, and, although no casualties resulted, the American party was happy enough to be rescued by a U. S. destroyer some days afterwards.

Captain Obed Starbuck discovered several Pacific islands which still bears the name he gave them. This island lies in the Society Group and is called Starbuck's Island. It was discovered in 1822 while Captain Starbuck was in command of the whaleship *Loper*.

Born in 1797, Obed Starbuck went to sea at an early age. His voyage was interrupted by a storm which he went out in the ship *Loper*. Captain Joseph Allen, who turned home he felt quite tired, a berth on the whaleship *Loper* which was owned by his father. Capt. Starbuck, commander, made a voyage, turning at a time when he was bringing nearly \$2 a gallon of sperm oil.

When the *Hero* sailed on July 12, 1819, Obed Starbuck was first officer. It was while lying in St. Mary's group of islands off the coast of the Spaniards of (an insurgent band) that the *Hero*, Captain Russell, and his crew were killed that morning turning to the ship in the *Hero*, cut her cables and went to sea. At Valparaiso, Chile, she was officially turned over to the American consul and Nantucket in company with the *Brothers*, on board of which George Pollard, the captain of the *Essex*, which had been a whale a few months before.

The *Hero* was intended to go out for another voyage. Starbuck placed in command of the first of a series of voyages, returning in two months with a full ship. In his first voyage in this command a year and eight months later, he was gone a half, and on his third voyage, he established a record, returning after an absence of only 1 year and 11 days, bringing in a cargo of sperm oil.

It was during these voyages that Capt. Starbuck discovered the majority of his discoveries. Besides the islands of "New Nantucket" and "New Nantucket," he discovered the "Starbuck's Group," now known as the "Gilbert Islands," also known as the "Ellice Group," and the "Lynx Island," and the "Marian Islands."

Possessed of a remarkable career until 1843, after a voyage in the *Loper* to this port. He had a large mansion on Fairview, now known as The Starbuck, where he lived for nearly half a century.



\* \* \*  
 Captain Obed Starbuck discovered several Pacific islands but only one still bears the name he originally gave them. This island lies north of the Society Group and is known as Starbuck's Island. It was discovered in 1822 while Captain Starbuck was in command of the whaleship *Hero*.

Born in 1797, Obed Starbuck went to sea at an early age. The 1812 war interrupted his voyaging but in 1815 he went out in the ship *Russell*, under Captain Joseph Allen. Upon his return home he felt qualified to accept a berth on the whaleship *Hero*, a new vessel which was owned mainly by his father. Capt. James Russell, her commander, made a good voyage, returning at a time when sperm oil was bringing nearly \$2 a gallon.

When the *Hero* sailed out again, on July 12, 1819, Obed Starbuck was her first officer. It was on this voyage, while lying in St. Mary's, one of the group of islands off the coast of Chili, that the Spaniards of Benevedes party (an insurgent band) captured the *Hero*. Captain Russell and another man were killed that same night. Returning to the ship in the dark, Obed Starbuck led a party which re-took the *Hero*, cut her cables and got her safely to sea. At Valparaiso, the ship was officially turned over to him by the American consul and he sailed for Nantucket in company with the *Two Brothers*, on board of which was Capt. George Pollard, the ill-fated master of the *Essex*, which had been sunk by a whale a few months before.

The *Hero* was immediately fitted out for another voyage, with Obed Starbuck placed in command. He made the first of a series of remarkable voyages, returning in two years and one month with a full ship. He then took command of the ship *Loper*. On his first voyage in this craft he was gone a year and eight months. In his next voyage, he was gone but a year and a half, and on his third voyage in the *Loper*, he established a record never equalled, returning home after an absence of only 1 year, 3 months, 22 days, bringing in a cargo of 2270 bbls. of sperm oil.

It was during these three voyages in the *Loper* that Capt. Starbuck made the majority of his South Sea island discoveries. Besides "Starbuck's Island" and "New Nantucket," previously mentioned, he discovered "Starbuck's Group," now called Aranuka Isles, in the Gilberts; "Tracy's Island," also known as Vaitupu in the Ellice Group, and "Loper's Island," in the same group, now called Niutao and Lynx Island; and "Granger's Island" in the Mariannas.

Possessed of a remarkable energy, Capt. Starbuck continued his whaling career until 1843, when he retired after a voyage in the ship *Zone*, from this port. He had erected in 1830 a large mansion on Fair street, which is now known as The Ship's Inn. He lived here for nearly half a century, and

became a public-spirited citizen of his native town.

Captain Starbuck died in his 86th year at his Fair street home. A close friend who had known him in his active life as a whaleman, declared: "He has been a marked man among us for a long period, and lived in times that called out all the points and developed all that wonderful energy so much needed in trying times."

—E. A. S.


#### OBITUARY.

PITMAN.—Nantucket's oldest citizen passed away last Saturday, at the great age of 93 years. Capt. John Pitman, of Sconset, was the subject of our notice, who will be remembered by all who have sojourned in the village for any length of time. Capt. Pitman in early life followed the sea, and was 13 years of age when he started on his first voyage. He sailed in the Gen. Lincoln, with Capt. Shubael Chase. He subsequently entered the merchant service, but later returned to whaling, joining ship *Leander*, and following as first officer of ships *Globe* and *Ontario*, finishing the voyage in the latter as master, owing to the death of her master, Capt. Coffin. He sailed in 1839 as master of ship *Samuel Wright*, of Salem, arriving home in 1843, when he retired from a seafaring life and made his home in Siasconset, where he ever after resided—a period of nearly fifty years, engaging in farming, fishing, etc. Capt. Pitman was a man of remarkable constitution, and during his long life was ill but once (excepting his final sickness), which was at the age of 70 years, when he was attacked with pneumonia, both lungs being affected, and his recovery from the serious attack was noted by physicians as a remarkable case for one of his advanced years. He was a genial man and highly respected by our entire community. He leaves a widow (with whom he had lived 68 years), and two sons grown to manhood. His funeral occurred early in the week from the residence of his son, Mr. T. C. Pitman, on Pine street.

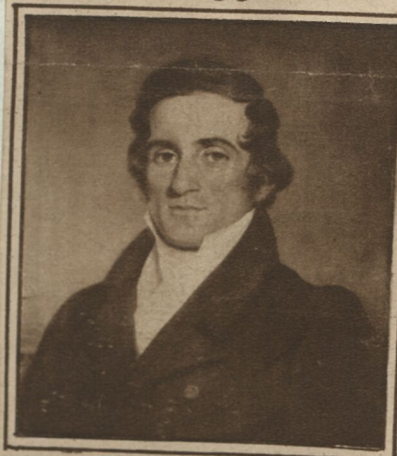


Aug. 15-1929

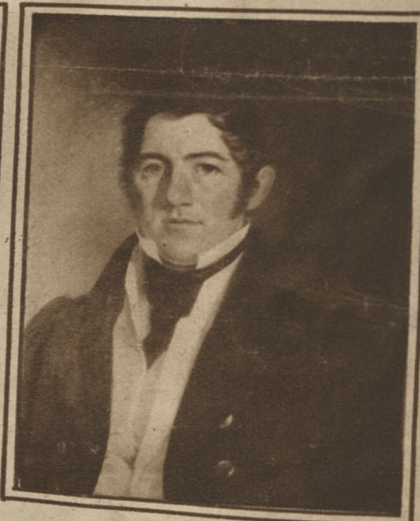
**NANTUCKET HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION**  
**EXHIBITION OF PORTRAITS**  
**THE CAPTAINS OF THE WHALING FLEET.**  
**THE MEN WHO MADE NANTUCKET'S FAME.**  
**ADMISSION 50¢.**  
**OPEN 10<sup>to</sup> 12<sup>and</sup> 2<sup>to</sup> 5.**  
**AUG. 19<sup>to</sup> 31.**



TO RAISE MONEY toward the proposed Nantucket Whaling Museum the Nantucket Historical Association, in August last, held an important exhibition of portraits of captains of the old-time whaling fleet. Beside the poster announcing this exhibition stands George Grant, the last of Nantucket's old-time whalers. He was born in Samoa while his parents were on shipboard near the southern whaling grounds.



CAPT. NATHAN CHASE, another celebrated whaling captain whose strong, dignified portrait was in last summer's exhibition of likenesses of leaders of the whale fishery. The Nantucket Historical Association already has a considerable collection of these portraits.

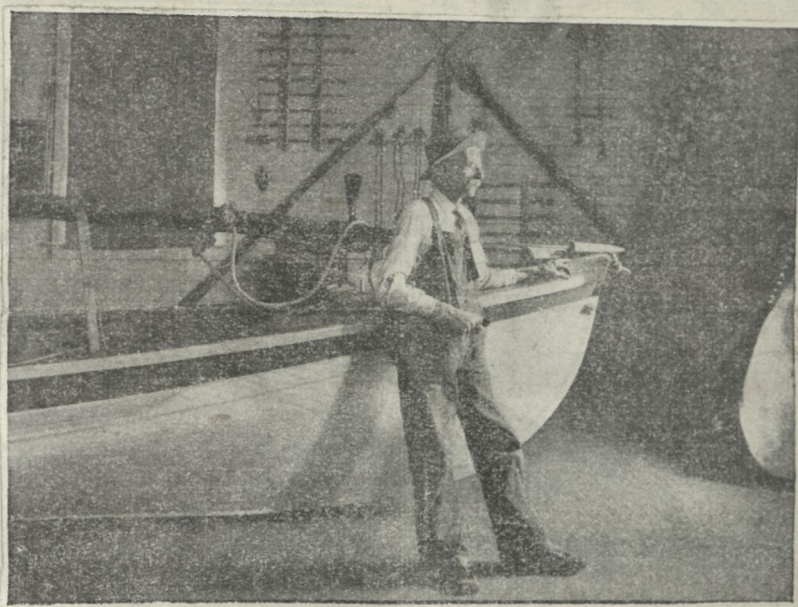


♦ CAPT. OBED SWAIN, one of the whaling captains who made Nantucket famous. Such portraits as his will be an important section in the proposed Nantucket Whaling Museum.





**NANTUCKET'S WHALING MUSEUM**, to be opened to the public in 1930 as a complete museum of the antiquities of the whale fishery. The museum will be under the auspices of the Nantucket Historical Association, William F. Macy, president, which already owns the oldest house on the island, built in 1866 for "John and Mary." It is expected that the whaling museum, situated close to the steamboat landing, will be one of the chief attractions of the island county.





### Nantucket Captain to be Honored on National Maritime Day.

Under a proclamation by President Franklin D. Roosevelt, the nation will observe Tuesday, the 22nd day of May, as National Maritime Day, to commemorate the first successful crossing of the Atlantic by a steamship.

Nantucket has a special part in this national observance. Captain Robert Inot, who commanded the first steamer to make that trans-Atlantic voyage, was a Nantucket man. Realizing that history makes but little mention of this doughty captain, and that honor has long been due him, *The Inquirer* and *Mirror* wrote to President Roosevelt, requesting that some measure of recognition be tendered Captain Inot on National Maritime Day. A reply came from the White House within three weeks time, which, in view of the fact that the President receives some six thousand letters a day, was very gratifying.

The *Inquirer* and *Mirror's* communication with the White House is as follows:

Nantucket Island, Mass.  
April 23rd, 1934.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt,  
The White House,  
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. President:

Under your proclamation of last year, the nation observed May 22d as National Maritime Day, commemorating the first crossing of the Atlantic Ocean in 1819 by the steamship "Savannah".

Captain Robert Inot, the "Savannah's" commander, was a Nantucket man. He had made a reputation for himself in sail long before he took the "Savannah" on her famous trip, being a packet and coasting skipper for many years. While on a voyage to the Gulf in 1825, he died at Tampico, and his body was brought back to his island home, where it now lies in an almost forgotten grave in the Old North burying ground.

Because we believe you will consider it fitting, we request that you delegate the Sons of the Revolution Chapter of Nantucket, as a capable organization, to hold appropriate exercises here on that day, and so acknowledge a debt which the Nation owes this Nantucket captain.

Yours very truly,  
The *Inquirer* and *Mirror*.

The reply is as follows:

The White House  
Washington.

May 7, 1934.

The *Inquirer* and *Mirror*,  
Nantucket Island, Mass.

Gentlemen:

This will acknowledge the receipt of your letter of April twenty-third, requesting that the President designate the Sons of the Revolution Chapter of Nantucket to hold appropriate exercises on National Maritime Day.

I am enclosing, for your information, copy of the proclamation which the President issued on May fourth, calling upon and urging the people of the United States to observe May twenty-second as National Maritime Day.

While it does not appear that the President has any expressed authority in law to make the designation you suggest, he feels the holding of the proposed exercises by your Organization is a fitting and laudable under-

taking, and that the Sons of the Revolution are to be commended for their civic and patriotic spirit in thus desiring to honor the memory of their countryman, Captain Inot.

Very sincerely yours,  
Louis McHenry Howe,  
Secretary to the President.

The Proclamation for the second National Maritime Day, issued by the President on May 4th, is as follows:

Whereas on May 22, 1819, the Steamship "The Savannah" sailed from Savannah, Georgia, on the first successful transoceanic voyage under steam propulsion, thus making a material contribution to the advancement of ocean transportation; and

Whereas the Congress by Joint Resolution of May 20, 1933, designated May 22 of each year as National Maritime Day and requested the President to issue annually a Proclamation calling upon the people of the United States to observe such National Maritime Day;

Now, Therefore, I, Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of the United States of America, do call upon and urge the people of the United States to observe May 22, 1934, as National Maritime Day by displaying the flag at their homes and other suitable places, and I hereby direct that Government officials display the flag on

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused my seal to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington this fourth day of May in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and thirty-four, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and fifty-eighth.

Franklin D. Roosevelt.

By the President:

Cordell Hull,  
Secretary of State.

1934

### OBITUARY.

PLASKETT.—Capt. Henry R. Plaskett one of the veteran Nantucket whaling captains, passed peacefully away at his home on Darling street last Tuesday morning, at the advanced age of 81 years. He had been failing in health for several years, and death was the result of no specific disease, but more especially from the gradual wearing out of the organs of vitality. Deceased was one of the sterling and busy men of the thriving days of the whalefishery and was very successful. Starting at the age of 12 years, he rose rapidly through various grades of promotion, and on his seventh voyage took command of ship *Milo*. His four following voyages were made as master of ships *Caroline*, *Rainbow*, *Thomas Dickason* and *Pioneer*. While in command of the *Caroline*, he achieved the wonderful record of twice filling the ship on the voyage. Soon after his retirement from the sea, he was appointed keeper of the government lightship on Cross Rip, remaining there about a decade, when he retired to private life. Capt. Plaskett was a man of quiet, unassuming manners, whole-souled and sympathetic, and some yet remain who sailed the seas with him, who do not forget the influence of his quiet authority in the management of his ships, which always brought cheer.

1893



# OBITUARY. 1893

**PLASKETT.**—Capt. Henry R. Plaskett one of the veteran Nantucket whaling captains, passed peacefully away at his home on Darling street last Tuesday morning, at the advanced age of 81 years. He had been failing in health for several years, and death was the result of no specific disease, but more especially from the gradual wearing out of the organs of vitality. Deceased was one of the sterling and busy men of the thriving days of the whalefishery and was very successful. Starting at the age of 12 years, he rose rapidly through various grades of promotion, and on his seventh voyage took command of ship Milo. His four following voyages were made as master of ships Caroline, Rainbow, Thomas Dickason and Pioneer. While in command of the Caroline, he achieved the wonderful record of twice filling the ship on the voyage. Soon after his retirement from the sea, he was appointed keeper of the government lightship on Cross Rip, remaining there about a decade, when he retired to private life. Capt. Plaskett was a man of quiet, unassuming manners, whole-souled and sympathetic, and some yet remain who sailed the seas with him, who do not forget the influence of his quiet authority in the management of his ships, which always brought cheerful, faithful service from those under him. He was the oldest member of the Pacific Club, whose original ranks have been so greatly decimated that but four master mariners of the old school are now recorded on the roster of that institution. Capt. Plaskett leaves a widow and one daughter (Mrs. H. U. Bennett). Funeral services were held at his late residence Thursday forenoon, and his remains were interred at Prospect Hill cemetery.

# OBITUARY. 1894

**Mrs. Abbie Hickmott**, widow of the well-known Arctic seaman, Captain Hickmott, died on the 11th inst. at a hospital in Oakland Cal. Capt. Hickmott went on five whaling voyages to the Arctic with her husband, and two of the ships she sailed in were wrecked in the ice and had to be abandoned. In both of these wreck the woman nearly lost her life. At another time a tremendous storm was encountered at Fox island and the ship disabled so that the voyage was greatly delayed. Food allowances became very limited, and when the starving point seemed near Mrs. Hickmott prepared to give a dose of land-anum to her little daughter Mattie, now a young lady of Oakland, as soon as it became certain that the people aboard the ship must perish. Captain Hickmott died six years ago. It was supposed that he left a fortune of \$40,000, but after his death it was found that little would be realized out of some unfortunate land speculations that he made, and his widow died almost penniless. Mrs. Hickmott was a daughter of the late Charles Brack of this town.

**SUDDEN DEATH.**—Our community experienced a shock on Thursday morning, from the announcement of the sudden, almost instantaneous death of one of our most highly-esteemed and useful citizens, Capt. Charles W. Hussey. He had been down street in the morning, apparently in his usual health, though we learn that he has been suffering for some time past from an affection of the heart, and sank down and died almost at the very door of his own residence on Trader's lane. He was about 65 years of age, a man of powerful physique, and apparently vigorous for his years, so that the announcement was a surprise to all. Capt. Hussey was a representative of the class of sturdy seamen who flourished in the days of our island's prime, and the greater portion of his life was spent on the ocean. More than thirty years ago he commanded the bark Emma, of New Bedford, and subsequently made several whaling voyages from this port, first in the schooner Watchman, and afterwards in the bark R. L. Barstow, retiring from the sea in 1868. He has been for several years a member of the Board of Assessors, holding that office at the time of his death, and was noted for his sturdy integrity and conscientiousness in the line of his duty, whether in a public or private capacity. His impulsive, off-hand manner covered a heart full of kindness, and his attachments to those whom he esteemed were especially warm and permanent. He leaves a widow and one son, the latter grown to manhood and residing in a western state. 11/13-1880



## The Whalemens of Nantucket and Their South Sea Island Discoveries.

1945

By EDOUARD A. STACKPOLE.

12/15/191

With the great war but recently ended, and the events of the Pacific struggle so fresh in the minds of all Americans, it is fitting that something of the background of Nantucket history in the South Seas be recalled. It is apparent that our nation intends to retain possession of the Pacific island bases which were won by the courageous action of American fighting men. Yet, one of the great ironies of our times is that much of the area in the South Seas which our armed forces re-took from Japan could have easily been under American control, because the voyages of the American whalemens of a century ago gave the United States ample rights in claiming it.

When the early history of America in the Pacific is recorded, the part played by the Nantucket whalemens will occupy many pages. The whalemens from New England gave their country a heritage of exploration and discovery in the South Seas which this nation literally tossed away. Led by the sea-nimrods from Nantucket, these Yankee whalers made the Central and Southwest Pacific so well known that Johnson, the famous British cartographer, called a large portion of the Central Pacific "American Polynesia." After years of petitioning, the merchants of Nantucket and New Bedford finally prodded Congress into action and an exploring expedition, under Lieut. Charles Wilkes, from 1838 and 1841, cruised among the Fijis, Ellice, Phoenix, Gilbert, Marshall and Hawaiian groups—substantiating claims of whaling captains and charting much of the area. But this nation never followed up this excellent voyage. Instead, we let drop our advantage and let other nations gain control of "American Polynesia," salvaging only the Hawaiian group. The British and French and later the Germans took over regions which, for years, had been the scene of American whaling. To climax, the Japanese were given rights to the Carolines and Marianas following the First World War.

The public interest in our western lands, the Mexican War, the discovery of gold in California, and the development of the Oregon territory, "took the play" away from our maritime investments in Pacific whaling, and Civil War troubles completely submerged the issue of South Sea island mandates. During the agitation over the accession of the Hawaiian islands, and the Spanish War excitement, there was a brief revival of interest in the Pacific claims, but it was short-lived and died away with the Congressional rumblings over "imperialism."

During the controversy with Great Britain in 1938 over certain islands which made ideal bases for the trans-Pacific air route, world attention became focused on these little dots in Central Pacific. It was realized by Navy men that these isolated islands also comprised the outer fringe of our frontier of defense. Then came the Japanese attacks and the subsequent glorious record of American fighting men in the South Seas. With the peace came the welcome pronouncement that we intend to keep what has been won in the Pacific.

\* \* \* \* \*

The saga of America in the Pacific began on the Atlantic seaboard, when the trading ships of New York, Boston and Salem and the whalemens from Nantucket rounded the "Horn." But it was the whalerman who was the real explorer. Since 1720 the Nantucket whalemens had been the pioneers in deep-sea whaling, leading the vessels from other ports and discovering new whaling grounds. It was only natural to find them rounding grim Cape Horn in 1791 and discovering new regions in the great South Seas where the great sperm whale led the way. True, Captain Shields, of the *Amelia* from London, had first sailed into the Pacific, but it was Archealus Hammond, his mate, who had "fastened" to the first sperm taken there—*Harmony*, out of Dunkirk. And so was Captain David Starbuck, in the *Capt. Paul Worth* in the ship *Beaver*, of Nantucket, became the first American whaling master to take his ship into the Pacific.

The story of the whalemens in the South Seas which followed reads with the fascination of fictionized adventure. Capt. Bunker in the *Washington*, Capt. Paul West in the *Cyrus*, Capt. Elisha Folger in the *Equator*, and Capt. Joseph Allen in the *Maro*, brought back full cargo and valued knowledge. Soon the Nantucket ships were poking their bluff bows into unknown regions of the tremendous ocean, discovering new islands, re-locating as many more, and charting little known regions. Such adventures were not experienced without tragedy. The sinking of the *Essex* by a whale, the mutiny on the *Globe*, the massacre of the crew of the *Oeno*, wrecked on the Fijis, the disappearance of the *Reaper* and the *Lady Adams*—all form bits of the grotesque pattern in the picture; all make a story in themselves.



Captain Joshua Coffin in the *Ganges* made a number of remarkable cruises from 1821 to 1825, discovering several islands in the Phoenix Group—Gardners Island (named by him for the owner of the ship, Paul Gardner), in  $4^{\circ} 30'$  South Latitude and  $174^{\circ} 40'$  West Longitude, being the principal discovery. He also discovered Coffin's Island in the Kermadec Group, north of New Zealand. In Latitude  $10^{\circ} 25'$  South and Longitude  $160^{\circ} 45'$  West, Captain Coffin came upon two islands, which he named Great and Little Ganges Islands. Today they are known as Rierson's and Humphrey's islands. The Nantucket shipmaster found the islands "well-wooded but inhabited by war-like savages." Capt. Coffin reported his discoveries in August, 1825, upon returning home. In 1827, Capt. Alexander Macy, while cruising in the ship *Peruvian* south of "the Line," came upon Captain Coffin's Great Ganges Island, "the land bearing west-southwest, 12 miles distant. On following day saw two islands... with valleys intervening. The islands well-wooded. A canoe with five natives of large stature and ferocious countenance, well armed with spears and clubs, came under our stern. Many other canoes were seen to leeward, paddling to intercept the ship.... Capt. Macy made all sail off-shore."

During the year 1822, Capt. George Barrett, in the ship *Independence*, discovered an island in the Ellice Group (Lat.  $9^{\circ} 18'$  S., Long.  $179^{\circ} 45'$  E.), which he named Mitchell's Island in honor of Aaron Mitchell, owner of the ship. Capt. Barrett later discovered Rocky Island, in Latitude  $10^{\circ} 45'$  South and Longitude  $179^{\circ} 28'$  East.

Capt. Elihu Coffin, in the ship *Mary Mitchell*, in the year 1835, reported the discovery of an island in  $11^{\circ} 30'$  South Latitude and  $165^{\circ} 35'$  West Longitude, which he named Mitchell's island—the second island bearing that name in the South Seas.

Capt. William Worth was one of Nantucket's finest shipmasters. As a boy he served with Porter on the *Essex*. Between the years 1821

and 1841 he made six voyages whaling—three in the ship *Rambler* and three in the *Howard*. In 1823, while in the *Rambler*, he discovered Worth's Islands in Lat.  $8^{\circ} 43'$  North and Long.  $151^{\circ} 30'$  East; Tuck's Island, in Lat.  $17^{\circ}$  North, Long.  $155^{\circ} 9'$  East; also dangerous reefs in the northern Solomons, which he named Rambler Reefs and Sail Rocks. Capt. Shubael Chase, in the ship *Japan* in 1827-28, discovered islands he named Bird's Dundas, Chase and Lincoln—the latter after his mate, John Lincoln. These islands are in the Gilberts and are now called Apemana, Aranuka, Tamana and Onvatoa islands. In 1828, Capt. William Plaskett, in the *Independence*, discovered Parker's island, now called Nononti, in the Gilberts. Oeno island in the South Pacific, just north of Pitcairn, was discovered by Capt. George Worth in the ship *Oeno* in 1823. This was reported in the Nov. 25, 1826, issue of *The Inquirer*. The *Oeno* was lost on her next voyage, being wrecked on Turtle Island in the Fijis, and her crew massacred. There was one survivor reported—William S. Cary—who was rescued from native slavery by a fellow Nantucketer named David Whippey, then a resident of Ambow who had settled in the Fijis after having married the daughter of a native chief. Whippey never came back home, but became an American consul at the main island. Cary returned nine years later. There is some evidence that a boy named Coffin also escaped the massacre and made his way to the Tonga Islands, but he was never located by Nantucket whaling masters in these islands.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nantucket men, in command of vessels from other ports, had their share in discoveries, also. In 1808, Captain Mayhew Folger, of the *Topaz* out of Boston, discovered the sons and daughters of the mutineers of the *Bounty* on Pitcairn Island, and the lone surviving mutineer, Alexander Smith, was induced to change his name to John Adams by Capt. Folger. Captain Frederick Coffin in the British ship *Syren*, and Captain Joseph Allen in the Nantucket whaler *Maro*, led the whalers into the great sperm grounds known as the "Japan Grounds," and both Nantucket captains cruised among the Marianas and Carolines, as well. In 1824, Capt. James J. Coffin, of Nantucket, while in command of the British whaler *Transit*, discovered a group of islands north of the Marianas which he named Fisher, Kidd, South and Pigeon islands. Today they are known as the Bonin Islands.

Capt. Ebor Bunker, of Nantucket, was one of the pioneers of the whaling industry in Australia. In command of the British ships *Albion* and *William and Ann*, he made some great voyages, discovering Bunker's Islands, in the course of one cruise, off the east coast of "New Holland," the early name for Australia. The first American whaler at Timor, was the *Minerva*, Capt. Moses Bunker, of Nantucket. Probably the first woman to accompany her husband on a whaling voyage was Mary Hayden Russell who went with Capt. Russell on the British whaler *Emily*. Both principals were members of Nantucket families who had gone to England shortly after the Revolution. The *Emily* sailed in January, 1823, and returned in 1825.



Perhaps the most famous of these ocean-going wives was Mrs. Nancy Wyer Grant, who sailed with her husband, Capt. Charles Grant—one of the greatest of Nantucket's whaling masters. Three children were born to Mrs. Grant during her more than twenty-five years of sailing on her husband's ships. Her son Charles was born at Pitcairn, her daughter at Norfolk Island, and another son, George, at Samoa. George Grant came aboard the *Mohawk* while only a few weeks old, spent over a quarter of a century on whaling and merchant ships, and retired to enter the life-saving service on Nantucket. He ended his days as the Custodian of the Whaling Museum.

One of the sturdiest of that amazing group of Nantucket whaling masters was Captain Obed Starbuck. Born in 1797, he went to sea at an early age, rounding Cape Horn before the War of 1812 broke out. When the new ship *Hero* sailed in 1819, Obed Starbuck was her first officer—his second voyage in her. While off the island of St. Mary's, the *Hero* was captured by some Chilean pirates and Capt. Russell and the ship's boy were killed. Obed Starbuck, in the dark of midnight, retook the ship and sailed her to Valparaiso. The owners rewarded him with the command of the *Hero*. He made a number of remarkable voyages in this ship.

On Sept. 5, 1823, the ship *Hero* approached an island not laid down on any chart. A whaler on board wrote: "We made an attempt to land on the west side, but at this place it was inaccessible on account of rocks. As it is indented with bays there are no doubt places where boats could land. We made but one attempt, through curiosity.....its situation is such that if soon made known may save the lives of thousands of seamen." The island was named "Starbuck's Island," after its discoverer. It is situated north of the Society group and west of the Marquesas. A Bishop Museum Bulletin, written by Kenneth P. Emory in 1834, claimed the island was discovered by Captain Starbuck in the British whaleship *L'Aigle* in December, 1823, and sighted by Captain Byron in 1825. However, the claim of Nantucket's Captain Obed Starbuck can be substantiated by records. Oddly enough, the first ship wrecked on Starbuck's Island was a Nantucket craft, the old *Independence*, under Capt. Isaac Brayton, in 1835, and the crew was marooned for several months before being rescued by another whaler.

Capt. Starbuck took command of the new ship *Loper* for his next voyage. This was a record trip to the South Seas and return, the ship being absent but a year and eight months. He returned from his second voyage, having been absent but a year and six months, and on his third voyage he established a record never since equaled—the total voyage consuming but a year, 3 month, 22 days, bringing in a cargo of 2270 bbls. of sperm oil. It was during these three remarkable voyages in the *Loper* that Capt. Starbuck made a number of other South Sea island discoveries. Besides Starbuck's island in 1822, he discovered "New Nantucket," in longitude 176° 20' west and latitude 1° 19' north, (now called Baker's island), in 1825; Starbuck's Group, now called Pitts, in the Gilbert Group, in 1825; Tracy and Loper islands in the Ellice Group in 1826; and Granger island in the Marianas in 1825. He reported his discoveries on November 25, 1826.

Possessed of a remarkable energy, Capt. Starbuck continued his whaling career until 1843, when he retired after a voyage in the ship *Zone*. He had erected in 1830 a large mansion on Fair street (now known as the Ship's Inn) where he lived for half a century, passing in 1883 at the age of 86. As a public-spirited citizen of his native town he was admired and respected. An intimate friend wrote: "He has been a marked man among us for a long period, and lived in times that called out all the points and developed all that wonderful energy so much needed in trying times." Such a description of character amply fits all of those South Sea mariners out of Nantucket in the days when they were the pioneer whalers in the distant Pacific.

Captain Benjamin Worth had an extraordinary career. He spent forty-one years at sea, during which time he made 34 voyages—the time home between voyages totalling only 6 years. His voyages included eight to the Pacific Ocean, 1 to the Northwest Coast of North America, 4 to the Coast of Guinea, 5 to the Brazil Banks, 1 to the West Indies, 1 to the Grand Banks, 2 to Canton, China, 1 to the Grand Banks and 1 to London. He sailed 879,960 miles, passed Cape Horn sixteen times and Good Hope twice, visited all parts of the Pacific, and touched the coasts of all the continents. He brought home 19,000 bbls. of sperm oil—and never lost a man!



Perhaps the strangest career was that of Capt. Laban Coffin. At the aged of 14 he was on board the *Congress*, out of the old home port. He was put on shore at St. Mary's, Chile, when he was pronounced dying from lung fever. He recovered and eventually sailed on clipper ships, notably the *Flying Cloud*. Later, he became a ship chandler in Hong Kong, a business in which he prospered. He brought the first Chinese acrobatic troupe to America, and, while in this country again, became a U. S. Land official in Oregon. Restless, he moved to Independence, Kansas, then to Baker City, then to Dallas, Texas. In 1877 he went to Yokohama, Japan, as American Vice Consul, but soon resigned to enter the tea business, accumulating a fortune.

In the Hawaiian Islands, Capt. Joseph Allen in the *Maro*, in 1821 discovered Allen's or Maro Reef in Lat. 25° 31' North, Long. 170° 20' West. He also found Gardner's Reef in this same locality. In this same region of the South Seas is "Two Brother's Reef," a melancholy monument to the loss of the second ship commanded by the ill-fated Capt. George Pollard, who had previously lost the *Essex*.

A large and entertaining volume could be written on the whaling masters of old Nantucket, from the days of Capt. Nat Hussey and his capture of the first sperm, to Paul Worth's rounding the Horn in 1791, from Capt. Sylvester Hodges voyage in a 60-ft. schooner to the South Shetlands in 1821, to Captain William Swain who commanded Japanese liners in 1921. It would include Capt. Reuben Clasby, who brought the first missionaries to the Hawaiian Islands in 1820; Capt. Frederick Swain, who made most of his voyages in London ships; Capt. Alexander Drew who killed his second officer on board the *John Jay* while in a fit of delirium tremens; Capt. Edward Barnard, who sought in vain to get Congress to dispatch a naval vessel to the rescue of his crew, captured by Pellew Island natives after his ship, the *Mentor*, had been wrecked—and many others. What a grand volume such adventurous lives would create.

\* \* \* \* \*

There were men who led quiet lives—both afloat and ashore—like Capt. Charles B. Ray, who was one of six brothers to go to sea. His first command was the ship *Forester*, of Dartmouth, then he took out the *Wade*, the *Forester* (second voyage in this ship), the *Russell* and the *Swan*, all of Dartmouth. While returning from his second voyage in the *Forester* in 1841, he lost his ship on Montauk Point—almost in sight of home. Retiring in 1850, he began making baskets, a trade he pursued until his death in 1884. His son, Mitchell Ray, is carrying on the trade his father launched 95 years ago—and in the same location on Starbuck's Court.

Capt. Albert Wood, of India street, Nantucket, was the only man known to have been caught in a sperm whale's jaw and survive to tell the story. While first officer of the ship *Ploughboy*, of New Bedford in 1844, he was in the bow of a boat lancing a sperm whale when the creature caught the boat in its great jaw and crushed it like an egg-shell. Capt. Wood, by some miracle, was thrown free, and, badly hurt, was picked up by another boat. He bore the scars of the whale's teeth across his abdomen and leg. The whale was soon after killed and Capt. Wood brought some of the teeth home as rather grisly mementoes of his narrow escape. After a varied experience at sea, Capt. Wood went to China, where he lived a number of years before returning to his home on India street to enjoy many years of retirement.

\* \* \* \* \*

Among the dangers of whaling was that of being "drawn under" by a whale while the creature towed the boat at a furious pace. One Nantucket to meet this fate was Capt. John Pinkham, while in command of the *Swift*, of New Bedford in 1833. Capt. Seth Myrick and a boat's crew from the ship *John Adams*, of Nantucket, disappeared while in tow of a bull whale—none was ever found again.

While the ships *Planter* and *Edward Cary*, of Nantucket were cruising off French Rock in April, 1856, boats lowered and fastened to six whales in a school. Before the morning was done, two boats had been stove and 7 lines, and 20 harpoons and lances were lost. Often boats would spend entire days in fruitless pursuit of whales "going fast to windward," the crews going on board at nightfall, "weary and sore."

There would be Captain George Pollard, who lost two ships; Capt. Isaac Hussey, the victim of two mutinies, the last ending with his death; Capt. George Beebe, who charted channels in the Celebes Sea; Capt. Charles Morey, who instructed his wife how to take a fatal dose of laudanum in case his ship, trapped in the Arctic ice, should eventually be crushed; and Capt. Obed Fitch, who could bring a full-rigged ship about single-handed. It would tell of Capt. Frederick Arthur, at Pitcairn Island in 1822, writing of this almost unknown hide-away of the *Bounty* mutineers: "More than thirty years have



elapsed since the *Bounty* was burned here....but I saw her copper boilers, her iron vice, a number of books ( some of which were presented to me.) I spoke with the son of Fletcher Christian."

On Sunday, Dec. 19, 1824, Capt. Thomas Gardner recorded in the log-book of the Nantucket whaleship *Maria*, the following: "At 4:40 p. m., saw low land to the Southeast, three leagues. Tacked ship to ENE, at midnight stood SSW. At 8 a. m. saw land again. It appeared a small island, 6 to 8 miles in length, 3 miles across. Very low. Lat.  $21^{\circ} 45'$  South, Longitude  $155^{\circ} 10'$  West. Called it *Maria Island*." This island is northeast of the Cook Group. On some maps it is also called "*Hull Island*," a name given it some years after Capt. Gardner first discovered it.

Capt. Richard Macy in the *Maro*, in August, 1824, wrote: "After spending a few weeks in this vicinity [south of the Fijis] I think I will cruise north 'on Japan,' for a few months." Thus, in a few words, disposing of a journey of thousands of miles through uncharted reaches of the greatest of all oceans. Such men brought undying fame and glory to their native island and to their country.



## The Life and Death of Capt. Paul B. Macy. 1893

At a regular monthly meeting of the Marine Temperance Society of the port of New York, held in the Mariner's Church, January 5th, 1875, the following resolutions were offered and remarks made by Capt. Charles F. Swain, Vice-president of the Society. The resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, in the dispensation of divine Providence, our brother, Captain Paul B. Macy, one of the vice-presidents of this, the Marine Temperance Society of the port of New York, has by death been removed from amongst us; therefore

*Resolved*, That we deeply regret his death, as he was one of the oldest, most active and efficient members of the society, always employing his time and using his best efforts in persuading seamen and others to abstain from the use of intoxicating drinks, and to seek an interest in the Kingdom of Heaven.

*Resolved*, That in the life and character of Capt. Macy we recognize much to be admired and patterned after, as he was pure in heart, upright and honest in action, firm in friendship, faithful in labor and strong in love for his fellow creatures, and especially so for seamen.

*Resolved*, That the officers and members of this society will hold in sweet remembrance the life and labors of their deceased brother, that they sympathize with his children and friends in their bereavement, that these resolutions be entered on the minutes of the society and a copy of them, signed by the officers, be delivered to the family.

*Remarks.* It is becoming in me on this occasion to offer these resolutions, and with them a few remarks, because I have known the deceased brother longer and more intimately than any other member of this society. Capt. Macy and myself were boys together, and more than half a century ago we were shipmates at sea. We have lived years together on the ocean, and with each other have encountered its storms and endured its hardships. When belonging to different vessels, we have often met in foreign ports. We have parted on one side of the world to meet on the other side. Our partings were always with regret, our meetings of joy and gladness. In foreign lands I've seen him nursing the sick and with him I have stood at the bedside of the dying. His was a heart of love and sympathy, and his greatest desire was to be good himself and do good to others. He was a man of noble impulses and of generous actions, living and dying with a clear conscience and an unspotted reputation. He was never known at sea or on shore to use profane language; and well may I, his earliest and oldest shipmate and constant companion, hold up his life and character as bright examples for others to follow. Our friendship was formed in early youth, and has been strengthened and cemented through a lengthened period of the closest intimacy, in which we have been bound together by every tie that can bind man to man, including that of ocean brotherhood; and such we were by choice and adoption, till the connection was broken by death. Over fifty years ago I was one of a boat's crew that rescued brother Macy and four others from drowning in the South Atlantic ocean; and only a few days since I was one of the pall-bearers at his funeral. Scenes that we have witnessed together, and actions in which we have been united during the last half century, are crowding themselves on my memory without order or arrangement; then think it not strange if I am the subject of contending emotions. Our brother has been relieved from his duties and released from his suffering. Peace, eternal peace and rest be his reward. His love will be embalmed in our hearts, and sweet will be our remembrance of him. Full of years and honors, freighted with a christian's cargo, and accompanied by the prayers and benedictions of his friends, he has sailed for a better land, where he will welcome all that he had loved on earth, and from whom for a time he has been separated. Hail and farewell to our beloved and departed brother.

[Captain Paul B. Macy was born in Hudson, N. Y. His people were from Nantucket. He came to the island when young, learned a cooper's trade, made one voyage whaling from New Bedford, married here, commanded ships from New York and one time the schooner "Palestine," from this port. He will be favorably remembered by elderly people.

—E.D.]

## OBITUARY. 1890

MACY.—The sad news of the death of Capt. Francis H. Macy, which occurred at Jaluit, Marshall Islands, Pacific Ocean, reached here Tuesday. It was but a few years since that Capt. Macy left here, full of the earnestness of young manhood, for the Pacific slope, where he remained only a brief time, for voyages in earlier life had given him a taste for the sea, and he went to the Marshall Islands, where he rose to the command of a trading schooner, making trips among the islands, and subsequently was placed in charge of one of the posts. Recent letters had intimated that he should remain there only a little while longer, and then return home; but the fatal disease cut him off in the prime of his young manhood. Capt. Macy was highly esteemed at home here for excellent traits of character, and his family will have the sympathy of the community. The regard in which he was held at "the islands" is bespoken by the following letters to his father, Mr Alexander Macy, now resident at San Jose, Cal.:

JALUIT, MARSHALL ISLAND, AUG. 24th, 1890.  
MR. ALEXANDER MACY, 334 So. First street,  
San Jose, Cal.

Dear Sir:

Most reluctantly I assume the duty of informing you of the death of your son, Capt. Francis H. Macy, which occurred at my house in this place on the 11th inst, at 9.45 a. m. He came here from Mejuero, his place of business, on June 17th, complaining of some internal disarrangement, and of taking, or having taken a severe cold on the voyage, and within a day or two his complaint resulted in dysentery, from which disease he died, after suffering for a period of 21 days. I beg to assure you that all possible aid obtainable in this place was rendered to him, but no medicine appeared to have any favorable effect, most probably for the reason that he had just previously to his departure from Mejuero been suffering from the same trouble, and taking cold on the voyage, suffered a relapse, which resulted fatally. Begging you to excuse me for the rough manner in which I impart this most painful news to you, I will add that the citizens of this place showed much sympathy, and that all foreigners joined in paying him their last respects at the burial. In life he was much thought of by all residents of these islands. With much sympathy, believe me yours most respectfully,

C. H. INGALLS.

JALUIT, MARSHALL ISLAND, AUG. 24th, 1890.  
ALEXANDER MACY, Esq., 334 South street,  
San Jose, Cal.

Dear Sir:

We have the painful duty to inform you of the decease of your son, Francis H. Macy, who died at this place on the 11th inst, of dysentery. We have been in business connection with your late son for several years, as you may be aware, he having charge of one of our trading stations at the Island of Mejuero. In June Capt. F. H. Macy arrived here, in order to make some new arrangement with us about his position, which to our utmost regret never came to a conclusion. Capt. Macy was weak then from suffering at that dreaded disease. The most careful attentions could not save poor Capt. Macy. We beg to offer our most sincere condolence with the loss which you and your family have to bear.

We are authorized to inform you that a number of friends of your late son have expressed their intention to erect a tombstone to his memory at the graveyard of this island. We remain dear sir, yours most respectfully,

HAUPT—AGENHER,  
JALUIT—GESDERELLSCHAFT.



SEPTEMBER 7, 1946.

### Nathan Manter Was "A Captain Courageous."

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Reading in one of Alliston Greene's recent "memories" of the debarkation of a wan and weary group of passengers from the old "Island Home" on a mid-winter Sunday morning many years ago, reminds me that a yarn, like a piece of string, has both a beginning and an end. His description cannot have been over-drawn, and his pen picture of Capt. Manter was letter perfect. The whole yarn is of interest. It seems that on the preceding Saturday the "Island Home" left Woods Hole at about 4:30 with nothing more eventful in prospect than a trip home beneath clear skies and a brisk easterly wind. The little steamer made her scheduled stop at Oak Bluffs and started for the home port about on time.

But scarcely had she left Cape Pogue on her starboard quarter than she was struck by a terrific gale from the northeast, accompanied with sleet and snow, and with the seas rolling in from the Atlantic the "traditionally" "mountain high". Captain Manter could have spelled fear, but I doubt if he could have defined it from knowledge, but with darkness shutting down and Tuckernuck Shoals to run, he considered wisdom the better part of valor, and, rather than take risks, dropped his two anchors, and determined to ride out the gale. The little boat was tossed around like the proverbial empty egg shell in the Niagara rapids, and a bad time was had by all.

Among the passengers was the Rev. Daniel Round of the Summer Street Baptist Church, and the good dominie early in the evening started a prayer meeting in the little cabin. Doubtless both before and since he had had larger attendances, but never, I am sure, a more earnest and sincere gathering. From time to time, Captain Manter, as if in answer to prayer, would stroll through the little cabin, with a twinkle of the eye here, a smile there, and a pleasant word elsewhere—and morale would appreciably rise, when he had climbed the stairs to take his place in the wheelhouse.

I doubt if Nathan Manter ever read "The Wreck of the Hesperus", but if he did he must have hurled the book across the room when he read Longfellow's line:

"We are lost!" the captain shouted, as he staggered down the stairs."

Nantucket skippers were taught that so long as two planks remained fastened together they were still in command of a ship, and had one of them commanded the "Hesperus" he would have fought disaster to the very end, and perhaps his little daughter might have matured to marry a Nantucket sea-dog and become the mother of a breed of men who could look danger and death right in the face without batting an eye. But Captain

Manter was too busy seeing to it that he had a full head of steam in his boilers and that his anchors were not dragging, to spare time running about his boat yelping that "all is lost".

When dawn came, with a more favorable tide, he had the anchors raised and headed for home in tumultuous seas. When he got to the bar he found it boiling, but the Captain knew the Nantucket bar as intimately as though he had fashioned it with his own hands, and soon he had the "Island Home's" bow in the mathematical center of the channel, and she bumped over into relatively smooth water—the danger passed.

Early that Sunday morning Billy Clark was in the tower scanning the sound for possible wrecks when he spied the steamer headed toward the bar, and making heavy weather of it. Billy "seen his duty and he done it"; at once he dashed to Captain Manter's home in an apartment on the lower floor of the one my family occupied, and, never a master of understatement, burst open the door and yelled to Miss Emily, the Captain's daughter, who made the home for him, that "the 'Island Home' is drifting around back of the bar, bottom up."

The good woman, a spinster in her middle years, at once went off into hysterics, and I notified my dear little grandmother, who at once pattered down to the rescue. My part was to run up and down stairs for the homely restoratives as suggested themselves. It was a case of fainting spells and screams, and when shortly the "Island Home's" cheery whistle sounded as she rounded Brant Point, Miss Manter, realizing how closely integrated were the "Island Home" and her doughty captain, chose to interpret the sound as a call from Heaven to the effect that the pilot was safely harbored.

Not until half an hour later, when Captain Manter opened the door demanding breakfast and a glass of cold water (he never touched liquor, tea or coffee), was peace restored. For some time William D. Clark was persona non grata in that household.

And that, Alliston, explains why I was not "down to the boat", which is perhaps as well, since I probably would have fallen overboard, and added to what was always described as a difficult mooring.

Arthur C. Wyer,  
Delhi, N. Y.



# Nantucket Descryptograms 1938

Arranged by Miss Helen C. McCleary

[Note—In perusing the answers sent by Miss McCleary, which are printed below, we noticed that there are two mistakes in the middle initials. No. 83 should read John P. Conway. No. 97 should read John S. Grouard. In spite of the fact that the middle initials in these two cases may have been misleading to some, others inserted the correct names.—Ed.]

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|-------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. A Genial Banker .....            | 1. Albert G. Brock.              |
| 2. Funds Well Reckoned .....        | 2. Frank W. Ramsdell.            |
| 3. Great Botanical Girl .....       | 3. Grace B. Gardner.             |
| 4. Humorous Busy Typographer ..     | 4. Harry B. Turner.              |
| 5. Evolves Adventure Stories ....   | 5. Edouard A. Stackpole.         |
| 6. A Gentle Flatterer .....         | 6. Anna G. Fish.                 |
| 7. Politely Asks Money .....        | 7. Phillip A. Myrick.            |
| 8. Merry Ways .....                 | 8. Max Wagner.                   |
| 9. An Evident Belle .....           | 9. Agnes E. Bettridge.           |
| 10. Military High Boss .....        | 10. Gen. Malvern-Hill Barnum.    |
| 11. Audits Cash .....               | 11. Alcon Chadwick.              |
| 12. Most Hearty Booster .....       | 12. Mildred H. Brooks.           |
| 13. Good Cash Register .....        | 13. George C. Rule.              |
| 14. Cheerful Engaging Chirurgeon    | 14. Charles E. Congdon, M. D.    |
| 15. Measures Heavens.....           | 15. Margaret Harwood.            |
| 16. Represents State Business ....  | 16. Hon. Robert S. Backus.       |
| 17. Wannacomet Faucet Company       | 17. William F. Codd.             |
| 18. Appraises Antique Furniture..   | 18. Annie Alden Folger.          |
| 19. Clever American Scrivener ...   | 19. Charles A. Selden.           |
| 20. O, Dentist, Wait .....          | 20. Oliver D. Wescott, D. M. D.  |
| 21. Nicely Stores Antiques .....    | 21. Nancy S. Adams.              |
| 22. Right Good Chemist .....        | 22. Reuben G. Coffin.            |
| 23. Figures Vital Facts .....       | 23. Fred V. Fuller.              |
| 24. Attends Many Banquets .....     | 24. Alice M. Bunker.             |
| 25. He Booms Calisthenics .....     | 25. Henry B. Coleman.            |
| 26. Evens Public Thoroughfares ..   | 26. Edward P. Tice.              |
| 27. Is Most Loquacious .....        | 27. Isabel M. Lehmeier.          |
| 28. Founded Dandy Building .....    | 28. Rev. Fred D. Bennett.        |
| 29. Wary Little Man .....           | 29. William L. Mather.           |
| 30. Miniature Edition Typo .....    | 30. Merle E. Turner.             |
| 31. Pipes Melancholy Hymns .....    | 31. Peter M. Hussey.             |
| 32. Always Fearfully Shy .....      | 32. Alfred F. Shurrocks.         |
| 33. Excellent Caroller .....        | 33. Emma Cook.                   |
| 34. Willingly Helps Alice .....     | 34. Walton H. Adams.             |
| 35. Bears Collection-Plate .....    | 35. B. Chester Pease.            |
| 36. Music Hath Charms .....         | 36. May H. Congdon.              |
| 37. Jerseys Hold Blue-ribbon .....  | 37. John H. Bartlett.            |
| 38. Walt's Wonder Cakes .....       | 38. Walter W. Cady.              |
| 39. Canny Saleswoman .....          | 39. Cora Stevens.                |
| 40. True Honest Gentleman .....     | 40. Thomas H. Giffin.            |
| 41. Readily Installs Bathtubs ..... | 41. Ralph I. Bartlett.           |
| 42. Efficient Charity Aide .....    | 42. Ethel C. Austin.             |
| 43. Gallied A Grampus .....         | 43. George A. Grant.             |
| 44. Oyster-Knife Champion .....     | 44. Orin K. Coffin.              |
| 45. Clever Jocose Lines .....       | 45. Carrie J. Long.              |
| 46. Achievement With Stage .....    | 46. Austin W. Strong.            |
| 47. Fighting Bravely .....          | 47. Frank Barnard.               |
| 48. Alert Girl Calculator .....     | 48. Alice G. Cahoon.             |
| 49. Custodian Traditional Mansion   | 49. Clinton T. Macy.             |
| 50. Injures Expect Wisdom .....     | 50. Hon. Joseph E. Warner.       |
| 51. An Efficient Recorder .....     | 51. Alice E. Roberts.            |
| 52. Joined Historic War .....       | 52. James H. Wood.               |
| 53. Leisurely Jovial Promoter ....  | 53. Col. Louis J. Praeger.       |
| 54. Greets Everyone Heartily ....   | 54. Grace E. Huttaff.            |
| 55. Wildly Jangled Bells!!! .....   | 55. Fire-Chief William J. Blair. |
| 56. Adjusts Carbon Lights .....     | 56. Augustus C. Lake.            |
| 57. Zealous For Botany .....        | 57. Zetta F. Boyer.              |
| 58. Earnest Worthy Preacher .....   | 58. Rev. Evarts W. Pond.         |
| 59. Words Chary .....               | 59. Walter Coffin.               |
| 60. Ever Blooming Rose .....        | 60. Emily B. Robinson.           |
| 61. Has Exercise Singing .....      | 61. Harry E. Smith.              |
| 62. Helps Provide Salaries .....    | 62. Herbert P. Smith.            |
| 63. Obvious Musical Ability .....   | 63. Olive M. Allen.              |
| 64. Wing's Hustler .....            | 64. William Hall.                |
| 65. A Clever Wag .....              | 65. Arthur C. Wyer.              |



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|-------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 66. Impetuous Cordial Greeting ...  | 66. Isabel C. Gibbs.               |
| 67. Fiddles Happy Tunes .....       | 67. Frank H. Thurston.             |
| 68. Nervously Polices Gangway ...   | 68. Norman P. Giffin.              |
| 69. Long Remembered Hostess ...     | 69. Lucinda R. Handy.              |
| 70. Looks For Malefactors .....     | 70. Pol.-Chief Lawrence F. Mooney. |
| 71. Ever Handy Medico .....         | 71. Ernest H. Menges, M. D.        |
| 72. Catalogues Publication .....    | 72. Clara Parker.                  |
| 73. Often Employs Quicklime ....    | 73. Oscar E. Quigley.              |
| 74. Weather-Proofs Houses .....     | 74. Willard P. Hardy.              |
| 75. Annually Exhibits Bears .....   | 75. Alma E. Backus.                |
| 76. Jerks Hempen Gamut .....        | 76. Jay H. Gibbs (or James H.).    |
| 77. Solemn Letter-Thrower .....     | 77. S. Leo Thurston.               |
| 78. Grand Little Wharf-agent ....   | 78. Georgie L. Walling.            |
| 79. Easy Road Transportation ....   | 79. Ernest R. Terry.               |
| 80. Writes Authorized Forms .....   | 80. Wesley A. Fordyce.             |
| 81. Librarian Science Folios .....  | 81. Lydia S. Freeborn.             |
| 82. Ever Sterling Taxman .....      | 82. Edwin S. Tirrell.              |
| 83. Jay-Walks Cheerily .....        | 83. John W. Conway.                |
| 84. Former Church Regent .....      | 84. Frances C. Ratcliffe.          |
| 85. An Expert Smith .....           | 85. Alfred E. Smith.               |
| 87. Engineers Religious Sanctuary   | 86. Joshua B. Ashley.              |
| 86. Joint Bone Articulator .....    | 87. Emma R. Smith.                 |
| 88. Insures Satisfied Customers ... | 88. Island Service Company.        |
| 89. Inquisitive and Merry .....     | 89. Inquirer and Mirror.           |
| 90. Caters Always Royally .....     | 90. Catherine A. Roberts.          |

## In Memoriam.

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|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 91. Wrought Famous Museum ....      | 91. William F. Macy.        |
| 92. An Historical Gleaner .....     | 92. Arthur H. Gardner.      |
| 93. Genuine Friendliness .....      | 93. Gulielma Folger.        |
| 94. Bossed Wind-Jammer .....        | 94. Capt. B. Whitford Joy.  |
| 95. Went To Statehouse .....        | 95. Hon. William T. Swain.  |
| 96. A Sparkling Journalist .....    | 96. Anna Starbuck Jenks.    |
| 97. Just Was Great-heart .....      | 97. John W. Grouard, M. D.  |
| 98. Administered Worthy Job .....   | 98. Hon. Arthur W. Jones.   |
| 99. My Ego Spoke .....              | 99. Mary E. Starbuck.       |
| 100. Historical Brainy Writer ..... | 100. Henry B. Worth, LL. B. |
| 101. Antiquarian Scribe .....       | 101. Alexander Starbuck.    |
| 102. Art Brought Fame .....         | 102. Annie Barker Folger.   |
| 103. Joined World Centenarians ...  | 103. John W. Cook.          |
| 104. Made Work Beauty .....         | 104. Maurice W. Boyer.      |
| 105. Ever Winsome .....             | 105. Emily Weeks.           |



## WHO'S WHO ON NANTUCKET.

In this space for a few weeks will appear short accounts of Nantucket people.

Three hundred or more men and women are working, winter as well as summer, to make Nantucket a better town. These are (1) business heads, (2) professionals (doctors, ministers, lawyers, teachers, etc.) (3) town officials and (4) heads of organizations.

To know these people better than we do, to increase friendship and the co-operative spirit, especially in our winter life, is the purpose of this WHO'S WHO ON NANTUCKET.

### A) MY COUSIN -

**NANCY STORY ADAMS.**  
17 Fair st. Born in Fairhaven, 1887. Daughter of George A. and Madeleine A. (Briggs) Grant. Married 1911, Walton H. Adams. Education: Nantucket High School. Assistant Curator, Nantucket Historical Assoc., '26 and '27, Curator '28 to '41. Regent of Abiah Folger Franklin Chapter, of Daughters of the American Revolution. Trustee of the Nantucket Athenaeum Library. Second Vice President of Nantucket Civic League. Treasurer of Nantucket Relief Association. Recreation: Genealogy. Descended from James Grant, a Scotchman. Also from the early Nantucket settlers. The only woman who has served on the Nantucket Finance Committee.

### A

**RAE PHILICE ANDREWS.**  
71 Main Street. (or 603 Dennett St., Portsmouth, N. H.) Teacher of Home Economics at Coffin School. Daughter of Ray and Marion (Raitt) Andrews. Education: Nasson College, Methodist Episcopal Hospital, Dietitian, New Hampshire Summer School. Student, waitress, cook, dietitian and teacher. Secretary and Treasurer of the Teachers' Club of Nantucket. Recreation: Rifle Club and in all outdoor sports. Traveled 9000 miles in the United States (31 States) summer of 1941.

### A

**ETHEL COFFIN AUSTIN.**  
48 Orange St. Manager of The Hospital Thrift Shop and Woman's Exchange. Born on Nantucket, 1873. Daughter of Levi Starbuck and Anna (Swain) Coffin. Married Charles Warren Austin, 1901. Children: Richard Coffin, 1904, deceased 1937, and David Warren, 1908. Education: Nantucket High School. Trustee of Old People's Home Assoc. and Nantucket Relief Society. Member of St. Paul's Church, Church Service League, Nantucket Cottage Hospital, Hospital Auxiliary, Nantucket Historical Association and Nantucket Plant, Flower and Fruit Guild. Descended from nearly all of the Early Nantucket Settlers.

### B

**JAMES ALLEN BACKUS.**  
10 Union St. Member of the Town Finance Committee. Business manager of the Nantucket Cottage Hospital. Born on Nantucket, 1900, son of James Allen and Linda (Small) Backus. Married Harriet Mary Withers, 1925. Children: Molly Taylor Backus '30. Education: Nantucket High School; Phillips Andover Academy, Andover, Mass. Proprietor of Wauwinet House. Member: Union Lodge, F. & A. M.; Sons of the Revolution. Recreation: Hunting and Fishing.

### B

**ALMA F. BACKUS.**  
Madaket Road. Attendant at Historical Rooms, Fair St. Born 1877. Daughter of James H. and Alice (Kane) Gibbs. Married 1898 William S. Backus. Children: James H. '99. Ed.: Nantucket Schools. Member of Methodist Episcopal Church, daughters of Rebekah, Past Noble Grands Association, Union Circle, Nantucket Historical Association.

### B

**ROBERT SMALL BACKUS.**  
Wauwinet. Representative to the General Court of Mass., manager of the Wauwinet House. Born on Nantucket 1909. Son of James Allen and Linda (Small) Backus. Married 1935 Jane Smith. Children: James Allen 2nd '37, Linda Jane '39. Ed. Nant. High Sch. Phillips Andover Acad. M. I. T. '31 B. S. Mining Engineer: Frood Mine Sudbury Ontario; Braden Mine Rancogna Chile; Phillips Petroleum Co. Macpherson Kan. Clerk of the Com. of Ways and Means, Executive Com. Selectmen's Asso. Mass. Mem: Masons, F. & A. M., Royal Arch Chapter; Canopy Club; Sons of the Revolution; Madaket Admiralty; Nan. Sportsmen's Club; Boston City Club. Recreation: gunning and fishing.



B

**ADELBERT R. BAKER.**  
14 Lily St. Heating and Plumbing Contractor. Born 1886, Fall River, Mass. Son of Francis and Alice (Stone) Baker. Married 1910 Clara Louise Bowen. Education: Fall River High School. Vestryman, St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Member of Masonic Lodge, F. & A. M., and of I. O. O. F.

B

**DORIS E. BARRETT.**  
1 Cottage Court. President Harmonious Hustlers of First Congregational Church. Born 1913. Daughter of Arthur C. and Lelia (Crocker) Barrett. Education: Nantucket Schools. Past Noble Grand of Island Rebekah Lodge, Secretary of Past Noble Grands Club. Recreation: Collecting miniature Scottie dogs.

B

**JOSIAH SNELL BARRETT.**  
3 Martins Lane. Registrar of Deeds, Town Accountant. Born 1906, son of Arthur J. and Florence (Snell) Barrett. Married, 1935, Evelyn Ruth Lavoie. Children: Paul Arthur '35 and Jean Florence '36. Education: Nantucket High School '25 and M. I. T. '30. Member of Masons, F. & A. M., Royal Arch Chapter, St. Paul's Episcopal Church.

B

**MATILDA BARATTIERO.**  
17 Liberty St. Teacher of High School French and Latin. Education: Bates College and University of Connecticut. Co-director of High School band.

B

**REV. DANIEL A. BENNETT**  
12 Pine St. Rector, St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Born 1909. Son of Alexander S. and Sarah May (Frazer) Bennett. Married 1938, Martha Lavinia Cardron. Children: Sarah Ann '41. Ed. Pennsylvania State College, General Theological Seminary. Recreation: Woodworking.

B

**WILLIAM J. BLAIR.**  
3 Plumb Lane. Chief of Fire Department. Born 1883, New York city, son of Robert T. and Mary C. (Jardine) Blair. Married, 1910, Ethel Williams. Children: Robert Bryce '12, William Vincent '22. Education: New York Public Schools. Stage, Painter, Pianist. Member: Wauwinet Tribe of Red Men. Recreation: Painting, golf and music.

B

**LUCY W. BLADES.**  
Cottage Hospital. Anesthetist and Operating Room. Born at Plymouth, Mass., daughter of B. Jason and Edith R. (Valler) Blades. Education: Plymouth Schools. Graduate Brockton Hospital, Brockton, Mass. Organizer and Supervisor Out-Patient Dept. and Night Supervisor Brockton Hospital. Night Supervisor and Operating Room Supervisor, Morton Hospital, Taunton, Mass. Assist. Superintendent Choate (private) Hospital Woburn, Mass., also supervisor of operating room. Member Brockton Hospital Alumnae, Mass. State Nurses' Asso., Philathea Club, Methodist Church, Epworth League, Unity Guild, Quaise Rifle Club, Nantucket. Recreation: Outdoor sports and mechanics.

B

**CLAUDE BOND.**  
11 West Chester St. Pastor of the First Congregational (North) church. Born 1909. Son of Claude and Bertha (Kimsey) Bond. Married 1933 Katharine Bridge Yow. Children Richard Pennington '35. Stephen Shadburn '38. Ed.: Toccoa High School, Ga., Univ. Georgia B. A. '31, Harvard Graduate School, Andover-Newton Theological Seminary, B. D. Secretary and Treasurer Nantucket Civic League, Director of Red Cross, Director of Old People's Home. Descended from William Bowers and Stephen Pennington Bond.

B

**MARY H. BORDEN.**  
7 New Mill St. President of Wesley Society, Methodist Episcopal Church. Born 1868. Daughter of Joseph F. and Marianna (Hussey) Borden. Ed.: Coffin School. Member Relief Corps. Recreation: Jigsaw puzzles and making quilts. Descended from three of the original purchasers of Nantucket. Has been treasurer of the Methodist Church for thirty-six years.

B

**BESSIE E. BROCK.**  
13 Gardner St. President Relief Association and Union Circle. Born on Nantucket, 1887. Daughter of Arthur H. and Lydia B. (Coleman) Cook. Married William C. Brock 1915. Children: Elizabeth '17, Albert '19. Education: Nantucket High School. Member of First Congregational Church, Daughters of Rebekah, Eastern Star, Children's Aid, Coffin School Association, Daughters of the American Revolution. Descended from John Howland of the Mayflower.

B

**WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT BROCK.**  
13 Gardner St. Insurance. Born 1889, son of Albert G. and Annie (Cartwright) Brock. Married 1915 Bessie Eastman Cook. Children: Elizabeth C. '17, Albert G. '19. Education: Nantucket High School. Treasurer of The Albert G. Brock Co., also of the Pacific Club and the Nantucket Athenaeum. Secretary of Union Lodge, F. & A. M.

B

**HARRY W. BROWN.**  
Brush Road. Proprietor Brown's Motor Service, rear of Pease's Garage. Born in Florence, Mass., 1881. Son of Rufus Day and Catherine (Cone) Brown. Married 1908 Claribel Lathrop. 1929 Mildred B. Morency. Children: Oren L. Brown '09. Education: Gardner High School, Sanderson Academy, Ashfield, and Mass. Nautical Schoolship "Enterprise". Automobiles, Marine Motors, General Machine Repairing, Welding and Tool Sharpening. Master of Nantucket Grange No. 378. Member of Masonic Organizations. Descended from Pilgrims on mother's side and Scotch on father's side.



B

**EDWARD ROMEO BUTLER.**  
2 New Dollar Lane. Sewer Commissioner in charge of sewer construction work. Born, 1893, North Adams, Mass., son of Joseph and Agnes (Noel) Butler. Married, 1920, Erla Crosby Marden. Children: Arthur Edward '21. Education: Southbridge, Mass., High School, Massachusetts College of Pharmacy '15. In Congdon's Pharmacy five years. Trained by William F. Codd for work on the sewers. Since 1932 has been the engineer on Nantucket sewer development.

C

**REV. JOHN CARROLL.**  
St. Mary's Rectory, 6 Orange St. Assistant, St. Mary's Church. Born in Fall River, Mass. Ed.: Public Schools of Fall River, La Salle Academy and Providence College, Providence, R. I., and St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md. Ordained by the Most Rev. James E. Cassidy at St. Mary's Cathedral, Fall River. June 3, 1939. Served at St. Mary's Home, New Bedford, and as Chaplain at Bristol County Jail; St. Francis Xavier Church, Hyannis, and Old People's Home, Fall River. Appointed as assistant at St. Mary's Church, Nantucket, November 16, 1939.

C

**ARCHIBALD CARTWRIGHT.**  
6 Howard St. Contractor and Builder. Born on Nantucket 1883, Son of Benjamin and Agnes (Hamilton) Cartwright. Married 1902 Avida Dunham. Children: Archibald H., Jean, Robert, Clyde, George, Gertrude. Married 1919 Esther A. Bustard. Education: Nantucket High School. Sachem of The Improved Order of Red Men, Assistant Chief of the Nantucket Fire Department. Member of The Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Subordinate Lodge and Encampment, Daughters of Rebekah. Shipped on the bark *Sunbeam*, out of New Bedford in 1906, and was therefore the last Nantucket man to go whaling. Son Robert Cartwright, quartermaster and survivor of the steamer *Steel Seafarer*, bombed in the Red Sea 1941, by German plane.

C

**PAUL BRINTEN CASSADAY, M. D.**  
13 India St. Physician. Born at Alliance, Ohio, 1908. Son of Clyde Brinten and Gertrude (Armstrong) Cassaday. Married, 1936, Alice Flora Haley (Gorham, N. H.). Education: High School and Mount Union College, B. S. '30, Alliance O. Harvard Medical '34, Internship at Peter Brent Brigham Hospital, Boston, then assistant Resident Physician. Research Fellow in Medicine, Harvard Medical School. Contract Physician at Fort Ethan Allen Hospital, Burlington, Vt. Came to Nantucket, 1937. Member: Mass. Medical Society; American Medical Association; Nantucket Police and Rifle Club; Sportsmen's Club; Sankaty Golf Club; Wesco Golf Club. Recreation: Photography.

C

**DELLA SUSAN CHAPEL.**  
31 Union St. Member of the School Committee. Born 1888 in Vineyard Haven, Mass. Education: Durfee High School, Fall River. Attended Smith College. Married 1922, James Everett Chapel. Children: Mary Susan '23, (Radcliffe College '45), James Everett Jr. '25 (deceased '37), Ruth Ellen '27. President of the Women's Alliance, Unitarian Church.

C

**ALCON CHADWICK.**  
7 Lily St. Treasurer of Nantucket Institution for Savings. Born on Nantucket 1904. Son of Franklin Pierce and Ida Russell (Smith) Chadwick. Married 1930 Charlotte Adeline Chase. Children: Ida Frances '31, Charles Frank '34. Education: Nantucket High School, Bryant and Stratton Commercial College, Boston. Bookkeeper and teller, Pacific National Bank; Town Accountant, '29 to '32; School Committee, '35 to '37; Trustee of Nantucket Institution for Savings, also Coffin School; Treasurer, Union Lodge, F. & A. M.; Patron Sherburne Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star; Past Master Union Lodge; Deacon, First Congregational Church, Past Pres. Coffin School Asso.; Member Isle of Sea Royal Arch Chapter. Ancestor, Tristram Coffin.

C

**CHARLES C. CHADWICK.**  
14 Darling St. Guard, Pacific Bank. Born on Nantucket 1886. Son of Franklin P. and Helen L. (Clark) Chadwick. Married 1911 Mary Riddell. Education: Nantucket Schools. Member of the Nantucket Police Force. Constable. Member of the Old Age Assistance Board. St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Sons of the Revolution, American Legion, Union Lodge, F. & A. M., Pacific Club. Recreation: hunting. Descended from James Chilton of the Mayflower. Member of Co. E. 103rd Regiment Yankee Division, World War.

C

**CHARLOTTE A. CHADWICK, R. N.**  
7 Lily St. President of the Whaler's Club. Born 1905. Daughter of Charles N. and Frances (Mossman) Chase. Married 1930 Alcon Chadwick. Children: Ida Frances '31, Charles Frank '34. Education: Stoughton High School, Massachusetts Memorial Hospital, Boston. Sec. of the Eastern Star, Member of the Alumnae of the Memorial Hospital, Nantucket Graduate Nurses Association and the Congregational Church. Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick are both descended from Tristram Coffin; he through the Nantucket and she through the Newburyport branch of the family.



**FRANKLIN STUART CHADWICK.**  
38 India St. Sergeant, Nantucket Police Force. Born on Nantucket 1903. Son of Franklin P. and Ida R. (Smith) Chadwick. Married 1934, Marion H. Hardy. Children: Franklin '35, Alcon '37. Ed. Nantucket Schools. Farmer. Constable. Member of First Congregational Church, Sons of the Revolution, Masonic Lodge, Grange, Police Revolver Club. Recreation: hunting. Descended from James Chilton of the Mayflower and Micajah Chadwick, who served in the Revolution.

**CHARLES CLARK COFFIN.**

55 Orange St. Town Clerk. Born 1900 son of Orville and Gertrude (Clark) Coffin. Married, 1926, Marie Marden. Education: Nantucket High School, Northeastern University '24. Member of Finance Committee, Red Cross, Asst. Treas. Nantucket Cottage Hospital, President Sportsmen's Club, Board of Managers, Sons of Revolution, Union Lodge F. & A. M., Pacific Club, Unitarian Church. Ancestor: John Eliot, apostle to the Indians.

**JOSEPH WILSON COCHRAN.**

25 Hussey St. President of Nantucket Civic League. Born 1867, Peoria, Ill. Son of Joseph Wilson and Martha (Hamilton-Cox) Cochran. Ed.: Macalester College, St. Paul, Minn. A. B. '89, D. D. '01, McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago, '93, Dubuque Univ. in Iowa, LL. D., '05. Married Helen V. Scudder '94. Children: Jerrold and Hamilton. Married 1916, Mrs. Dorothea Lewis Potter. Children: Louise H. '17, Joseph W., 3rd, '19. Secretary Y. M. C. A., Ventura, Calif., '89. Ordained Minister Presbyterian Church, '93, Pastor: Madison, Wis.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Detroit, Mich. Founded American Church, Frankfurt, Germany '05. Chaplain overseas also to American Legion in Detroit and Paris. From '23 to '33, Pastor of American Church, Paris, France; completed new American Church and Church House, Quai d'Orsay, 1930. President Nantucket Hospital '39-'40. Member: Clergy Club, N. Y.; American, Paris; Nat. Arts, N. Y. C.; Union Interallies, Paris, Pacific Club. Author: "Heroes of the Campus", "Friendly Adventurers", "The Church and the Workingman", "State Universities and the Religious Denominations".

**COMMODORE.  
WHARF RAT CLUB**

**HERBERT HUNTER COFFIN.**

7 Beaver St. Outfitting Store, Old North Wharf. Born 1871. Son of Charles Gould and Sarah Kelly (Hunter) Coffin. Married 1916 Agnes Bernard Bickerstaff. Children: Lester Hunter, Florence Isabelle, Thomas Hunter. Ed.: Nantucket Schools. Fishing. Three years with C. L. Woodbury (Dress Trimmings, Buttons, and Furs Wholesale) New York. Two years with N. Y. Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., Staten Island. Manager for Nickerson and Perry, '14-'30, Perry and Coffin, '30-'35. Commodore of the Wharf Rat Club. Member of the Red Men. Descended from George Coffin, shipwright.

**REUBEN GARDNER COFFIN.**

9 Darling St. Pharmacist. Born on Nantucket, 1879, son of James B. and Martha W. (Chadwick) Coffin. Married Edith Elizabeth Buchanan (Dorchester, Mass.) 1904. Children: Edyth Eliza '07, James Buchanan '09 (Registered Pharmacist). Education: Coffin School and Mass. College of Pharmacy. Member: F. & A. M., Nantucket Sportsmen's Club, Pacific Club, I. O. O. F. Recreation: Fishing, gunning and boating. Ancestors: Direct descendant from Tristram Coffin. Father, Capt. James B. Coffin, was United States Consul at St. Helena.

**HENRY B. COLEMAN.**

30 Hussey St. Chairman Public Safety Committee. Secretary Board of Selectmen. Born in Nantucket, 1901, son of Wallace L. and Carrie (Brown) Coleman. Education: Nantucket High School, Mt. Hermon School, Mt. Hermon, Mass. Partner in Congdon and Coleman. Member: Masonic Lodge, Senior Warden St. Paul's Church. Recreation: Hunting.

**WYLIE L. COLLINS, M. D.**

17 Broad St. Physician. Began practice in Nantucket, 1928. Born at Port Williams, Nova Scotia, 1899, son of Dexter Samuel and Annie (McKittrick) Collins. Married 1933 Louise Coffin. Children: Nancy Louise '34, Dexter Samuel 2d '40. Education: Arcadia University A. B. '21, A. M. '22. Harvard Medical M. D. '26. Internships: Boston City Hospital Third Surgical Service; Boston Lying-in Hospital, Resident Physician; State Cancer Hospital, Wrentham, Mass. Member: Mass. Medical Soc.; Diplomatic National Board of Medical Examiners; Courtesy Staff Boston Lying-in Hospital, Newton Hospital and Cambridge Hospital. Former member Harvard Club, Boston; Square and Compass Club, Boston, and Masonic Lodge, Newton, Mass. Ancestors—English and Scotch.



C  
CHARLES EVERETT CONGDON,  
M. D.

5 Orange St. Real Estate and Insurance. Born, 1872, son of Richard Edwin and Jeanette Whipple (Chapman) Congdon. Married 1902 Anne M. Ramsdell of Nashua, N. H., daughter of Governor George A. Ramsdell. Children: Robert Dinsmore and Allen Ramsdell. Education: Coffin School '89, Chauncey Hall '90, Harvard Medical '91-'92, Long Island Medical School '96. Interne Kings Co. Hospital, N. Y. Ship Surgeon S. S. Coleridge, New York to South America. Practised medicine in Nashua, N. H., '99 to '30. On surgical staffs of St. Joseph's and Memorial Hospitals in Nashua and Peterborough Hospital in Peterborough, N. H. President N. H. Surgical Club '20, Fellow American College of Surgeons '21. Spanish American War: First Lieutenant and Asst. Surgeon First N. H. Volunteer Infantry '98, World War: Major Medical Corp Camp Devens, Surgeon of Depot Brigade until July, 1918, then sent overseas with 76th Division, served in France: Cadizac, St. Amand-cher Commercery. Post Surgeon after Armistice in Rochefort, Commanding Officer of Hospital '39, La Rochelle. Discharged June, 1919. Nantucket Finance Committee ten years '32-'41, Chairman '35-'41. Director of Civic League, Fellow American College of Surgeons, President of Nantucket Historical Association '35-'37, President of Winter Club. Member: American Spanish War Veterans, American Legion, Unitarian Church.

D

STUART BRADFORD DAY.

9 Darling St. Member of the School Committee. Born 1906, Boston, Mass. Son of Harris Leonard and Alice (Bradford) Day. Education: Dorchester High School and attended Boston University. Married 1926 Edythe Coffin. Children: Marion '28, Stuart, Jr., '31, Norman '33, James '36, Janet '37. In Check Teller Dept., Second National Bank, Boston, A. Stowell & Co., jewelry store, Boston, Drug Clerk R. G. Coffin's Drug Store. Member for three years of 101st Field Artillery, Battery A. Nantucket Sportsmen's Club. Recreation: Fishing and hunting.

D

ALICE T. DUNHAM.

113 Main St. Pres. Church Service League St. Paul's Church. Daughter of Richard S. and Maria L. (Ray) Thurston. Married 1928. Ralph Dunham. Ed. Nant. High School. Mem. Children's Aid Society.

D

ROGER F. DUNHAM.

9 West Chester St. Merchant. News-dealer. Born, 1901. Son of Franklin P. and Flora B. (Nickerson) Dunham. Married, 1929, Louise Burchell. Children, Doris '33. Married 1938, Charlotte Welzer. Children: Paula '40. Ed.: Nantucket Schools. Member of the Masonic Lodge. Recreation: Golf and hunting.

C

INEZ RUSSELL COOK.

144 Main St. Noble Grand, Daughters of Rebekah. Born 1910. Daughter of Benjamin Garfield and Priscilla (Owen) Russell. Married 1927, Harold Cook. Children: Priscilla Inez, '29, Patricia Carter, '31. Education: Nantucket schools. Practical Nurse. Member Baptist Church, Parent-Teacher Assoc. Grandfather went as mate on whaling voyages "Round Cape Horn". Recreation: Played the community Santa Claus a number of years, and writes poetry.

C

AQUILA CORMIE.

89 Orange St. Blacksmith. Born in Moncton, New Brunswick, 1880. Son of Samuel and Myra (Melton) Cormie. Married 1904 Eliza A. Crocker. 1932 Jennie A. Shanks. Education: Country schools. Farmer. Learned the blacksmith's trade with Clinton Parker. Member: Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

C

ADELINE CRAVOTT.

21 West Chester St. Superintendent Nantucket Cottage Hospital. Born 1905 at Boston. Education: Boston Schools, Boston University, Boston City Hospital, R. N. Massachusetts and New York. Head Nurse Thordike Memorial Laboratory. Member: Boston City Hospital Nurses Alumnae, American Nurses Association, American Hospital Association, Executive Committee, American Red Cross, local chapter.

D

WING G. DER.

4 Main St. Laundry. Born in Toy Sun, China, son of Kim S. and Yee Der. His son Ning H. Der '25. Ning came to Nantucket when he was twelve years old, entered the second grade of the public schools, tutored privately in English and passed rapidly through the lower grades to Junior High. Receiving good marks in all his studies, co-operative in all social and athletic activities, Ning is a good craftsman and musician (violin and flute) and in art has won the First Prize Medal in the poster contest of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals '38, '39 and '40.

D

OLIVE DUTTON.

17 Liberty street. Teacher of Social Subjects in Junior High School. Education: Tufts College and Boston University. Co-director of High School Band.

JOSEPH M. DUFFY.

23 Vestal street. Gas superintendent, Nantucket Gas and Electric Co. Born 1908, Portland, Maine, son of Michael and Delia (Walsh) Duffy. Married 1932, Mildred Mushroe. Children: Joan '33, Richard '35. Education: Cheverus Classical Institute, Maine Business Institute, Maine Mechanical Drafting School. Member: Red Men, South Portland, Me., New England Power Engineers Asso. Recreation: Reading.



D

## NELSON OLNEY DUNHAM.

23 Prospect St. Sheriff, Decorator and Contractor. Born at Pawtucket, R. I., 1893, son of Elbert M. and Sarah Jane (Cotton) Dunham. Married Lala Katrina Victoria Kjellgren, 1915. Children: Gerda Victoria '18, Della Cotton '20, Jane Dorothea '25, Alva Kjellgren '27. Education: Nantucket Schools and Canterbury Shakers. Member U. S. Coast Guard. High Priest of Isle of the Sea Royal Arch Chapter, District Deputy Grand High Priest of the 12th Capitular District '36 and '37. New Bedford Council Royal and Select Masters, Past Grand of the Nantucket Lodge, I. O. O. F., Wanackmamack Encampment, American Legion. Board of Selectmen '37 and '38, Mosquito Control Commission. "40 and 8 Voiture 1092", Mass. Archaeological Society, Thomas Turner Chapter, Cornet, Sons of American Revolution, Maddequet Admiralty Association. Recreation: collecting Indian artifacts, revolver shooting, hunting. Descended from Jethro Dunham of Edgartown and John Cotton of Boston, England.

F

## FLORENCE FARRELL, R. N.

2 High St. Public Health Nurse of the Town of Nantucket. Born 1906. Daughter of Patrick and Margaret (Bell) Farrell. Education: New Bedford High School, Graduate of the Mass. General Hospital, 1929. President Unity Guild, Unitarian Church. President Nantucket Public Health Association. Director of the Children's Aid Society and Local Red Cross Chapter. Member of Red Cross Nursing Service, American Nurses Association, Mass. Organization for Public Health Nursing, Women's Auxiliary of the Nantucket Cottage Hospital, Graduate Nurses Association, American Legion Auxiliary, Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Nantucket Historical Association, Nantucket Civic League.

F

## GEORGE ARTHUR FOLGER, M. D.

41 India st. Town Physician. Born, 1886, Charlestown, Mass. Son of Arthur Hanaford and Ida (Giddings) Folger. Married, 1922, Katherine Coe (Southbury, Conn.). Education: Melrose High School and Tufts College, Mass. Boston Univ. Medical School, Children's Hospital, Emergency Hospital (Haymarket Square), Surgical Staff, Mass. Memorial Hospital, Boston. Practicing Physician at Nantucket since 1918. Member: Odd Fellows, Sons of the Revolution, Cornet, 1924; Phi Chi; Phi Alpha Gamma; Association of Military Surgeons of the U. S.; Pacific Club. Commissioned Captain in the Medical Corp of the Army of the U. S., 1929. Medical examiner to Draft Board, 1918, and to the Selective Service Board, 1941. Advisor to the U. S. Government Appeal Board, 1917. Ancestors: Peter Folger, 1644; Lieut. Daniel Giddings, 1776; John Morris, 1780; Betsey Curtis, 1798. John Morris was on the privateer brigantine "Lucy" out of Nantucket. Recreation: Collecting fire arms.

E

## LOTTIE A. ELZBUT.

73 Main St. Teacher of Commercial subjects in Nantucket High School. Born in Brockton, Mass. Graduated Boston University, College of Practical Arts and Letters B. S. Student at the Graduate Division of Boston University, College of Business Administration. Member: Mass. Teachers' Federation, Teachers' Club of Nantucket. Recreation: Philately, Reading, Music and Sports. Candidate for the Master of Commercial Science Degree at Boston University, College of Business Administration, August 1942.

F

## REV. LAURENCE M. FARR.

34 Pine St. Pastor of the Baptist Church. Born 1894 at Seaside, Jamaica, B. W. I. Son of Gilbert and Anna (McPherson) Farr. Married 1921, Nellie Pollitt. Children: Maurice '24; Lois '26. Married '28 Gertrude Riede. Children Nellie '30; Anna Marie '32. Education: William Penn Academy and College A. B. Oskaloosa, Ia. Nyack Missionary Training Institute, Nyack, N. Y. Biblical Seminary, New York City. Gordon College of Theology and Missions, Boston, Mass. Teacher in Public Schools in Maine and in New Hampshire. Red Cross worker in France. Home Missionary work in North Carolina. Foreign Missionary work in Mamou, French Guinea, West Africa. Pastor in Maine and New Hampshire. Recreation: Languages and Music. Mr. Farr's family can assemble a small orchestra: Violin, Mrs. Farr (also soprano soloist); piano or organ, Lois; trumpet, Maurice; trombone (or piano) Nellie; Ann, piano; trombone, Mr. Farr.

F

## KATHARINE COE FOLGER

44 India street. Vice Regent, Abiah Folger Franklin Chapter, D. A. R. Born 1892, daughter of Albert Chandler and Mary Fredicka (Ward) Coe. Married, 1922, George A. Folger, M. D. Education: New Haven, Ct., Public Schools, West Philadelphia Hospital for Women '19, Wain County Hospital '20. Member: St. Paul's Church, American Red Cross, American Legion Auxiliary, Vice President of Old People's Home Asso. Recreation: Farming. Ancestors: Elder Brewster.

F

## WESLEY ALEXANDER FORDYCE.

3 Darling St. Clerk of Courts. Treasurer of Nan. Cottage Hospital. Born 1892 at Moravia, N. Y. Son of Hugh Alexander and Mary Catherine (Fulmer) Fordyce. Married 1926 Marguerite Hutton Ottman. Children: Jean Grace '28, William Fulmer '38. Education: Moravia High School, N. Y. Bookkeeper, Island Service Co., '21-'28, Metropolitan Insurance Co., '28, Town Clerk '34-'40. Recreation: Pistol Shooting, Excavating Indian Relics. Descended from Benjamin Fordyce and son who served as doctors in the Revolution, and from Conrad Fulmer who also served in the Revolution under General Baron Frederick von Steuben.



F

## LIZZIE C. FOLGER.

6 Fair St. Custodian of The Oldest House. Born 1882. Daughter of Frederick S. and Mary L. Chadwick. Married, 1905, Francis Edward Folger. Children: Francis M., '07. Education: Nantucket High School. Member of Episcopal Church, Eastern Star, Union Benevolent Society, Daughters of Rebekah, Church Service League.

G

## ALFRED F. GAY.

37 Orange St. Teacher of Mathematics, Building Principal High School, Faculty Manager of Athletics. Born 1901 in Groton, Mass. Son of Henry Himan and Alice Eliza (Blood) Gay. Married 1924 Ruth Guild Flint. Children: Elinor Majel '25, Roger Edward '27. Education: Groton High School, Mass State College, Amherst, Mass., and Graduate School Boston University. Accountant. Member: Theta Chi, Grange. Recreation: Chess, Badminton. Ancestor: English Poet John Gay (1630).

G

## JOHN J. GARDNER, 2nd.

35 West Chester St. Register of Probate and Assessor. Born 1897 at Nantucket. Son of Wallace and Marion (Oberempt) Gardner. Married 1925 Katharine M. Kimberly. Children: John J. 3rd '26, Marcia J. '28, David K. '31, Richard M. '33. Education: Nantucket High School and Coffin School. U. S. Postal Clerk, Bookkeeper Island Service Co., Real Estate and Insurance business, Town Treasurer. Member: Masons Union Lodge, I. O. O. F., Rebekah, Wannackmamack Encampment, Sportsmen's Club, Nantucket Grange. Recreation: Hunting and boating. Ancestors: Richard Gardner, also John Howland who came in the *Mayflower*, also John Gardner an original proprietor. Great-grandfather John J. Gardner, whaling captain and owner. Mt. Vernon Farm named after one of his ships; among the first to introduce cranberry growing on island.

G

## ROY HAWKES GILPATRICK, M. D.

14 Gardner St. Physician and Surgeon. Born in Machais, Maine, 1877, son of Edgar Mandleburt and Elizabeth Peniman (Smith) Gilpatrick. Married Marion Bickford Simpson, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., in 1911. Education: Machais High School '95; Phillips Andover Academy '97; Yale University, A. B. '01; Harvard University M. D. '05; Surgical and Obstetrical Internship in Boston '05 to '08. Former Instructor in Surgery Harvard Medical School. Former Visiting Surgeon at Boston Dispensary. Came to Nantucket 1924. Member: Mass. Medical Society; American Medical Asso.; University Club, Boston; Zeta Psi Club, New York; Nantucket Yacht Club; Sportsmen's Club; Sons of Revolution. Recreation: Hunting, Fishing, Shop work in wood and metal. Ancestors: Ebenezer Hancock; John Howland.

F

## FRED V. FULLER.

12 Milk St. Insurance. Born 1863. Son of Capt. William C. and Mary B. (Coffin) Fuller. Married 1899 Susan Harris Bean. Ed.: Coffin School. President of Old People's Home Association, Trustee of Coffin School and Pacific Club. Member of Nantucket Historical Association, Winter Club and Nantucket Yacht Club. When a child accompanied his father and his mother on a whaling voyage and returned "Round Cape Horn" at the age of nine.

G

## WILLIAM EDWARD GARDNER.

33 Orange St. Secretary Local Board 172 Selective Service. Born 1872 at Sherborn, Mass., son of William Brown and Harriet (Eaton) Gardner. Married, 1898, Mary Wentworth Tracy. Education: Coffin School '90; Brown University, Providence, R. I., '95; and Cambridge Episcopal Theological School, '98. Rector of parishes of the Episcopal Church in Swampscott, Quincy, Cambridge and Boston, Mass. Executive for Education in the National Council of the Episcopal Church '12 to '24. Minister on the Green Foundation of Trinity Church, Boston. Retired, May, 1940. Ancestors: Captain Chandler Brown Gardner, whaler and "forty-niner", and Richard Gardner, an early settler.

G

## ISABEL COFFIN GIBBS.

154 Main St. Assistant Librarian at Nantucket Atheneum Library. Born 1887. Daughter of Charles G. and Sarah K. (Hunter) Coffin. Married 1931 Herbert N. Gibbs. Education: Nantucket High School. Member First Congregational Church, Daughters of Rebekah, Coffin School Association.

C

## ESTELLE PICKETT COGGINS.

3 Prospect St. Sec'y of Parent Teacher Asso. also of Girl Scouts Council. Born 1909, daughter of Rev. Harold L. Pickett and Rev. Anita T. Pickett. Married Byron Lurchin Coggins 1928. Children: Carol '28, Laurel '31, Harriet '33. Ed.: Proctor Academy, Museum School of Fine Arts. Former Parish Assist. Unitarian Church, Nantucket. Member of Unitarian Alliance, Rebekahs, Parent Teacher Asso. Recreation: Oil painting.

G

## HARRY GORDON.

Polpis Road. Local Ford Dealer. Member of Finance Committee. Born 1904, son of Harry and Grace (Freeland) Gordon. Married 1927, Margaret Louise Mack. Education: Nantucket Schools. Automobile Mechanic. Member: Union Lodge, F. & A. M., Isle of the Sea Royal Arch Chapter, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Maddequet Admiralty Asso., Nantucket Sportsmen's Club, Vice Pres. Quaise Rifle Club, Sherburne Chapter, O. E. S., Srail Club, President Nantucket Police Revolver Club. Recreation: Hunting and Fishing.



G

**HARRISON CHARLES GORMAN.**  
17 Gay st. Sales Manager, Nantucket Gas and Electric Co. Born at Lynn, Mass., 1897, son of Frederick Emerson and Inez (Goodwin) Gorman. Married Geneve Eleanor deVarennes 1917. Children: Harrison Ault '19. Education: English High School, Boston, Mass. Salesman, traveling first for his father in the firm of Gorman and Corser, Malden, Mass; later Production Manager of Ault-Williamson Shoe Co., Auburn, Me., then salesman with W. B. Coon Co. (shoes), Rochester, N. Y. Member Pacific Club, St. Paul's Church. Son: Harrison Ault Gorman, graduated Nantucket High School '37, attended Findlay College, Findlay, Ohio, Northeastern University, Boston, Mass., Colby College, Waterville, Maine. Enlisted 1941 U. S. Army Air Corps. Trained at Darr Aero Tech., Inc. for primary base. Transferred to Gunter Field, Montgomery, Ala. for basic training, then to Craig Field, Selma, Ala., for advanced training. Graduated, September 26, 1941, received his wings and was commissioned a 2nd Lieut. in the Army Air Corps, 59th Pursuit Squadron, stationed at Mitchell Field, Long Island, N. Y. Now in combat service over-seas.

G

**REV. JOSEPH M. GRIFFIN.**  
St. Mary's Rectory, 6 Orange Street. Pastor of the Church of Our Lady of the Isle. Born in Brookline, Mass. Educated in Brookline Public Schools. Entered St. Charles College, near Baltimore, September, 1894. Graduated in June, 1899. Entered St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. Ordained by his Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, Dec. 17, 1904. Served at St. Mary's Parish, North Attleboro, and St. Patrick's Church, Fall River. Appointed Pastor at Nantucket, February 22, 1913.

G

**GEORGE ARTHUR GRANT.**  
76 Orange St. Custodian of Whaling Museum. Born 1856 Upolu Island town of Apia, Samoan group, at American Consulate at foot of hill where Robert Louis Stevenson was buried. He was carried on board his father's whaleship *Mohawk* wrapped in a banana leaf. Son of Capt. Charles and Nancy Jay (Wyer) Grant. Married Madeleine Adele Briggs 1880. Children: Madeline (Norcross) '85, Nancy (Adams) '87, Arthur '94. Up to 16 years of age brought up on his father's ships—*Mohawk*, *Japan*, *Milton*, *Niger*. 1873 entered merchant service, sailing from Nantucket. Afterwards first officer on whaleship *Mary Frazier*, from Edgartown. Sailed on various other ships. Best voyage barque *Alaska*, '80 to '84, from New Bedford, 3000 bbls. of oil. In '89 entered the U. S. Life Saving Service. Stationed at Surfside for 19 years. Mem.: Odd Fellows, Pacific Club.

G

**WALTER DAVID GLIDDEN.**  
6 Weymouth St. Retail Fish Dealer. Member of Board of Selectmen. Born in Nantucket, 1883, son of Charles Swain and Catherine (Blessington) Glidden. Married, 1910, Sarah J. Lally. Children: Walter David '13, Eileen Jeanette (Mrs. Daniel Leach of Osterville, Mass.) '14, Marcellus Lally '16, Kathryn Mary (Mrs. Francis Lynch, of New York) '19. Education: Graduate of Nantucket High School, 1900. County Commissioner. Member: No. 4 Engine Co.; Nantucket Agricultural Society; Red Men; Knights of Columbus; Nantucket Fishermen's Association; St. Mary's Catholic Church. Associated with the fishing interests of Nantucket thirty-eight years; a lover of baseball and sports in general, also in the breeding, training and racing of harness horses. Ancestors: Obed Glidden, 1809, and Mary Chase Swain. Walter Glidden, Jr., now Private First Class 101st Cavalry, U. S. A. Marcellus Glidden now Private, 57th Signal Battalion, U. S. A.

G

**MARION S. GILPATRICK.**  
14 Gardner St. President, Women's Auxiliary of the Nantucket Cottage Hospital. Born in New York, 1889, daughter of James Melvin and Isabel (Bickford) Simpson. Married Roy H. Gilpatrick, M. D. Education: Heathcote Hall-Lickwood School, Scarsdale, N. Y. Member Board of Old People's Home Assoc., Executive Committee of British War Relief, Nantucket Yacht Club. Descended from Myles Standish, and from William Hartwell and John Rankin of the Revolutionary War.

G

**GEORGE EDWIN GRIMES**  
70 Center St. Assessor. Born 1868 at Oxon Hill, Maryland. Son of George Daniel and Katharine (Baden) Grimes. Married 1895 Anna Kent Pitman. Children: Elizabeth Frye '96, Clara Donnell '98, George Robert '02, Katharine Baden Kelley '03. Education: High School, Washington, D. C., U. S. Signal Corps. U. S. Weather Bureau, assigned to Nantucket 1892. Member, Episcopal Church, Masons.



H  
JAMES Z. HANNER.

10 Fair St. Clergyman. Pastor of the Unitarian Church. Born 1906. Son of O. W. and Cora (Ziglar) Hanner. Married 1929 Ruth Teasdale. Children: James Wolcott '35. Education: University of North Carolina A. B. 1927; Meadville Theological School B. D. 1940. Worked in office of Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y. Member Maria Mitchell Association, Chamber of Commerce, Rifle Club, Nantucket Historical Association.

H  
JOHN L. HARDY.

North Liberty St. Selectman, Garage Proprietor. Born 1913. Allendale, Nova Scotia. Son of Willard P. and Floss E. (Allen) Hardy. Married 1934 Lillian F. Kania. Education: Nantucket Schools, Mount Hermon Academy, Northfield, Mass., Hebron Academy, Maine. County Commissioner, Board of Public Welfare, Soldiers' Relief, Bureau of Old Age Assistance, Mosquito Control, Public Health. Union Lodge, F. & A. M., Sportsmen's Club, Pacific Club, Men's Club, North Church, Selectmen's Association of Massachusetts, Wesco Golf Club, Nantucket Chamber of Commerce. Recreation: Hunting, fishing and golf.

H  
FREDERICK P. HILL.

"The Woodbox," 29 Fair St. Architect. Born in New Jersey, 1862, son of William Richings, of Shopshire, England, and Jane Elizabeth (Parsell) Hill. Married, 1896, Florence Merriam (deceased) grand-daughter of Catherine Starbuck of Nantucket. Education: Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J., B. A. '83, M. A. '86. Entered the office of McKim, Mead and White, Architects, '83. Member of New York Naval Militia eight years, first as able seaman, finally Lieutenant (J. G.) Commissioned in U. S. Navy, 1898. In Spanish War was an Ordinance Officer on Gunboat U. S. S. Aileen and did one tour of detached duty as one of five officers in bringing the U. S. S. Buffalo (bought from Brazil by the U. S.) from Norfolk to the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Member: Naval and Military Order of the Spanish-American War and a Past Commander of the United Spanish War Veterans, Lieut. Max Wagner Camp. No. 68, Dept. of Mass. In Nantucket: Civic League, (Execu. Comm.); Historical Asso., Craftsmen, Pacific Club, Winter Club, Coffin School Asso. (Chairman of Advisory Board on Adult Education), 'Sconset Casino (President and Treasurer), 'Sconset Civic Association, 'Sconset Community Club. Avocation, Music; Choir Master at Unitarian Church, and has been member of various singing organizations.

H  
ROSWELL M. HOLMES.

41 Orange St. Carpenter and Contractor. Born in Nantucket 1899. Son of James A. and Susan P. (Morey) Holmes. Married, 1922, LaVerne C. Barrett. Education: Nantucket High School. Secretary of the Men's Club. Member of the Congregational Church, Masonic Lodge, F. & A. M., Odd Fellows, Pacific Club, Engine Co. Number 4, Firemen's Association.

H  
WILLARD PARKER HARDY.

150 Main St. Painting Contractor. Born Allendale, Nova Scotia. Son of Robert and Mary (Flynn) Hardy. Married 1908 Floss Evelyn Allen. Children: Robert Allen, '09; John L.. Education: Shelburn County English School. Member: Masons, I. O. O. F., Pacific Club, Wharf Rat Club, Sportsmen's Club, Maddequet Admiralty.

H  
MARGARET HARWOOD.

3 Vestal St. Director of the Maria Mitchell Observatory. Born in Littleton, Mass., 1885. Daughter of Herbert Joseph Harwood, A. B., Harvard, and Emelie Augusta Green Harwood, Framingham Normal School. Education: Littleton and Concord (Mass.) High Schools, Radcliffe College, A. B., 1907, University of California, M. A., 1916, Boston School of Social Work, Home Service Institute, 1919. Assistant, Harvard College Observatory, 1907-1912. Teacher in Volkman School, Boston, 1908-1909. Teacher of Science in Buckingham School, Cambridge, and in Faulkner School, Dedham, 1910-1912. Astronomical Fellow, Maria Mitchell Observatory, 1912-1916. Director of Maria Mitchell Observatory since 1916. Red Cross Home Service Worker in Nantucket 1918-1922. Secretary of Radcliffe Class of 1907, 1905-1922. Secretary of Nantucket Cottage Hospital, 1925-1927. Member of Council, American Astronomical Society, 1927-1930. Member of Nantucket School Committee, 1936-1940. Secretary of School Committee, 1939-1940. President of Coffin School Association, 1935-1937. Member of Phi Beta Kappa, American Astronomical Society, American Association of Variable Star Observers, British Astronomical Association, International Astronomical Union, Fellow of Royal Astronomical Society, London. All early ancestors came to Massachusetts from England before 1700. They were English, Scotch and of French Huguenot descent.

H  
PAUL V. HOADLEY.

Sunset Hill. Office Manager Nantucket Gas and Electric Company. Born 1908 Broadway, New Jersey, son of William H. and Katherine (Higgins) Hoadley. Married, 1936, Elizabeth Mary Sevrens. Children: William Paul '37 and Marion Katherine '40. Education: Easton (Penn.) High School, Ingersoll-Rand Apprentice School (one year); formerly Chief Balance Clerk Cameron Division Ingersoll-Rand Company. Clerk, Pacific National Bank (one year). Recreation: Wood working and photography.

H  
MARION GOLDING HOWES.

16 No. Liberty St. Registered Nurse. Born 1913, Norwood, Mass., daughter of Harrison D. and Emily Maude (Griffith) Golding. Married Arthur D. Howes, 1939. Children: Nancy Catherine '40. Education: Walpole High School '31, Faulkner Hospital Nurses' Training School '36, General Duty Faulkner Hospital, Nantucket Cottage Hospital. Member: Vice President Graduate Nurses' Asso. of Nantucket.



J

**MATTHEW LAURENCE JAECKLE.**  
Somerset Dairy Farm. Member of Town Finance Committee. Born in New York city, 1901. Son of Andrew and Christine (Biers) Jaeckle. Married, 1928, Vera Milton. Children: Joan '30, Jean '32, Jane '39. Education: Nantucket High School, Mass. State College, Amherst '22. Chief Air Warden-at-large, Public Safety Committee. Member Grange, Knights of Columbus, Coffin School Association and Parent-Teacher Association. Recreation: Hunting and fishing.

J

**GEORGE WILLIAM JONES.**

Easton St. Chairman of Finance Committee, Manager of South Boat Yard, Surveyor. Born Nantucket 1901, son of John Conant and Sarah (Chadwick) Jones. Married 1925 Rozelle Brayton Coleman. Children: Alice '27, Charlotte '28, Ann '31. Education: Nantucket High School and M. I. T. '24. Past Master Mason, Advisor Selective Service Board, Director Nantucket Institution for Savings, Vice-Pres. Coffin School Association, Committee on Outlying Lands, Junior Warden St. Paul's Church. Ancestors: Asa Jones, Roger Conant.

J

**ROZELLE COLEMAN JONES.**

Easton St. Registered Nurse. Born on Nantucket, 1901, daughter of Ellenwood Bunker and May Anna (Brayton) Coleman. Married George W. Jones, 1925. Children: Alice Frances '27, Charlotte May '28, Anne Rozelle '31. Education: Nantucket High School '19; Mass. Momeopathic Hospital, Boston, '24. Member St. Paul's Church; Trustee of Nantucket Cottage Hospital; Graduate Nurses' Association, Parent-Teacher Association and the Coffin School Association. Dr. Ellenwood Bunker Coleman was a physician in Nantucket for thirty years ('88 to '19). He descended from John Coleman (1664—1715) an original settler. Dr. Coleman as a boy made a four years' whaling voyage in the ship "Niger".

K

**SIMON R. KAUFMAN.**

9 Gay St. Proprietor of restaurant. Born 1898 at Fall River. Son of Jacob and Rebecca (Solomon) Kaufman. Married 1918 Rose Cohen. Children: Zelda '19, Dracia '22, Morton '28. Education: Grammar School. Member Sportsman's Club. Recreation: Fishing.

K

**HAROLD W. KILLEN.**

North Liberty St. Service Station, Killen Bros. Co. Born on Nantucket, 1892. Son of Capt. John and Mary A. (O'Neil) Killen. Married, 1916, Beatrice R. Smith. Children: Sidney '18, Leo '20. Education: Nantucket High School. With Killen Bros. for 25 years. Former Registrar of Voters. Member Knights of Columbus, Fireman's Assoc. Recreation: Golf. Son Leo, Flying Cadet, Feb, 1941; Commissioned Second Lieut., U. S. Army Air Corps, Dec., 1941. Son Sidney, Selectee 68th Coast Artillery (Anti-Aircraft). Now in Officers' Training School, Virginia.

K

**JOHN R. KILLEN.**

4 Ash street. Gasoline and Coal Dept., Killen Bros. Co. Born on Nantucket, 1874. Son of Capt. John and Mary A. (O'Neil) Killen. Married, 1905, Elizabeth Jardine. Children: Paul '06, Alma (Mrs. William Coffin) '10, Mary (Mrs. George Lusk) '17, Frances '19. Education: Coffin School and Comers Commercial College. With Killen Bros for 50 years. Former member of the Board of Selectmen and School Committee. Member of Engine Co. No. 4, Daughters of Pocahontas, Red Men, Roman Catholic Church, Wharf Rat Club. At sea from the age of six weeks for thirteen years. Travelled six hundred and fifty thousand miles on the three-masted schooners William Slater, Mary A. Killen and John C. Gregory.

K

**MAURICE CHARLES KILLEN.**

8 Derrymore Road. Merchant. Born 1895. Son of Captain John and Mary Ann (O'Neil) Killen. Married 1922, Wanetta Canton Gill. Children: James Maurice '23, Jacqueline Monica '27. Education: Nantucket Schools, Comers Business College. Member Maddequet Admiralty, Wharf Rat Club, Knights of Columbus, American Legion. Recreation: Gardening. Was in the World War Service Company K, 328th Infantry, 82nd All American Division. At St. Mihiel, Meuse Argonne Defensive Sector.

K

**WANETTA G. KILLEN.**

8 Derrymore Road. Manager, Buttner Co. Born at Weybridge, Vermont, Daughter of George H. and Cleora (Canton) Gill. Married: Maurice C. Killen. Children: James Maurice '23, Jacqueline Monica '27. Education: Beeman Academy, Vermont Teacher's Training School. Teacher in Vermont Public schools. Member: American Legion Auxiliary, Eight and Forty.



K

**CHARLES POND KIMBALL.**

Madaket Road. Chairman of School Committee. Born 1897. Son of Harold C. and Martha W. (Pond) Kimball. Married, 1921, Honor E. Case; 1933, Anne Wilson of Thornthwaite, Eng. Education: St. Georges School, Newport, R. I.; Harvard '19. Fellow in Biochemistry, Univ. of Rochester, '21-'25. Chief Air Warden-at-large, Public Safety Committee. Vice President Nantucket Historical Association. Member Board of Managers of Maria Mitchell Association; Committee on Outlying Lands; Committee on Town Forests; Pacific Club; Winter Club. Publications: "Lepidoptera of Nantucket". M. M. A. Bulletin '39.

K

**GRACE M. HENRY KLINGELFUSS.**

Saratoga St. Attorney at Law. Clerk of the District Court of Nantucket. Born 1902 at Boston, Mass. Daughter of William J. and Jane I. (Geogan) Henry. Married, 1935, Paul F. Klingelfuss. Children: Gretchen '36. Education: Boston Schools, Girls' Latin School, Boston Clerical School, L. L. B. Northeastern Univ. 1926. Vice President, Nantucket Cottage Hospital; Chairman Advisory Board, Selective Service; Trustee of the Hoosier Fund. Member of St. Mary's Church. Recreation: Photography and antiques. Descended from Patrick Henry.

L

**JOSEPH MICHAEL LARKIN.**

10 North Water St. Assessor, Court Officer. Born at Manville, R. I., 1876. Son of Michael and Bridget (Canning) Larkin. Married, Edith Coleman Hussey 1910. Children: William J. '11, John '18, Mary '19, Grace '20. Married Helen Bartley 1934. Education: Berkeley R. I., Public Schools. Formerly in the paint business, deputy sheriff and sheriff. Member: Roman Catholic Church. John now a First Lieutenant U. S. A. Air Corps; after Nantucket High School, Norwich Academy, Norwich, Vt. Enlisted 1938, trained at Randolph and Kelly Fields, San Antonio, Texas, graduated, was commissioned 2nd Lieut. and received his "wings" 1939. Promoted 1939 to 1st Lieut. Now at Bolling Field, Washington, D. C.

L

**AUGUSTUS CHASE LAKE.**

22 Easton St. Electrical contractor. Born 1876 on Nantucket. Son of Albert E. and Sarah (Lewis) Lake. Married 1900, Anna Wilhemina Nelson. Ed.: Nantucket High School. Assistant Engineer with Nantucket Electrical Co. for fourteen years. Member: Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Union Lodge, F. and A. M.

L

**GEORGE MYRICK LAKE**

5 North Water St. Plumbing and Heating. Born on Nantucket, 1885. Son of Albert E. and Sarah M. (Lewis) Lake. Married Minnie J. Lockwood 1910 (dec.). Children: Doris E., '11, Muriel, '15. Married Louise Vincent, 1935. Ed: Nantucket Schools and in New York Trade School. President of Nan. Inst. for Savings. Member: Masonic Lodge, Pacific Club. Master of Union Lodge 1921, at its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary. 1932, chairman of building committee of Cyrus Peirce School. Recreation: Hunting and fishing.

L

**FRED D. LE BLANC.**

65 Orange St. Manager of Atlantic & Pacific Monument Store. Born 1907 Notre Dame, New Brunswick. Son of Urbain and Adelaide Leger. Education: New Bedford Schools. Member of Grange and Catholic Church.

L

**HARRY ALLEN LARRABEE.**

Hummock Pond Road. Member of the Finance Committee. Born 1882 in Peabody, Mass. Son of Thomas Bond and Susan Elizabeth (Allen) Larrabee. Married 1908 Susan Elizabeth Jones. Children: Clara '09, Harry Allen, Jr., '11, Bertha '13, Susan '20, Priscilla '25. Education: Peabody High School, Salem Commercial College and law course; Asst. Manager American Soda Fountain Company. Came to Nantucket in 1911. Producer of milk and farm products at Pine Grove Farm.

L

**EDITH SANDBURY LEVINS.**

23 Union St. Teacher Grades 1 to 4 in Siasconset School. Born 1915 in Nantucket. Daughter of James J. and Helen M. (Fisher) Levins. Education: Sacred Heart Academy, Fall River, Mass., '28 to '33. Regis College, Weston, Mass. A. B. '37. Fairfield Business College '39, Bates Summer School '40, Lewiston, Me. Grandfather Thomas F. Sandbury was the first captain of a life saving station in Nantucket, serving first at Muskeget and then at Madaket.

L

**HELEN FISHER LEVINS.**

23 Union St. Teacher, Academy Hill School, Grade 4. Daughter of James J. and Helen M. (Fisher) Levins. Ed.: Sacred Heart Academy, Fall River, Mass., '23-'27. Regis College, Weston, Mass., '27-'31, A. B. Summer Schools Harvard, Univ. So. California. Grandparents Thomas F. Sandbury and Joseph Warren Fisher. Thomas F. Sandbury was the first captain of a Life Saving Station on Nant, serving first at Muskeget and later at Madaket.



**SEDDON WILLIAM LEGG.**

51 Orange St. Carpenter, Contractor and Milk Dealer. Born at Providence, R. I., 1894. Son of William Henry and Mary Jane (Finley) Legg. Married, 1918, Madeleine Curtis Macy. Children: Seddon W., Jr., '19 (in 1st Army Aviation Corps) and Kenneth A. '22 (student at Mass. State College). Education: Providence High School. Town Fence Viewer, Past Commander American Legion, Vestryman St. Paul's Church. Member: Sportsmen's Club, St. John No. 1 Providence F. and A. M., Chapter (Nant.) F. and A. M., Commandery (New Bedford) F. and A. M. In U. S. Naval Service 1917-1919, Newport and Nantucket. Past Chef de Gare, 40 and 8. Recreation: Golf.

**MARY BROCK LEWIS.**

30 Centre St. President of the Children's Aid Society. Born 1891. Daughter of Albert Gardner and Annie (Cartwright) Brock. Married 1918, Frank Edward Lewis, M. D. Children: Frances '18, Brock '30. Ed. Nantucket High School, Wheaton College, two years. Member of Abiah Folger Franklin Chapter, D. A. R., First Congregational Church.

**FRANK EDWARD LEWIS, M. D.**

30 Centre St. Physician, Major. Surgeon to 57th Signal Battalion, U. S. Army. Born, 1884, at Boston, son of Edward Anthony and Mary Lewis. Married, 1917, Mary Brock. Children: Frances '18, Brock '30. Education: Wellesley High School '03, B. A. Amherst College '07, Interne Dartmouth Medical School '12, Boston City Hospital Surgical 1912 to 1914. Physician in Newton, Mass., 1915. Came to Nantucket, 1915. War record: Orthopedic Surgeon with British and American Army, Overseas in A. E. F. 21 months. President Pacific National Bank. Chairman School Committee, Nantucket, 1920-22. Member: Masons, American Legion (First Commander Byron L. Sylvaro Post), First Chef de Gare 40 and 8, Nantucket, Nantucket Sportsmen's Club, American Medical Asso. and Massachusetts Medical Societies, American Military Surgeons, Army and Navy Club of Boston, Congregational Church of Nantucket, Sankaty Head Golf Club, Nantucket Yacht Club (Life Member). Medical Examiner Nantucket County since 1928, Surgeon in Public Health Service. Recreation: Golf and tennis.

**CLINTON THOMAS MACY.**

28 West Chester St. Clerk, Nantucket Gas & Electric Co. Born 1917. Son of Hiram W. and Maud Conant (Thomas) Macy. Education Nantucket High School, Trinity College (2 years). Clerk, Lay Leader and Parish Historian of St. Paul's Church. Knight Counsellor of Order of Sir Galahad; Advisor of Young People's Fellowship; member of Troup Committee, Boy Scouts of America; Council of the Nantucket Historical Association; the Whalers' Club; the Nantucket Craftsmen. Descended from Tristram Coffin in 16 lines, and from John Howland and Elizabeth Tilley of the *Mayflower*.

**JOHN V. MARCELINO.**

5 East York St. Barber. Born at Terceira, Azores, 1901. Son of John and Mary C. (Carvalho) Marcelino. Married 1925 Mary M. Foster. Children: Margaret '26. Education: Schools of the Azores and New Bedford. Cotton mill operative. Member of the Catholic Church, Knights of Columbus.

**RICHARD C. MALONEY.**

15 Milk St. Principal of Cyrus Peirce School and Supervisor of Drawing. Born 1904 in Chelsea, Mass. Son of David J. and Rebecca (Clogher) Maloney. Married 1935 Marguerite McHugh. Children: Thomas Clogher '36, Mary Rebecca '40. Ed.: Chelsea High School, Museum Fine Arts, Boston, Dartmouth College '26. Member: Fawcett Players, President of Parent-Teacher Association. Articles: "The People's Voice", "Why Nantucketers Stay at Home", etc., in Boston Transcript.

**LOTTIE M. MACK.**

1 Plumb Lane. President of the Union Benevolent Society. Daughter of Daniel and Ann Davis O'Connor. Married Robert Mack 1900. Children: Robert 1901, Margaret Louise Gordon, 1902, Doris Minette 1904. Education: Nantucket High School. Member Church Service League.

**ALBERT P. MANCHESTER.**

34 Easton Street. Merchant. Head of Five and Ten Cent Store, 19 Main St. Born 1916, North Easton, Mass. Son of Albert and Margaret (Burke) Manchester. Married 1936, Margaret Wilson Stephenson. Children: Mary Lou 1937, Margaret Rita 1939. Education: Taunton High School. Treasurer of the Chamber of Commerce. Member of Knights of Columbus.

**WILLIAM LAURENCE MATHER.**

15 Gardner St. Manager, Nantucket Gas & Electric Co. Born in Northwich, England 1900. Son of Laurence and Emily (Woosnam) Mather. Married 1931 Ida Louise Harper. Children: William '33, Francis '36. Education: Engineering Apprenticeship, England. Graduated Bliss Electrical School '25, Washington, D. C. Engineer in England, Portland, Ore., New York City, and Lynn, Mass. Vice President, Nantucket Gas & Electric Co. Trustee of Nantucket Cottage Hospital, Treasurer Unitarian Church, Member of Masons, Pacific Club. Chairman Boy Scout Commission, Associate, Institute Electrical Engineering. In the Royal Navy at Scapa Flow, 1918.



M

**EMILY F. and CARRIE MILLER.**  
Lower India st. Ladies' Sport Shop.  
Born in Nantucket, daughters of  
Manuel and Isabella (Fratus) Miller.  
Education: Nantucket High School.  
Members: St. Mary's Catholic Church.

M

**ETHEL LOUISE MOONEY.**  
46 West Chester St. Registered  
Nurse. Born at Taunton, Mass.,  
1905, (twin) daughter of Thomas and  
Ellen E. (McCarthy) Foley. Married  
Lawrence F. Mooney, 1930. Children:  
Robert Francis '31. Education: St.  
Mary's Parochial School and Taunton  
High School. Lynn Hospital Training  
School, McLean Hospital, Waverly,  
Mass. Registered Nurse in Massa-  
chusetts and New York. Member:  
Red Cross Nursing Service, American  
Nurses Asso., Women's Auxiliary of  
Nantucket Cottage Hospital. Past  
President of Graduate Nurses Asso.  
Past Chapeau of Forty and Eight;  
American Legion Auxiliary, Assistant  
to Public Nurse on Civilian Defense.  
St. Mary's Church. Recreation: Read-  
ing and Fancy-work. Twin sister,  
Edith, also R. N., married Dr. Carl A.  
Pitt, of New Bedford, Mass.

M

**CLIFFORD RAY MORRIS.**  
53 Union St. Collector of Taxes.  
Born 1893. Son of Obed Aldrich and  
Mary J. (Ray) Morris. Ed.: Nantuck-  
et High School. Telegraph Operator,  
Surveyor. Member: Masonic Lodge,  
Chapter Council, Commandery, Wharf  
Rat Club, Maddequet Admiralty, Sons  
of American Revolution, American  
Legion, 40-8. Recreation: Pistol  
shooting.

M

**PHILIP MORRIS.**  
King street, Siasconset. Postmaster,  
Born 1898, 'Sconset, son of Charles C.  
and Etta (Bartlett) Morris. Married  
Nellie Pond Norcross, 1924. Educa-  
tion: Nantucket High School, Eastern  
Radio Institute, Boston, 1920. Em-  
ployee of Frost and Adams Co., Bos-  
ton, Sankaty Head Golf Club, Ice  
cream manufacturer, commercial radio  
operator. Member: Masons, F. and  
A. M.; Isle of the Sea Royal Arch  
Chapter, Methodist Church, Siasconset  
Community Club. Recreation: Sports  
in general.

N

**DANIEL J. NOONAN.**  
30 Hussey St. Principal and teacher  
at Academy Hill School. Born 1906.  
Son of Timothy and Margaret (Culli-  
nane) Noonan. Education: Boston  
College A. B. and Harvard M. Ed.  
Member of Phi Delta Kappa. Recrea-  
tion: Tennis, travel, reading.

O

**ADDISON NUTTER ORMSBY.**  
Madaket U. S. Coast Guard Station.  
Commanding Officer of Coast Guard.  
Born Malden, Mass., 1891, son of Ad-  
dison W. and Ada L. (Snow) Ormsby.  
Married 1911 Jennie Joseph (deceas-  
ed). Children: Donald '12, Ralph '13.  
Education: Malden High School. 20  
years in Coast Guard service at var-  
ious Cape Cod stations. Masonic  
Lodge, F. & A. M. Recreation: Fish-  
ing.

M

**LAWRENCE FOSTER MOONEY.**  
26 West Chester St. Chief of Police.  
Born on Nantucket 1886. Son of Law-  
rence F. and Margaret A. (Donahue)  
Mooney. Married 1930 Ethel L. Foley.  
Children: Robert Francis '31. Edu-  
cated Nantucket Schools. Patrolman,  
Sergeant. Member No. 4's, Association  
of Chiefs of Police (International),  
Roman Catholic Church, Pacific Club.  
Grandfather Robert F. Mooney, of  
Dublin, shipwrecked on *British Queen*  
on Tuckernuck shoals, December 18,  
1851.

M

**LEON F. MOYNIHAN.**  
4 Plumb Lane. Manager Great At-  
lantic and Pacific Tea Co., Orange  
street. Born 1897, Somerville, Mass.,  
son of Frank S. and Leona M.  
(Young) Moynihan. Married, 1921,  
Dorothy E. Soverino. Children: Wil-  
liam F. '22, Edward F. '26, Edith L.  
'28. Education: Boston Public Schools,  
Cambridge High and Latin School.  
Letter Carrier, Boston; U. S. N. R. F.  
(Aviation) World War; Quartermas-  
ter, 2nd Class, Hampton Roads, Va.  
Member: Union Lodge, F. and A. M.,  
Isle of the Sea Royal Arch Chapter,  
Men's Club, North Congregational  
Church. Recreation: Golf. Ances-  
tors: Grandfather John T. Young,  
served with 13th New Hampshire  
Volunteers in Civil War.

MC.

**MARY A. McCANN.**  
17 Liberty St. Teacher of English  
and Director of Physical Education  
and Basketball coach (girls). Educa-  
tion: Bridgewater Teachers College.

N

**EMMA NICKERSON.**  
4 Eagle Lane. President of the Bap-  
tist Aid Society. Born 1905. Daugh-  
ter of Everett and Winifred (Nicker-  
son) Goreham. Married 1921 Harold  
Nickerson. Children: Winifred (Mul-  
kern) '22, Marie '24, Elaine '25,  
Genevieve '28, Harold '30, Norman '33.  
Education: public schools of Woods  
Harbor, Nova Scotia. Member Relief  
Corps and Daughters of Rebekah.  
Has seven brothers in the Canadian  
Army, Navy and Air Forces.

N

**MAURICE NORCROSS.**  
30 Easton St. Superintendent Distri-  
bution Nantucket Gas and Electric Co.  
Born Sept. 6, 1889, son of John and  
Helen (Chase) Norcross. Married,  
1912, Mary E. Sylvester. Children:  
Helen E. Norcross Murphy '13. Edu-  
cation: Nantucket High School. Driver  
Nantucket Fire Department and Fire-  
man Electric Co. Member: Nantucket  
Lodge (Secretary) I. O. O. F., Masons,  
Nantucket Fireman's Asso. Recrea-  
tion: Fishing.



P

**SARAH ALICE PACKARD.**  
3 Winter St. Head of Home Economics Department, Coffin School. Born, 1879. Daughter of Charles Nelson and Abbie Snell (Ames) Packard. Education: Bridgewater Normal School and Simmons College. Home Demonstration Agent. Dean of Nasson College, Springfield, Mass. Recreation: Music, Books, "Auto". Ancestors: English: Plymouth and Braintree.

P

**F. RUSSELL PEMBERTON**  
17 Liberty St. Carpenter. Born, 1890. Son of C. W. and Eunice H. (Fullington) Pemberton. Commander of Nantucket Post American Legion. Member Nantucket Sportsmen's Club, Voiture 40-8, Nantucket Firemen's Asso. Recreation: hunting and fishing. Helped install the first Radio Compass Station at Surfside, Nantucket, in 1918.

P

**REGIS HENRI POST.**  
90 Main St. Retired. Born, 1870, in New York city, son of Albert Kintzing and Marie Caroline de Trobiand Post. Married (3d) Marguerite de Lagarde, 1934. Children: Regis Henri, Jr. '97. Education: St. Mark's School, Southboro, Mass., and Harvard University. Former occupations: Trustee Bayport Union School, 1897-1902; Chief Bayport, L. I., Fire Dept., 1898-1899; Vice-Commodore Penataquit Y. C., Bayshore, L. I., 1899-1902; Commodore South Side Y. C., South Bay, L. I., 1900-1902; Member N. Y. Assembly, 2d Dist. Suffolk Cy., 1900-1901; Appointed Auditor of Puerto Rico, 1903; Appointed Secretary of Puerto Rico, 1904; Elected Pres. Ex. Council, P. R., 1904; Appointed Governor Puerto Rico, 1907-1909; Acted as volunteer private secretary to Theodore Roosevelt during campaigns of 1910 and pre-convention, 1912; organized Progressive campaign, Suffolk Cy., 1912; ran for Congress, Progressive ticket, 1914, and "succeeded in electing the Republican candidate over the Democratic by a plurality of three votes—my father's, my brother's and my own"; volunteered as driver in American Ambulance corps in France, 1914; attended C. O. T. C. in Plattsburg, 1916; attached to American Red Cross in Italy with affiliated rank of Captain, 1917-1919. Decorated by the Italian Government with the Service Medal and Knight Officer Order of the Crown of Italy. Decorations not now being worn. Visited Nantucket first in 1919 and has been living here, at intervals ever since. Member: Harvard Clubs in Boston and New York. Patchogue Commandery K. T., Suwasett Chapter, R. A. M., demitted South Side, St. John the Baptist, San Juan, P. R., and Union Lodges, F. and A. M., and Pacific Club. Vestryman and Clerk of St. Paul's Parish '29 to '31. Recreation: Cross Word Puzzles. Ancestors: Richard Post, original settler, Southampton, L. I., 1636.

P

**CLARA PARKER.**  
1 Stone Alley. Librarian, Nantucket Atheneum Library. Born 1877. Daughter of Clinton and Ida A. (Hardy) Parker. Education: Nantucket High School. Member: Nantucket Relief Association, Nantucket Historical Association.

P

**RICHARD JAMES PORTER.**  
Madaket Road. Principal of Junior High School and teacher of Mathematics. Son of Moses and Emily (Richard) Porter. Married 1921 May Burchell. Children: Polly '25. Education: Fitchburg, Mass., High School and Fitchburg State Teachers College. Principal of Junior High and later Assistant Principal High School, Troy, N. H. Staunton Military Academy, Staunton, Va., fifteen years. Came to Nantucket 1933. Member of Wesco Golf Club, Parent-Teacher Association, World War Veteran. Recreation: Hunting and golf.

P

**LINWOOD E. PROCTOR.**  
10 India St. Manager Stevens Sporting Goods Store. Born at Mexico, Maine, 1908. Son of Frank A. and Nellie (Parsons) Proctor. Married, 1941, Dorothy Manter. Education: Mexico High School, Boston University. Paper tester and Chemist. Member Pennycook Lodge, I. O. O. F., Oxford Encampment, Daughters of Rebekah, Canton Rumford, Rumford, Maine, Masonic Lodge, Chamber of Commerce, Men's Club of Congregational Church, Whalers' Club, Quaise Rifle Club, Wesco Golf Club. Recreation: Fishing and Golf.

R

**FRANCES C. RATCLIFFE.**  
39 Liberty St. President of Old Colony Branch Women's Board of Missions. Born in Boston 1867, daughter of Charles Winslow and Lydia Frances (Hayes) Cummings. Married at Paul de Loandd, Africa, 1887, Rev. Charles Alfred Ratcliffe. Children: Ethel R. Driggs, '89, Edith R. Nason '95. Education: Graduate and Post Graduate Reading High School. Commissioned Missionary to West Africa. Member of North Congregational Church, Order of the Eastern Star, Daughters of the American Revolution. Recreation: Studies in Egyptology and Archaeology. Descended from John Howland, William Bradford and Richard Warren.

R

**ELLEN L. RAMSDELL.**  
67 North Centre St. Supervisor of Music in the Public Schools. Born on Nantucket 1898. Daughter of Edgar W. and Elizabeth Ella (Sylvaro) Ramsdell. Ed: Nantucket High School, Julius Hart School of Music, N. E. Conservatory of Music, Boston, Mass. Studied Voice with William L. Whitney and Elma Ingleman. Taught at South Portland, Me., and Bristol, Ct. Began teaching at Nantucket in 1930. Choir leader, St. Paul's Church. Member: Candlelight Guild. Recreation: Swimming, gardening and handwork.



R

## EARL STOWELL RAY.

27 Fair St. Member of Town Finance Committee past fifteen years, secretary past four years. Builder. Born on Nantucket, 1898, son of William C. and Amelia P. (Morris) Ray. Married, 1924, Lelia Coffin Williams. Children: Robert M. '25, Jane C. '30. Education: Nantucket Public Schools, Coffin School, Beaux Arts, Paris. Air Service, U. S. A. '17, '18, '19; served in France: Seventh A. I. C. Clermont-Ferrand, Le Petite Maulon, Bar-le-Duc, St. Amant, Columbe la Belle. Member A. F. and A. M., I. O. O. F., Past Commander of American Legion; Past Commodore of Admiralty; Past Cornet of Sons of the Revolution; Past Chef of 40 and 8; Police Pistol Club; North Congregational Church; Coffin School Asso.; Nantucket Historical Asso.; Chief of Protection Division, Nantucket Committee of Public Safety. Recreation: Small arms ballistics, History and Oil Painting. Descended from Mary Chilton and John Billington of the Mayflower.

R

## LELIA COFFIN RAY.

27 Fair St. Chairman Girl Scout Committee. Born 1896. Daughter of Benjamin Franklin and Susan Coffin (Appleton) Williams. Married Earl Stowell Ray 1924. Children: Robert Morris '25, Jane Coffin '30. Education: Nantucket High School, Coffin School, Framingham Normal School, 1918. Taught Household Arts at Lancaster, Mass., and at the Coffin School. Member of First Congregational Church, Independent Rebekah Lodge, Coffin School Association. Past President American Legion Auxiliary.

R

## HAZEL GARDNER REGNERE

9 Back St. Proprietor of Al's Market. Born on Nantucket, 1913, daughter of John B. and Ida May (Mendance) Gardner. Married Albert Regner (deceased) 1932. Children: Thomas Gardner, '33, Alberta Mae, '35, Russell John '37. Education: Nantucket High School. Member: Woman's Relief Corps, Quaise Rifle Club. Ancestors: Richard Gardner and Tristram Coffin.

R

## JOHN R. REIS, JR.

80 Orange St. Merchant. Clothing and Shoes. Born on Nantucket 1896. Son of John and Mary S. (Sylvia) Reis. Education: Nantucket Schools. Member of the Catholic Church, Knights of Columbus. Recreation: baseball.

R

## ANNE RING.

43 Liberty St. Former member of the Board of Selectmen, the only woman ever elected to the Board. Born on Nantucket, 1865. Daughter of Michael and Margaret (Cunningham) Ring. Ed.: Nantucket High School and various summer schools. Taught in the Nantucket Public Schools for over forty years. Mem: Nantucket Historical Asso. and Maria Mitchell Asso. Her father in the Constabulary force in Ireland under Queen Victoria.

R

## HARRY W. REX JR.

Wesco Place. Pharmacist. Manager of Congdon's Drug Store. Born 1910 New Bedford. Son of Harry W. and Bertha (Shaw) Rex. Married 1934, Georgia Schlais. Education: New Bedford High School and private tutoring in Pharmacy. Member of Union Lodge of Masons, Police Revolver Club, Chamber of Commerce. Recreation: Golf and Photography.

R

## HAROLD B. RYDER.

57 Orange St. Manager of Ryder's Liquor Store. Born at Chatham, Mass., 1896. Son of Edmund Z. and Flora (Emery) Ryder. Married, 1926, Felemina C. Souza. Children: Harold B. Ryder, Jr., '28. Education: Chatham High School, Nantucket High School. Past occupations: Owner and manager of Ryder's Market, United States Naval Reserve. Member: American Legion, Forty and Eight, Revolver Club, Pacific Club, Nantucket Golf Club, Sankaty Head Golf Club, Sportsmen's Club. Recreation: Golf and hunting.

S

## ROY ELWORTHY SANGUINETTI.

Madaket Road. Lawyer, Town Counsellor and Moderator of Town Meeting. Born 1904 at Kingston, Jamaica. Son of Col. Charles Shedden and Margaret (Elworthy) Sanguinetti. Married. Lucille Ring 1936. Children: Lee '37. Education: Wolmers and Calabar College, Jamaica, Northeastern University Law School LL.B. '25. Member: Masons. Sportsmen's Club, Sankaty Head Golf Club, Nantucket Yacht Club, Pacific Club, Winter Club. Vestryman of St. Paul's Church.

S

## LUCILLE RING SANGUINETTI.

Madaket Road. Chairman, Junior Red Cross. Born in Nantucket, 1917, daughter of John Cunningham and Ellen (Tobey) Ring. Married 1936 Roy Elworthy Sanguinetti. Children: Lee '37. Education: Lincoln School, Providence, R. I., Bradford Junior College '35. Member of the Executive Board of Girl Scouts.



## S

**CHARLES FREDERICK SAYLE.**  
63 Union St. Ship Model Builder. Chief of Rescue and Labor Squads (Public Safety Committee). Born at Cleveland, Ohio, 1908, son of Frederick M. and Grace (Armstrong) Sayle. Began building ship models at 11 years of age. Seaman and fisherman on the Great Lakes and out of Gloucester; also, across to the British Isles. Vice Pres. of the Fishermen's Asso. Member of Craftsman's Club, Sraill Club. Came to Nantucket in 1930.

## S

**SUSAN SEVERANCE.**

Nantucket. Registered Nurse. Born at North Leverett, Mass., daughter of Frank and Ann (Reynolds) Severance. Education: Waltham Training School for Nurses. War service in France: Pau Basses Pyrénées Houlgate Calvados, '17 to '19, Harvard Unit 22nd General Hospital B. E. F. at Dannes Camiers. Public Health Nurse at Nantucket '21 to '26. Member: Harvard Unit Asso.; Waltham Alumnae Asso.; Nantucket Historical Asso. Recreation: antiques. Descended from Mary Severance who married (1663) James, son of Tristram Coffin.

## S

**JOHN F. SHAW, JR.**

7 Mooers Lane, Town, and Wauwinet. Teacher of General Science and Biology, Nantucket High School. Born 1907. Son of John F. and Margaret D. (Logan) Shaw. Married 1929 Helen L. Backus. Education: Easthampton, Mass., High School, Amherst College, A. B., '29. Teacher, Radio Announcer, Importer Foreign Folk Dolls, Secretary of Republican Town Committee. Member Alumni Council Committee on Dramatics Amherst College, The Logan Clan Scotland, The Delta Tau Delta Fraternity. Ancestor: Sir Robert Logan who lost his life in Spain carrying Bruce's heart to Palestine (1329).

## S

**ALICE O. SHURROCKS.**

16 Vestal St. Author of "Nantucket Wild Flowers". Born 1880. Daughter of Benjamin and Mary Ann (Mitchell) Albertson. Married, 1929, Alfred F. Shurrocks. Education: Friends' Select School, Philadelphia; Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania. Member of Society of American Archaeology, Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, Council of the Nantucket Historical Association, Maria Mitchell Association, St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Recreation: Natural History and Indian Archaeology. Descended from a majority of the Original Purchasers and original settlers of Nantucket; also from Degory Priest of the Mayflower. Co-donor, with Mr. Shurrocks, of the cabinet of Indian Artifacts collected on Nantucket and recently presented to the Nantucket Historical Association.

## S

**CHARLES A. SELDEN.**

29 Liberty street. Member of School Committee. Born on Nantucket, October 10, 1870. Son of Charles and Lydia C. (Hodges) Selden. Lineal descendant of Thomas Selden, one of the founders and original proprietors of Hartford, Ct., and of Col. Samuel Selden of the American Revolution. Married, October 13, 1895, Grace, daughter of the Rev. John A. Savage who was the Unitarian Minister at Nantucket, 1880-84. Children: Eva (Mrs. C. Everett Banks) and John Charles Selden. Education: Coffin School and Brown University, A. B., 1893; Hon. A. M. from same University, 1933. Reporter on city staffs of Providence Journal, New York Sun, N. Y. Evening Post, 1893 to 1912. City Editor of Post, 1912 to 1916. In Washington and Ottawa, Can., for the N. Y. Times for two years prior to American entrance into first World War. Paris and general European correspondent 1917 to 1921. Magazine political writer in United States, Europe and Asia, 1921 to 1928. Then London correspondent of New York Times until 1937, when he retired and returned to Nantucket to live. Member of Unitarian Church, Wharf Rats, Winter Club, Maria Mitchell Association and councillor of Historical Association.

## S

**ALFRED F. SHURROCKS.**

16 Vestal St. Architect. Born 1870. Son of Thomas H. and Elizabeth (Skinner) Shurrocks. Married 1929 Alice O. Albertson. Education: Providence Public Schools, Mass. Institute of Technology, 1895. Of the firm of Sawtelle, Robertson and Shurrocks, Providence, R. I. Member American Institute of Architects, Sons of the American Revolution, Society of American Archaeology, Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, Nantucket Historical Association, Maria Mitchell Association, Pacific Club, St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Recreation: Photography and Indian Archaeology. Architect in charge of the restoration of the Oldest (Jethro Coffin) House. Co-donor with Mrs. Shurrocks of the cabinet of Indian Artifacts collected on Nantucket and recently presented to the Nantucket Historical Association.

## S

**WALTER HERBERT SISSON.**

Madaket Road. Proprietor Nantucket Candy Kitchen. Also Painter. Born in Lynn, Mass., 1882. Son of Walter E. and Clara J. (Davis) Sisson. Married, 1910, Anna L. Belyea. Children: Dorothy L. '13, Bettina A. '19. Education: Lynn Sanborn School. Noble Grand Nantucket Lodge, I. O. O. F. Past Chief Patriarch of Wanackmamack Encampment. District Deputy Grand Patriarch of Wanackmamack Encampment. Member Island Rebekah Lodge and Nantucket Sportsmen's Club.



S

**HARRY ELMER SMITH.**

5 Chestnut St. Optician and Jeweler. Born 1874. Son of Walter Irving and Mary Florence (Sibley) Smith. Married 1899, Emma Gertrude North. Children: Marcella Mitchell, '05. Ed. Woonsocket High School, R. I. Former member of School Committee. Member Episcopal Church, Masons, Odd Fellows. Recreation: Singing.

S

**RALPH STANLEY SMITH.**

P. O. Box 517. Teacher, High School Social Studies. Born East Machais, Maine. Son of Ralph S. and Myrtle (Ellenwood) Smith. Married 1940 Esther Cook. Children: Ralph S. Smith 3rd '41. Education: A. B. Bowdoin '30, Harvard Business School, Summer Schools at Boston University, Montclair (N. J.), Teachers College and University of Maine. Scoutmaster '38-'41. Mason, Order of Eastern Star. Recreation: Badminton. Ancestors: Thomas Dudley, second Colonial Governor of Massachusetts.

S

**IRVING ASHTON SOVERINO.**

45 Fair St. Chairman Board of Selectmen. Business: Trucking. Born on Nantucket 1900. Son of William Francis and Lillian (Barnard) Soverino. Married 1922 Helen Frances Jones. Children: Irving '24, Malcolm, '26. Ed. Nantucket High School. Mem.: Bd. of Health, Bd. of Public Welfare, County Commissioners, Masons, I. O. O. F., Pacific Club, Rebekahs, Vestryman, St. Paul's Church. Grandfather, Frederick Barnard, mate of island steamers for many years.

S

**EDOUARD A. STACKPOLE.**

49 Orange St. Printer and Historian. Born 1905. Son of Charles H. and Therése (Mauduit) Stackpole. Married 1929 Alice T. Larsen. Children: Eugénie Ann '35, Renny A., '37. Education: grad. Nantucket High School and Roxbury Latin School. With the *Inquirer and Mirror* for 16 years. Author of books (historical fiction) on Nantucket: "Smuggler's Luck," '31; "You Fight For Treasure," '33; "Madagascar Jack," '35; "Privateer, Ahoy!" '37; "Mutiny at Midnight," '39 (Published by Morrow). Special Educa. Editions "Smuggler's Luck" and "You Fight For Treasure," for school libraries. London edit. "Smuggler's Luck," '41. Articles: "Whaling From the Hudson," (Vassar Inst.); "Pacific Heritage," (N. Y. Times); "Mutiny on the Ice," (Liberty Mag.); Hist. Asso. Articles: "Nantucketers With John Paul Jones," "Nantucket Bar," "Angola Street," etc. Pres. Nan. Hist. Asso., Coffin School Asso. Member: Winter Club, Sons of Revolution, Parent-Teacher Asso.

S

**HERBERT P. SMITH.**

8 Union St. Selectman and County Commissioner. Secretary, Board of Public Welfare. Born in Edgartown 1877. Son of James G. and Susan A. (Dunham) Smith. Married Ethel Morey 1908. Children Stanley M. 1910. Education: Nantucket High School; Massachusetts Nautical School. U. S. Life-saving Service. Fishing steamer *Waquoit*. United States Shipping Board. Went out second mate on new steamer *Bellbuckle* on voyage to Australia; came home in command of her. Served in Spanish War, executive officer on the *Vesuvius*. First World War, command of the U. S. S. *Joy* and the U. S. S. *Winchester*. Manager Swain's grain store. Past Commander American Legion. Member: Masonic Lodge; Odd Fellows; Daughters of Rebekah; Max Wagner Camp, Spanish War Veterans; Byron L. Sylvaro Post, American Legion; Sons of the Revolution; Pacific Club.

S

**CHARLES GERALD SNOW.**

126 Main St. Member of School Committee. Born 1899. Son of Jesse Baker and Eleanore (Harmon) Snow. Married, 1923, Rose Collins. Children: Mary Elizabeth '24, Charles Earl '25, Curtis Harmon '27, Patricia '30. Education: High School Kennet Square, Pa. Cedar Croft Academy, West Chester, Pa. For twelve years Superintendent of Gas Distribution, Nantucket Gas and Electric Co. War Veteran, 2nd Engineer, Second Division U. S. A., served in France: Brest, Blois, Dijon. Member: Union Lodge F. & A. M., Masonic Club. Recreation: Hunting and Fishing. Father: Jesse Baker Snow, Chief Engineer of the Board of Transportation, City of New York, since completion of Harlem Tunnel.

S

**CORA STEVENS.**

Liberty Lane. Merchant on Petticoat Row. Born, Nantucket, 1888, daughter of William Burr and Emma (Pitman) Stevens. Education: Nantucket High School and Burdett Business College. Treasurer and Trustee of First Congregational Church; treasurer of Past Noble Grand Club, Island Rebekah Lodge; treasurer of Nantucket Chapter, "Save the Children Federation"; Councillor of Nantucket Historical Asso.; Vice-president of Nantucket Chamber of Commerce.

S

**CLARENCE E. STURTEVANT**

North Beach Street. Superintendent of Schools. Born 1903, Essex Junction, Vt., Son of Walter F. and Anna Belle (Sheldon) Sturtevant. Married 1927 Bertha Mae Small. Children: John M. 1930. Education: Middlebury College B. S. 1925, Teachers College Columbia University M. A., 1931, Graduate work at University of New Hampshire, Harvard University, and School of Education at Yale University. Teacher of English and Social Subjects Meredith High School, Meredith, N. H. Supervising Principal of the Danby, Mt. Tabor District, Vt. Assistant Principal Rogers School, Stamford, Conn. Principal, Sax Junior High School, New Canaan, Conn. Member I. O. O. F. No. 37, of New Canaan, Conn. Masons, Chocorua Lodge, No. 83, Meredith, N. H. Methodist Church.



## S

## EILEEN SMITH SYLVIA.

58 Orange St. X-Ray and Laboratory Technician. Born at Charlestown, Mass., 1909, daughter of James Lawrence and Margaret (Durrane) Smith. Married Peter Irving Sylvia, 1941. Education: St. Joseph's Academy, Wheeling, W. Va.; De Sales Height's Acad., Parkersburg, W. Va.; Graduate of Essex Sanatorium Training School; courses in X-Ray and Laboratory technique at Deaconess Hospital, Boston; bacteriological work at Boston Dispensary; special course in laboratory work at State House. Operating Room Staff Essex Sanatorium, Middleton, Mass. Office nurse to Dr. J. J. Todd, Boston; X-Ray Laboratory Technician at Nantucket Cottage Hospital. Member of Nantucket Graduate Nurses Asso. Formerly Secretary of Essex Sanatorium Nurses Asso.

## T

## NATHAN F. THURSTON.

South Prospect St. Miller of the Old Mill. Born 1913. Son of Nathan L. and Abbie Gertrude (Curley) Thurston. Married 1934 Helen Chambers. Children: Nathan Francis, Jr., '37. Education: Nantucket schools. Fisherman, Miller. Member of Nantucket Historical Association, Grange, Nantucket Firemen's Association. Recreation: Music, Dancing, Minstrel Shows.

## T

## EDWIN STARR TIRRELL.

71 Main St. Town and County Treasurer. Born 1863, Rockland, Mass. Son of Edwin Starr and Emeline (Lane) Tirrell. Married 1887, Grace N. Whiting (Rockland). Children: Grace B. Tirrell, Ethel Norwood (Phelps). Married, 1919, Lila Garvin (Derry, N. H.). Education: Adams Academy, Quincy, Mass., and Amherst College '85. Teacher: Spencer, Mass., Nahant, Mass., Warwick, R. I. Principal Oliver Ames High School, North Easton, Mass. Superintendent of Schools and Principal of the High School, Nantucket, 1912-1923. Treasurer 1925 to present.

## V

## ELIZABETH N. VAN FLEET.

5 Lyon St. President Past Noble Grands Association. Born 1906. Daughter of Arthur A. and Annie M. (Backus) Norcross. Married 1927, Kenneth S. Van Fleet. Children: Charles '28, Robert '32. Education: Nantucket High School. Treasurer Parent Teacher Association, Member Island Rebekah Lodge, St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Candlelight Guild. Recreation: Crocheting.

## W

## WILLIAM WAINE.

51 Fair St. Electrical Contractor. Finance Committee. Born in New Bedford, Mass., 1892, son of George and Margaret (Greene) Waine. Married 1917 Grace Evelyn Shaw. Children: William Robert '21, Gilbert Francis '24. Education: New Bedford Public Schools. New Bedford Textiles. New England Tel. and Tel. Co. France 1918-19, 37th Engineers (Electrical and Mechanical) Argonne Forest and Souilly. Member: Masonic Lodge, Vestryman St. Paul's Church, Post 82, American Legion, Maddequet Admiralty Asso. Recreation: Cards and Reading.

## T

## ERNEST C. THOMAS.

19 Gardner St. Electrician. Born on Nantucket, 1903. Son of John E. and Sarah E. (Chase) Thomas. Married, 1927, Helen Louise Arruda. Children: Helen Louise, Jr., '27. Education: Nantucket High School. Worthy Patron Isle of the Sea Chapter Eastern Star. Past Master Union Lodge, F. and A. M. Member St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Sportsmen's Club. Recreation: Fishing, Cribbage.

## T

## SOPHIA A. THOMPSON.

43 Pine St. Registered Nurse. Daughter of Joseph and Beatrice (Sylvester) Araujo. Education: Graduate Nantucket High School, 1918, St. Luke's Hospital Training School, 1925. Assistant Night Supervisor, St. Luke's Hospital, 1 year; Henry Street Settlement, New York city, 1 year; Obstetrical Supervisor, St. Joseph's Hospital, Providence, R. I., 1 year; Community Health Association, Boston, 2 years; Staff Nantucket Cottage Hospital, 1½ years. Member: Mass. State Nurse's Association, N. Y. State Nurse's Association, Rhode Island Nurse's Asso., Nantucket Graduate Nurse's Asso.

## T

## EVELYN M. TIEWS.

3 Darling St. Teacher of English, Nantucket High School. Born in Boston, graduated Radcliffe College, A. B. Graduate work at Simmons and Harvard. Social Settlement Worker. Nurses' Recreational Director. Teacher: High School and Junior College. Member: Nat. Educational Association, Nat. Council of Teachers of English. Articles in educational magazines: "Elia's Ventures into Drama"; "Modern Stuff Like Macbeth"; "If You'll Get the Equation"; "The Value and Use of Philosophy in the Secondary Schools". Recreation: Music, Reading, Sports.

## T

## LEROY H. TRUE.

Milestone Road. Member of Town Finance Committee. Contractor. Born at Freeport, Maine, 1902, son of William F. and Alice (Rackham) True. Married Eleanor V. Jewett, 1927. Children: Lois Ann '30, Janet '39. Education: Freeport H. S., Bowdoin College. Trustee of Congregational Church and North Cemetery. Past Master Union Lodge; Past H. P. Isle of the Sea R. A. C.; Past Patron, O. E. S.; Member Kappa Sigma.

## W

## HENRY BROOKS WALKER, D. O.

12 Federal St. Osteopathic Physician. Born 1909 in New Bedford. Son of Robert Irving and Mary (Wheeler) Walker, both practising physicians. Married Mary Pendlebury, 1934. Children: David Brooks '35, Stephen Pendlebury '40. Education: New Bedford High School, Mass. Institute of Technology S. B. '31, Kirkville College of Osteopathy and Surgery, Kirkville, Mo. Came to Nantucket, 1938. Member: Masons, Odd Fellows, Sons of the Revolution, Boy Scout Council. Ancestor: David Brooks.



W

## ELSIE WALKER, R. N.

2 West Silver St. Graduate Nurse. Born in Roxbury, 1912. Married Lorin M. Walker, 1938. Education: New Bedford High School, St. Luke's Hospital, New Bedford. Member: St. Luke's Alumnae Association, Nantucket Nurses Association.

W

## DOROTHY SMALL WESCOTT.

Wauwinet Road. Chairman of the Nantucket Chapter of Red Cross. Born Nantucket 1897, daughter of Reuben Cahoon and Phoebe Hanaford (Coffin) Small. Married (2nd) Oliver Dunbar Wescott, D. M. D., '29. Children: Jane Tomlinson '23. Education: Nantucket High School '15, Abbott Academy, Andover, Mass. Long Island City, 1918, final inspection of gas masks at factory. Recreational Director of war camp recreational service, New York city. Director of Community Service, Ipswich, Mass. Local Director of Girl Scouts, New York city.

W

## BESSIE C. WINSLOW.

39 Liberty St. Custodian and Genealogist at Historical Rooms. Born Nantucket 1877, daughter of William H. and Sarah B. (Brown) Chadwick. Married 1897, Addison T. Winslow. Children: Bernice: '99. Education: Nantucket High School. Member of North Congregational Church. Ancestor: Sir Wickliffe Chadwick of England.

W

## OLIVER D. WESCOTT, D. D. S.

Wauwinet Road. Dentist. Born at Malden, Mass., 1892, son of Charles A. and Eliza A. (Roach) Wescott. Married Dorothy (Small) Tomlinson, 1929. Education: Malden High School; Dean Academy '13; Tufts Dental College, '17; Forsythe Dental School '18. Athletic Director of Freshman Class, Tufts College. 1st Lieut. Dental Corps, U. S. A. Dental Examiner in City of Boston for War Risk Insurance. Member: Theta Delta Chi Fraternity; Sons of Revelation; Union Lodge, F. & A. M., Royal Arch Chapter; American Legion; Forty & Eight; Chemical Warfare Veterans Asso.; American Dental Asso. Recreation: Golf, Hunting and Fishing. Ancestors: William Wescott, known as Post Wescott, personal messenger for General Washington; Sarah Marr Wescott, daughter of Lord Erskine, Son of House of Marr, Scotland.

W

## VIRGINIA H. WOOD.

7 Gardner St. President Candlelight Guild. Born 1904. Daughter of Harry A. and Edith (Hamblin) Tobey. Married, 1922, Allen D. Wood. Children: David H. '23, James A. '26, Edith M. '28. Education: Nantucket High School. Member St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Altar Guild. Recreation: Gardening and collecting pitchers.

W

## MARY PENDLEBURY WALKER.

12 Federal St. President Daughters of the British Empire. Born in Blackburn, England. Daughter of Thomas and Nancy (Bousfield) Pendlebury. Married 1934 Dr. H. Brooks Walker. Children: David Brooks '35; Stephen Pendlebury, '40. Education: New Bedford High School, Bates College, A. B. Graduate work North Eastern, Missouri College and Bates College. Social Service worker, Director of Girls' Work, Dennison Memorial, New Bedford, Mass. Substitute teacher in New Bedford, Kirksville (Mo.), and Nantucket. Member Eastern Star, Daughters of Rebekah and Nantucket Teachers' Club. Recreation, Dramatics.

W

## COL. GEORGE A. WILDRICK.

31 Orange St. or "Cross Rip," Siasconset. United States Army, retired. Born 1883, son of Brig. Gen. Abram Calvin and Marion (White) Wildrick. Married 1908 Marion Warren Newcomb. Children: Mrs. Church M. Matthews (Carolyn Newcomb) '09, Warren Newcomb '10. Education: B. S. Princeton Univ. '04, Electrician Sergeants' School, Fort Totten N. Y. '06, Coast Artillery School, Fort Munroe, Va., '13, Advance Course '23, Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kan., '24, Army War College, Washington, D. C., '33. Member Princeton Club, New York, Srailes of Siasconset, Pacific Club, Sportsmen's Club. Recreation: listening to other people talk. Ancestors: Richard Warren, Mayflower, and Plymouth, Mass., 1620, also John Wildrick, New Jersey, 1707.

W

## JAMES H. WOOD, SR.

6 East York St. Born, May 28, 1846. Last Grand Army Veteran of Nantucket and only survivor of the 339 men from the island who served in either the army or the navy in the Civil War. Served as private in Company F, 2nd Massachusetts Cavalry. Seaman on navy ships "Sassycuss", "Minnesota", "Astor" and "Princeton". Participated in the engagement at Fort Fisher and other engagements up Cape Fear river. Followed the sea a number of years; served on South Shoal lightship; engaged in shore fishing many years; senior member of firm of J. H. Wood & Sons; one of the last group of Nantucket men to drive horse-and-surrey during the summer months. Twice married. Son: James H. Wood, Jr. Grand-children: Herbert C. Wood, Lillian (Wood) Thurston, Allan D. Wood. Commander Thomas M. Gardner Post, G. A. R. Member: Pacific Club.

W

## CARL G. WYER.

106 Orange Street. Bus Driver and Historical Lecturer for "Terry's Tours, Inc." Born on Nantucket in 1897. Educated in the Public Schools of Nantucket. Son of Edgar F. Wyer, born in 1862, who served at Coskata Station and made several voyages to the Arctic. Grandson of Benjamin Franklin Wyer, born 1825, who was Corporal in Co. H. of the Civil War, in which he lost one arm in the line of duty, and after the War he became the first keeper of Nantucket's lighthouse known as "Bug Light," located off the Polpis Road. Married 1918 Grace Muriel Anderson. Children: Madge Virginia born 1921. World War Veteran. Member Post 82, American Legion. Recreation: Hunting, Fishing, Cribbage and Checkers.



Y

## STERLING BALFOUR YERXA.

37 North Water St. Owner and operator of Party Boat Business. Born at Winthrop, Mass., 1898. Son of Sterling Benjamin and Annie Burnett (Campbell) Yerxa. Married Elizabeth Jane Pollock, 1926. Children: Shirley Burnett '28, Elizabeth Jane '31. Education: Brookline Schools and Technical School. Commander in U. S. C. G. Auxiliary; Chief Patriarch, Wanaackmamaack Encampment, I. O. O. F. Member of Union Lodge, F. and A. M., Odd Fellows, Maddequet Admiralty Assoc. Recreation: Boating.

3/30/46

## Death of Nelson Ewer—One of The Last of Island Whalemén.

Nelson P. Ewer, one of the oldest residents of the town, died on Saturday last after a lingering illness. He was in his 87th year and, aside from physical infirmities, retained his excellent memory until within a few days of his passing.

The deceased was one of the last of the dwindling band of characteristic Nantucketers who engaged in old-time whaling. He came from an island family identified with whaling for several generations. His grandfather, Alvin Ewer, was drawn from a boat and killed by a bull sperm whale in the Pacific in 1826. Young Nelson was only five when his father, Abraham Ewer, died. Growing up in Nantucket in the 1860s, and the post Civil War period, he saw much of the "hard times" with which he often contrasted the comparative "depression" of a dozen years ago.

Capt. Prince Ewer, a veteran whaling master, was his uncle, and it was to him that Nelson went one day for advice in seeking a berth on a whaler. He was 15 years of age at the time, tall and well developed for his years.

"It's a hard life," warned Uncle Prince, after carefully describing the routine aboard ship, "but it'll make a man o' you or break you. If there's one thing you shouldn't do about all others, I'll say, don't bring aft any tales from the fo'c's'le."

Nelson Ewer made his first voyage in 1874 aboard the *Ospray*, Captain Reuben Crapo, out of New Bedford. It was an Atlantic voyage, with the Western Islands and Coast of Africa grounds the objective.

When three days out, the ship ran into a terrific gale. While attempting to secure a boat, the second mate was washed over the side and never seen again. The ship *Sarah* was lost in the same gale, it was learned later. All in all it was quite an introduction to the sea for the greenhorns in the dark and dreary fore-castle of the *Ospray*.

His next voyage was aboard the bark *Sunbeam*, and his chum, Stephen Hussey, Jr., was his shipmate on the voyage—also to Atlantic whaling grounds. [A quarter of a century

later, Archibald Cartwright, of Nantucket, went out on the same ship.]

The *Sunbeam* sailed to the Western Islands, then cruised down to the Cape Verdes. She also called at Ascension, just north of St. Helena, and then cruised to the African Coast.

It was on this voyage that young Ewer whipped the fo'c's'le bully in a scrap which, his shipmate Steve Hussey afterwards stated, was a bloody battle. In telling of the fight on one occasion, Mr. Ewer said: "I never liked to get mixed up in a fight—but this chap was a mean hand. He fetched me a clout one night as I was lighting the fo'c's'le lamp. I got so mad that I forgot he was bigger than me—so I sailed into him—that was all."

As a veteran whaleman, Nelson Ewer sailed on the *Napoleon*, out of New Bedford, with Capt. Turner, of Westport, in command. This was his first voyage to the Pacific, and he had a vivid recollection of stormy Cape Horn. The ship put in at Talcahuano and Valparaiso, two Chilean ports made famous by the whalemén.

While cruising on the "off-shore" grounds off the coasts of Chili and Peru, the *Sunbeam* hove to at Juan Fernandez (Alexander Selkirk's isle) and here met the *Sappho*, of New Bedford. On board the latter whale-ship was Jack Fuller, a Nantucketer, who Ewer knew as a boy living on East York street. Fuller was gravely ill, and died a few days later, and Ewer helped carry his body to its last resting place on the island.

The *Sunbeam* headed to the north, bound for Honolulu, but Ewer was not destined to reach the Sandwich Islands. The ship *Lancer* hove into sight and both ships furled all but "a couple of tops'ls" and had a gam. Taking advantage of an opportunity to secure a better berth, Ewer transferred to the *Lancer*.

After a six-months' cruise, the *Lancer* put in at Valparaiso. Here, Ewer again exchanged ships, going aboard the *Andrew Hicks*, which was then engaged in carrying cargo from that port around the Horn to New York. But the voyage was shorter than anticipated. Off Diego Ramirez, the *Andrew Hicks* was in collision with a

Chilian schooner and was forced to return to port for repairs. Again in Valparaiso, Ewer signed on as an able seaman on board the *Penang*, and he came home in this vessel.

After a few years in coast-wise craft, Ewer settled down to a life ashore. In 1891 he entered the Life-Saving Service, being assigned to the Muskeget station. Following 7 years at this lonely island outpost, he was transferred to Madaket, where he was the No. 1 man for the next ten years.

Nelson Ewer was born in the old house at the end of a little court on the south side of Back street. Upon his retirement from the Coast Guard service he resided on New street for many years, later living in the

Friend house on lower Pleasant street. For the past few years he had been residing at "Our Island Home."

Funeral services were conducted by the Odd Fellows on Thursday. The deceased is survived by a brother, Seth P. Ewer, of Greenfield, Mass.



1845. 10/25/49

## Death of Lawrence Cummings in New York City.

Lawrence B. Cummings, a resident of Nantucket since his retirement from business in New York a decade ago, died at the Roosevelt Hospital on Monday evening. He had gone up for a short periodical visit, and was stricken by an attack of coronary thrombosis on Tuesday, October 14, only a few hours after his arrival in New York. He remained in a serious condition for the next three days, then rallied, so that, although still critically ill, it was thought he would ultimately recover. Death came at 8 o'clock on Monday evening.

Mr. Cummings was born in Columbus, Ohio, Feb. 5, 1881, but he was of New England stock, his paternal ancestors being among the first settlers of the Dartmouth township in southeastern Massachusetts. He was graduated from Harvard University in 1903. In 1910 he obtained a law degree from Indiana Law School, but he never went into the practice of law.

When World War I broke out, he became a staunch advocate of the Allied cause, and, in characteristic decision to "do something about it" he enlisted as an ambulance driver in June, 1916. During the balance of the year he served with the American Ambulance Corps, and before the United States entered the war in April, 1917, he enlisted in the 26th "Yankee" Division.

His initial experiences in France, coupled with his natural qualities for leadership were soon recognized, and he was commissioned a Captain in June, 1917, and became an aide-de-camp to General Hale. He ended the war as Chief of Staff of the famous 26th Division.

Returning to civilian life, in 1919 he entered the real estate firm of Elliman & Co., 15 East 49th Street, New York city, and was Vice President and Treasurer of the firm when he resigned in 1935. His acceptance from Gov. Herbert Lehman of an appointment to the important Mortgage Commission was the reason for his retirement from his business, and he resigned at the same time from the Presidency of the Real Estate Board, since the law required the Commissioners to devote their full time to the critical mortgage situation in the city and state.

It was characteristic of Mr. Cummings to devote all his energies to the solution of such a perplexing and important problem as faced the Commission at that time. After he had completed the "formative period of organization and policy," for which, he explained at the time, he had been chiefly appointed, he resigned, although his appointment was for a two-year term.

Subsequently, he became President

of the Realty Advisory Board of Labor Relations, Inc., set up to govern employment conditions in the Manhattan building service field. In this capacity he gave invaluable public service at the time of the first great elevator employees strike.

In 1934, Mr. Cummings was head of the delegation that represented New York real estate interests at the realty code hearings in Washington.

He was frequently called upon to lecture on phases of the real estate business at the Harvard School of Business Administration. At many conventions of real estate groups he was the principal speaker.

As a man of strong convictions and high principles he was always ready to respond when matters of public interest were involved, and his aid was always an important factor.

Upon his retirement from the business world, Mr. Cummings purchased the residence on 4 Pleasant street which became his permanent home. Always keenly interested in the life of the community, he was soon called upon to bring his rich experience toward the solving of island problems.

With the advent of World War II he served on the Committee of Public Safety and drew up the program for Civilian Defense which was adopted by the Town.

Upon the organization of the local Selective Service Board, Mr. Cummings was appointed by Governor Saltonstall to the important post as legal advisor to the Board, and in this capacity he worked without stint.

With the end of the war he was again called upon to render service—this time as the head of the Veterans' Employment and Apprentice Training Program. His ability at organization made the local program one of the most successful in the entire state.

Lawrence Cummings was a deep student of history, particularly the colonial and revolutionary periods of the country's early development. He explored many obscure phases of the settlement of southeastern Massachusetts, and had a professional knowledge of the Revolutionary period.

He was a member of several local organizations, among them the Winter Club, the Sons of the Revolution, the Pacific Club, and the American Legion, in all of which he took an active part, in all of which he took an active interest. He was convinced that the cause of world peace could only be advanced by the strengthening of the charter of the United Nations by the inauguration of international law supported by an international police force.

Memorial services were held at St. Paul's Church at 12 noon on Thursday, at which time the Rev. Richard Strong, pastor of the church, gave a short and fitting tribute to his memory. The Church was well filled with



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friends and acquaintances, attesting to the respect in which he was held by the entire community.

As Rev. Mr. Strong so aptly stated: "He had qualities of mind and heart that were strong and deep, and a love for his fellowmen and his country's God that were outstanding."

Interment was at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on Thursday.

Surviving are his wife, Mrs. Evalyn Willis Cummings, and two sons, Talbott Cummings, of Detroit, and James Lawrence Cummings, of Berkeley, California.

#### Lawrence B. Cummings— Honorable Discharge.

It would be an understatement to say that in the passing of Lawrence Cummings Nantucket has lost a good friend.

Some men receive appreciation for their services while living. For many death intervenes before hearing the "well done good and faithful servant". To the latter class belongs Lawrence Cummings.

But no one cared less than he for popular acclaim. He spent himself for the good of the community without thought of personal award. His keen mind, rich experience and balanced judgment, sharpened by years spent in the turmoil of a great city, was put at the disposal of this island without fear or favor.

There was none of the suavity of the diplomat about Cummings. His was a deadly impatience with slovenly thinking, incompetence and a divided loyalty. We have heard him, when local or national issues were being debated, interject a dry "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

One of his outstanding services, for which many a GI will ever be grateful, was that of Re-employment Committeeman, appointed by the Governor in the National Rehabilitation program. During the past year the international crisis bit deeply into his mind and heart. Torn by a sense of urgency—a tension that may have hastened his end—he was active in the cause of World Government as envisaged by the United Nations.

Recalling the soldierly qualities of Lawrence Cummings, one is reminded of the Pilgrim's valedictory in Bunyan: "My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me to be a witness for me, and I have fought His battles who will now be my rewarder"—

"So he passed over and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

—Joseph W. Cochran.

#### 11/8/1949 Nantucket Argonauts Sailed For California 100 Years Ago.

One hundred years ago, Nantucketers were discussing a subject which led all others in interest and excitement—the gold rush to California! Reports had come back with each ship rounding "the Horn", no matter to which port they sailed. With the boldness and enterprise which characterized their forebears, Nantucket men were making plans to sail for "the gold diggings."

The first ship to leave Boston for the California gold fields—via San Francisco—was the *John B. Coffin*, under the command of Capt. Charles C. Morton, of Nantucket. She sailed from that port on Dec. 9, 1848, with several Nantucketers numbered in the crew.

And then on Jan 2, 1849, the ship *Aurora* sailed from the bar, bound directly to the gold field. She had been purchased and fitted out by Charles and Henry Coffin and several other of the local merchants, and was commanded and manned by Nantucket officers and crew.

The *Aurora* did not sail as an "adventure craft." She had on board lumber, stores, provisions and framed buildings, ready for setting up shop at San Francisco or any town in the Sacramento valley. She carried "no intoxicating liquors of any sort."

Her passengers were young Nantucket mechanics and store keepers, "consisting of some of our most intelligent citizens," noted *The Inquirer* of that week.

"They are mostly mechanics and go to California in search of a less crowded field of industry," went on the local newspaper, "with the hope, at the same time, of gathering their share of the golden harvest that has been discovered there. May happiness and prosperity attend them."

The officers included: Seth Swain, captain; Alex Paddack, mate; Benj. Winslow, 2d mate; James A. Law, Roland Folger, Jr., Thomas F. Swain, George H. Defriez, Alexander Ellis, Charles F. Alley, Thomas Allen, Tom M. Folger, George Paddack, seamen; Wm. H. Harper, Arthur Cooper, Jr., stewards.

The crew was paid \$1 per month in wages, with the liberty to leave the ship upon her arrival at San Francisco.

The Nantucket passengers were: Dr. J. B. King, Benj. Folger, James H. Gibbs, James Bunker, 2d, Albert Macy, Thomas F. Mitchell, Charles Wood, Wm. C. Pease, Wm. Summerhayes, John Russell, Edwin Hillier.

Passengers from Fall River were: Charles G. Pettees, George Rice, Jr., William Danning, F. Simmonds. A New York man was also listed by the name of Soames Goodrich.

While the *Aurora* was being fitted out, another group of islanders organized the Nantucket and California Mining Company, issuing shares at each. A committee busied itself in fitting out another ship ready for the voyage around the Horn.



# Harry B. Turner, Publisher, Dies

Nantucket Newspaper  
Owner Since 1907

Special to The Standard-Times

NANTUCKET, Nov. 9.—Harry Baker Turner, 71, editor and publisher of the Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror since 1907, died early today at his home at 3 Chestnut Street. He had been ill with heart trouble for several months and had been unable to leave his home for about a month.

One of the best known citizens of Nantucket, Mr. Turner was born on the island, son of Abner and Susan Turner, Feb. 9, 1877. He attended Nantucket schools. At the age of 15 he began a printer's apprenticeship on the weekly Inquirer and Mirror, which now is 127 years old. In 1892 he became a printer and in 1907 he became owner and publisher of the newspaper.

Mr. Turner reorganized the newspaper in March of this year as a family corporation with himself as president. Actively associated with him in its publication have been his daughter, Mrs. Merle T. Blackshaw, and his son, Gordon B. Turner.

Mr. Turner served on the Nantucket Draft Board during both World Wars. He was a director of Nantucket Gas and Electric Company, vice-president of the Pacific National Bank of Nantucket, a life counselor of Nantucket Historical Association and a member of North Congregational Church.

His affiliations included the Masonic Order, the Pacific Club, Thomas Turner Chapter Sons of the American Revolution, Massachusetts Press Association and the National Editorial Association. His term as president of the Veteran Journalists Association expired last night.

In 1923 Mr. Turner married Miss Grace Freeland Gordon of Nantucket, who survives. Other survivors, besides his daughter and son, are a brother, Charles Clifford Turner of Nantucket; a sister, Mrs. Eliot B. Hussey of Rutherford, N. J., and a grandson, Kenneth Blackshaw Jr.

A funeral service will be conducted at 2 p. m. Thursday at Mr. Turner's home by the Rev. William Gardner. Burial will be in Prospect Hill Cemetery.

## Publisher Dies



HARRY B. TURNER

JUARY 1, 1949.

### The Passing of Nantucket's Distinguished Editor.

From "The American Press."

At his death on Nov. 9 at the age of 72, Harry B. Turner of The Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror was termed by the Boston Herald "a symbol of the vigorous old weekly journalism which has played so great a part in the growth of our country."

"We will miss Harry Turner," said the Herald, which has numbered the Nantucket editor among its correspondents. And cosmopolitan Nantucket folk—many of them live on the island only in the summer and scatter to various points of the globe during the winter—will miss him, too. For the picturesque charm of the 127-year-old Inquirer and Mirror, which faithfully reflects the even tenor of Nantucket island life, has endeared the paper and its distinguished editor to readers.

The Saturday weekly claims the distinction of having "the largest page in America". Its page size is 30 x 44 inches, with nine columns to a page and the columns 13 ems wide. When the four-page paper is opened up, its slick paper surface extends farther than the arms can reach. But its very size fits in with the nature of the town. For Nantucket, with its 18th century architecture, reveres old customs and traditions. And The Inquirer and Mirror is printed on an old press—the same old Cranston cylinder purchased back in 1890.

A glimpse at the paper convinces the reader that The Inquirer and Mirror scorns sensationalism. A peaceful sailing scene augments the simple dignity and good taste of the hand-lettered name plate. Standing features are headed by 18-point Old English type—but regular headlines are no larger than 12-point Bodoni. In fact, sometimes items are separated by only a thin rule, with no head-

line at all. Items hold an interest for local folk, however, which makes them worth searching out. "The scallop fishermen are having a difficult time deciding whether or not to keep on dredging," The Inquirer and Mirror may state. Or, it may carry a homey account of how the local bell-ringer was three minutes late ringing the bell one night when the old Town Clock didn't strike on time.

The weekly is often picturesque: "Light your auto and carriage lamps at 4:54 this evening," the paper may state. Marriage and death notices frequently begin with the old-time phrase, "In this town..." But current politics get mentioned in the paper, and it makes another concession to the 20th century: it carries an aviation column.

Nantucket, now noted as a retreat for artists and writers, was once the most famous whaling port in the world—and The Inquirer and Mirror tries to keep town history alive. Its late editor was a diligent local historian and repeatedly ran life sketches and reminiscences of old-timers. In addition, he compiled books about his home town—"The Story of the Island Steamers," and "Argument Settlers". On the 100th anniversary of the founding of The Inquirer—in June, 1921—he issued a volume containing excellent pictures and much island lore, and entitled "100 Years on Nantucket". The book is now a collector's item.

Another of his town contributions was launching in 1914 the first "Nantucket Calendar", which carried 12 interesting island scenes. The Calendar was such a success it was issued each year—and gave the editor the chance to put in use his life-long hobby, photography.

Philately was also a hobby of Harry Turner's—and in the pages of The Inquirer and Mirror it was not unusual to find some bit of history the editor had discovered while pouring over stamps, and books about stamps.

Mr. Turner was connected with The Inquirer and Mirror for almost all of his working life. At 15, he joined the paper for a three-year apprenticeship period. Afterward, he worked on mainland papers for several years—but in 1898 he came back to Nantucket to stay. He became editor of The Inquirer and Mirror in 1907.

It was his wish that his son and daughter, Gordon Baker Turner and Mrs. Merle Turner Blackshaw, carry on as editors of the weekly—a step that is being taken. And The Inquirer and Mirror is expected to continue in the same old way—capturing in its over-sized pages the full flavor of Nantucket life.

"There will be no changes made in the make-up of the paper—we will continue to run the 'blanket sheet,' and the policies of The Inquirer and Mirror will remain the same," say the new editors.



### Death of Charles W. L. Stokoe.

Charles W. L. Stokoe, a former resident of Nantucket, passed away Monday evening at the Maine General Hospital in Portland, Maine, where he had been hospitalized with a heart disease.

Mr. Stokoe was born in New Brunswick, Canada, on April 14, 1884, the son of Edward Charles and Euphemia Alice Chase Stokoe. He moved to New Bedford 46 years ago and worked in the Charles F. Wing Company store. He was transferred to the Nantucket branch of that store when the new C. F. Wing building was opened on Main street. In 1943 he retired and moved to Gorham, Me., where he has resided since.

While in Nantucket he was active in the work of the Centre street Methodist Church. He was a member of Trinity Methodist Church and the Star in the East Lodge of Masons, New Bedford.

Surviving are a brother, Elmer J. Stokoe, of California, and four sisters, Miss Mary J. Stokoe, of Gorham, Me., Mrs. Ruby E. Smart, of Woodstock, New Brunswick, Mrs. Harry Welch, of Millinocket, Me., and Mrs. Alice Oakes, of Brownsville, Vt., and by several nieces and nephews.

Funeral services were held Friday afternoon at the Trinity Methodist Church in New Bedford. Interment was in Oak Grove Cemetery.

5/14/49

### A Nantucket "Strong Man."

Who was the strongest man ever known on Nantucket? The question is an unusual one, but it arose the other evening at one of the scallop shanties on Old South wharf during a discussion as to the feats of powerful men. It is a difficult question to answer, but perhaps one of the rarest feats of strength recorded was that of Samuel Ellis. Some eighty years ago, William Hadwen, over-hearing an argument as to the relative strength of several islanders, offered to give two barrels of flour to the man who could carry both home at once.

Samuel Ellis then lived near the corner of Pearl street. He accepted the offer. The two barrels of flour, weighing 196 pounds each, were placed on the sidewalk in front of a store at the corner of Main and Federal streets. Ellis turned them on their sides, picked them up, one under each arm, and walked home with them.

That is a stunt for any of the professional strong men of today.

4/1/49

### The Late Lydia Freeborn.

Miss Lydia S. Freeborn passed away at the Nantucket Cottage Hospital early Sunday morning, following an attack of coronary thrombosis.

She was born in Nantucket on June 18, 1880, the daughter of Millard F. and Mary Freeborn. She was a member of the last class to graduate from the Coffin School, in 1897.

During her life on Nantucket Miss Freeborn was always active in charitable organizations. She has been secretary of the Nantucket Relief Association for many years and, at one time, was an officer in the Union Benevolent Society. She was assistant matron of the Old People's Home, and was formerly the librarian at the Whaling Museum and the Maria Mitchell Library. She made her home with her sister, Mrs. Whittemore Gardner, at 108 Main street.

Funeral services were held at two o'clock Wednesday afternoon from the Lewis Funeral Parlor on Union street, the Rev. William E. Gardner conducting the services. Interment was in Prospect Hill Cemetery.

Miss Freeborn is survived by her sister, Mrs. Gardner, and by three nieces, Miss Dorothy Gardner, of Greenwich, Ct., Mrs. George MacDonald, of Nantucket, and Mrs. William Cooper, of Locust Valley, L. I.

5/7/49

### Death of Marcus W. Starbuck.

On April 16, 1949, there passed away at his ranch home in Green Valley, El Dorado County, California, Marcus Starbuck, a native of Nantucket, in his 89th year. He was the son of Marcus and Mary (Tuck) Starbuck and grandson of George Starbuck of "West Brick" of the Starbuck mansions on Main street in which he was born in 1861.

Mr. Starbuck settled in El Dorado County in 1883 and carried on ranching and gold mining on his properties up to a few years ago. He leaves a widow, Nettie Russell Starbuck, whose parents were Nantucket-born, two daughters, one son and several grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Funeral services were held in Placerville, the county seat, and were attended by many residents of the district, attesting to the high regard in which he was held throughout the community. Burial was in the old burial ground of Jay Hawk where are buried several Nantucketers who came to El Dorado County in the early days. It is situated on a wooded hill-top in the midst of the gold mining activities of a century ago, from whence one gets a vast panoramic view of valley and mountains with the snow covered High Sierras in the far distance.

G. W. S.



11/3<sup>o</sup> Annie Alden Folger 1948

Miss Annie Alden Folger who died Thursday November 11th at her home on Goosepond Road was proud of her family connection with the island genius, Walter Folger Jr., and further back with Abiah Folger, the mother of Benjamin Franklin. She had specialized in gathering the records and documents concerning Walter Folger, and had already arranged for the Historical Association to have the famous clock which he made, and many portraits, especially the unusual one of Walter painted by William Swain.

She was born in Winchester, Massachusetts and received her education from the Winchester schools and the Coffin School of Nantucket. With an eager desire to serve she graduated from the Nurses Training School of the Waltham Hospital and was a successful nurse, finally retiring because she found the strain too great on her sympathies.

For several years she lived with her sister, Mrs. Mary Folger Babcock, in California. On her return to Boston she opened and conducted a very successful studio for home photography which she continued at Nantucket where she came to reside after the death of her father; her studio was on India Street. In the nineteen twenties she opened an antique shop in The Myrick House on Union Street which she continued until her retirement because of her health.

For the past ten years she has been a welcomed figure on Main street where she had greetings for all and a pretty wit enjoyed by many.

Miss Folger was a Life Councillor of the Nantucket Historical Association and one of its most helpful members.

Born July 4, 1872, she was the youngest of five children born to John B. and Emily Barker (Swain) Folger; she is survived by one sister, Mrs Emily Folger Wentworth of Kenmore, New York, and by three nephews and two nieces: John Ward Babcock, Berkley, California; Thomas F. Babcock, Eureka, California; Andrew Page, Springfield, Massachusetts; Miss Louise Paige, Mount Vernon, New York and Mrs. Margaret Havermil of Kenmore, New York.

4/30/49 1949  
Death of Charles Neal Barney.

Charles Neal Barney, a long-time summer resident of Nantucket, died of a cerebral hemorrhage on Sunday, April 24, at his home at 15 Barclay Road, Scarsdale, N. Y. He was 73 years old.

Although not island-born, Charles Neal Barney was of Nantucket ancestry and was always deeply interested in the home of his forebears. Two years ago, at the annual meeting of the Nantucket Historical Association, he gave an address on a diary kept by his grandfather—Matthew Barney—which revealed a deep knowledge of the Nantucket of a century ago.

Born in Lynn, Mass., in 1876, Charles Neal Barney was the son of William Mitchell Barney, of Nantucket, and Mary Louisa (Neal) Barney. After attending the Lynn schools, he entered Tufts College, in Medford, Mass., graduating with an A. B. degree in 1896. Three years later he obtained a law degree from Boston University. In 1908, he received his Masters degree from Tufts College, and from 1909 to 1922, he was a trustee of that college.

He was vice-president, secretary, and general counsel of the Worthington Pump and Machinery Corporation, 2 Park ave., New York city, with which he had been associated since 1918.

Politically a Republican, Mr. Barney was Mayor of Lynn in 1906-07, a Presidential elector in 1908, and an unsuccessful candidate for United States Representative from Massachusetts in 1916. He was a former lecturer at Northeastern University Law School and was chairman of the legal advisory draft board at Lynn in the First World War.

A few years ago he purchased 41 Cliff Road as his summer home, where he enjoyed the summers with Mrs. Barney and their daughter, Elizabeth.

He was a member of the Nantucket Maria Mitchell Association, the Pacific Club, the Nantucket Historical Association, and a former member of the Nantucket Yacht Club. At the time of his death he was the President of the Maria Mitchell Association. The flag at the Pacific Club was lowered to half-staff in his memory during the first part of the week.

His other memberships included the Theta Delta Chi, Phi Beta Kappa, the Society of Mayflower Descendants, the Newcomen Society, the University Club and the Massachusetts, New York State and American Bar Associations.

His widow, Mrs. Maizie Blaikie Barney, and a daughter, Miss Elizabeth Barney, both of Scarsdale, survive.

Funeral services were conducted from the Hitchcock Memorial Church in Scarsdale on Wednesday. Interment was in Scarsdale.



The sudden death of Mr. George S. Andrews, on Tuesday last, was a severe shock to the entire community. He left home in apparent good health with the purpose of digging clams on the flats, and was subsequently discovered lying on the shore in great distress. He was removed to his home at Mr. David B. Andrews', and Dr. Sara E. Brown summoned, but he was beyond relief from medical aid, dying shortly after. Mr. Andrews in early life followed the sea, making his last voyage as third mate of ship Fabius, Capt. F. A. Chase, of this port. He removed to Brooklyn after retiring from the sea, engaging in the pottery business, in which he lost everything by fire. He was for some years after employed on the police force of Brooklyn, and later was appointed janitor of the Brooklyn Atheneum, which position he held for some twenty years. Recently he returned to Nantucket to enjoy the competence he had accumulated. Deceased was a member of Montauk Lodge, I. O. O. F. of Brooklyn. He leaves a widow. 1883

CAPT. GEORGE C. ALLEN passed away on Monday last at the age of 78 years. In early life Capt. Allen made several voyages whaling. He then quitted the sea for a time and conducted the first Union store established in Nantucket. Later he removed to California and on his return east entered the merchant service in which he made a number of voyages as master, sailing some years in the employ of the late William Hadwen Sarbuck. He was also connected for several years with a New York marine insurance company. Some ten years ago he retired from business with a competency and returned to Nantucket where he has since resided. He was a man of sterling integrity and universally respected. He leaves a widow and two sons. 1898

# OBITUARY. 1894

Capt. George W. Allen a retired whaling captain, died at his home on North Water street on Wednesday, 8th inst.

He was master of ship Mars of New Bedford two voyages, and retired from the whaling services in 1878, establishing a business for the sale of cordage wood, etc., which has been continued to the present time. Capt. Allen was thrice married, and leaves a widow, and a daughter by his first marriage.

ANOTHER SHIPMASTER GONE.—The flags were displayed at half-mast on Tuesday in respect to the memory of Capt. George Allen, a worthy shipmaster of the old school, who died on Sunday at the residence of his son, Capt. George C. Allen, at the advanced age of eighty-six years. He has been retired from the sea for more than forty years, having commanded the Thomas Williams of Stonington, and other vessels, and made his last whaling voyage in the Phebe of this port, arriving home in 1842. 1883

## Good Whaling.

Captain Wallace S. Ashley, formerly of this city, now in command of whaling bark Pescadora, owned by the Chile Whaling company of Valparaiso, is reported with 25 barrels of sperm oil one month out from Valparaiso.

This information was received in a letter from Captain Ashley to Leander Brightman, which was dated at sea, May 25. The Pescadora sailed from Valparaiso April 26th.

Captain Ashley, since sailing for the Chile Whaling company, has made several excellent cruises in the Pacific, and the reports which come from him in the letter to Mr. Brightman looks as if his good luck was still with him.—N. B. Standard. 1909



7/18/53

## Mrs. Walton Adams, President Of Historical Association.

The fifty-ninth annual meeting of the Nantucket Historical Association was held Wednesday afternoon at the Friends Meeting House on Fair Street. An overflow crowd were in attendance, sitting on the steps outside, standing on the lawn, in the tiny balcony, and in the office of the adjoining Historical Rooms. This crowd of people—members and non-members alike—were met with a disappointing announcement by Dr. William E. Gardner, vice-president, as the historic old Folger Clock struck the hour of three. Edouard A. Stackpole, retiring as president of the organization after fifteen years of loyal service, was stranded in America by the inclement weather which had cancelled all plane service to the island for a period of twenty-four hours.

That Mr. Stackpole was just as disappointed, over in Hyannis, as was the group of people congregated in the old Meeting House, was well realized by all concerned and the best was made of an unfortunate situation. On the agenda for the meeting, Mr. Stackpole was not only to have conducted the meeting, but he was to have been a principal speaker and was supposed to be the recipient of several gifts in honor of his many years of service. His new book "The Sea-Hunters", was on sale in the room and those would-be purchasers were again disappointed to learn that their copies would have to be autographed at some future date.

However, Dr. William E. Gardner conducted the meeting in his charmingly informal manner, quickly making everyone feel at home as he interspersed humorous anecdotes into what might have been a difficult situation. We had the feeling that there was no one else in Nantucket that day who could have stepped so capably into the chairmanship of the Historical Association's annual meeting at such short notice.

Dr. Gardner spoke briefly of the drive for new members, with the goal set at 1,000 before the annual meeting in July, 1954, and mentioned the Walter Folger clock, which was in a place of honor on the platform and in full running condition for the first time in a century. He then called for the minutes of the previous meeting, at which time Mr. Everett U. Crosby made the motion that the reading of the treasurer's and secretary's reports be waived, since they are printed in full in the association's new book "Historic Nantucket". The motion was seconded and carried and the reading of the reports was dispensed with.

A report of the Council of the association was made by Dr. Gardner, who said that it was always the "temptation of a clergyman when he saw hungry ears before him" to go into too much detail and that he would

try to be as brief as possible. In telling the audience about the resignation of Edouard Stackpole as president, Dr. Gardner spoke of it as a great catastrophe—one necessitating the work by five vice-presidents to take the place of one president. The Council had met regularly throughout the winter months, and were working hard to increase the membership at the rate of 20 new members a month. A committee, consisting of Mrs. Stacy Knopf and Mr. Jack Grout, are contacting prospective new members by letter and have already been successful to the extent that there have been 100 new members in the past three months.

In introducing the new Historical Association book, "Historic Nantucket" to the gathering, Dr. Gardner told how the members of the Council had felt for some time that the annual Proceedings were not fulfilling what should be accomplished and that the new little magazine, which will be a quarterly, seems to be the answer. In their search for an editor for the magazine, the Council had selected W. Ripley Nelson, who had "seized upon the idea with avidity" and through whose inexhaustive efforts the finances of the Association are being re-organized, the exhibits are being renovated and a long-range plan for repairs, etc., has been laid out.

For many years, there had been no regular custodian of collections and, as Dr. Gardner put it, the Council didn't ask Mrs. Nancy S. Adams if she would take the job—they "just nailed" her. He spoke of the many years of devoted service Mrs. Adams had given the organization and of the long hours she had devoted to the accessions during the past winter.

In regard to the exhibits, Dr. Gardner spoke of the most important of all gifts during the past year—that of the "1800" House to the Association by Mr. and Mrs. Allen L. Melhado. He spoke at some length of the untiring efforts on the part of Mr. Everett U. Crosby, chairman of the "1800" House in getting it ready for the public, of the difficulty in obtaining furniture and other fittings of the period. In telling of the renovations and repairs at the Oldest House, Dr. Gardner mentioned the unselfish work done by Mrs. Lewis Edgarton, who is the chairman of that exhibit.

Dr. Arthur L. Rawlings, noted horologist whose home is on Long Island, was introduced as the guest speaker of the afternoon by Dr. Gardner, who spoke of him as "the man who has made the Folger Clock run" and who had donated his services to the Association. As Dr. Rawlings rose to "say something about the clock", he smiled at his listeners and, in a broad English accent, said he was most grateful to the clock for it had been the means of bringing him to Nantucket. He found the island most delightful and even enjoyed the three days of rainy weather, which brought forth a laugh from the audience.

In speaking of the Walter Folger Clock, Dr. Rawlings stated that he had always loved puzzles—jig-saw puzzles, crossword puzzles, any kind of puzzles. In fact he had just finished a cryptogram from the New York Herald-Tribune, which he had solved to read: "Four flippant gobs on leave eye every passing blonde from stem to stern". This amusing statement Dr. Rawlings proceeded to call a parallel to the Walter Folger Clock,

pointing out how every small part of the clock had to be eyed and studied before it could all be put together to make the completed mechanism. He placed particular emphasis on the fact that every single part of the clock was to be found in the small box which had been sent to him; that, while some parts were bent and some soldered which never should have been, there were none broken and none left over when he had finished his work.

With a wry smile, Dr. Rawlings said that he felt that he didn't deserve any praise for his work, or any thanks either. Instead he felt somewhat like a little fox terrier which his family used to own. When the family had company of an evening, they used to get the little dog in the middle of the room and ply him with questions about where he felt the worst, and what a shame it was he was sick, etc., etc., until finally the poor pup tilted his nose toward the ceiling and howled with self-pity. Dr. Rawlings said that after all the nice things he had heard about his efforts and the sympathy he had been given for the difficult task he had fulfilled and the many hours he must have spent, he felt like the little dog and wanted to howl with self-pity.

Throughout his talk his British humour completely won him over to his audience who were sorry when he brought his talk to a close with the statement that he was leaving the clock here on the island with regret; he had "lived with it since January, and I'm going to miss it when I go home".

Mr. William H. Tripp made the motion that a rising vote of thanks be given to Dr. Rawlings for his generous and deeply appreciated work for the Association, a motion that was heartily endorsed and carried out by everyone in the room.

Mr. Burnham N. Dell then read the following resolution: "That the Nantucket Historical Association herewith places on record its appreciation of the gift of the expert services of Dr. Arthur L. Rawlings in restoring the Walter Folger astronomical clock; and as a permanent token of our gratitude the Association hereby makes him and Mrs. Rawlings life members of the Nantucket Historical Association." Needless to say, that resolution was also immediately approved.

In the absence of the chairman of the nominating committee, the secretary, Mrs. Oscar B. Eger, presented the following list of officers for the ensuing year:

President: Mrs. Walton H. Adams.  
Vice-Presidents: Dr. William E. Gardner, Everett U. Crosby, Miss Grace Brown Gardner, Burnham N. Dell, George W. Jones, Howard U. Chase.

Secretary: Mrs. Oscar B. Eger.  
Treasurer: Mrs. Elizabeth B. Worth.  
Council: Earl S. Ray, Mrs. C. Clark Coffin.



Auditors: Miss Cora Stevens, Robert D. Congdon.

Upon motion made and seconded, it was voted that the secretary cast one ballot for the election of the above officers.

\* \* \*

In answer to a question, Dr. Rawlings stated that the mechanism of the Walter Folger Clock does not take care of the change at the turn of the century. When he worked on the clock, he had had made the brass figures for the change from 1899 to 1900 and said that the same thing would have to be done when the year 2000 arrived.

Remarks were made by several members of the audience with regard to the clock, following which Howard T. Barbour spoke concerning the House of Correction and made the motion that steps be taken immediately to dispose of the old building which is considered a fire trap. With practically no discussion the question was put to a vote and thus will pass into history the old building which has long been a landmark by the Old Goal.

Dr. Gardner spoke concerning the current campaign under way for the Nantucket Cottage Hospital Building Fund and urged everyone to make as large a donation or pledge as was possible.

\* \* \*

As the historic old Walter Folger Clock struck the hour of four, Dr. Gardner turned the gavel over to the incoming president, Mrs. Adams, amid the resounding applause of the gathering. In accepting the gavel and the responsibilities it represents, Mrs. Adams said, in part: "I thank you most sincerely for the confidence and faith you have expressed by electing me as your president. My predecessors have been men of intelligence and integrity: doctors, professors, journalists, and authors. I doubt that I can compete with such erudite gentlemen, but, having started 'fore the mast' and advanced to 'boat-steerer' and 'mate', I trust that as your captain I may be given the courage and the strength to take the helm and guide this association into smooth seas and a successful voyage. This can be done only with the able assistance of the officers and members of this Association."

She reiterated the words of Dr. Gardner concerning everyone's disappointment that Mr. Stackpole had been unable to reach the island, stating that a Resolution, gifts, and life memberships to him and to Mrs. Stackpole would be presented at the first opportunity. Among those in the audience called upon for a few words were Mr. William H. Tripp, of the New Bedford Whaling Museum, who never misses a Nantucket meeting; Mrs. Florence Bennett Anderson, author of "A Grandfather for Benjamin Franklin"; Miss Helen C. McCleary, who has long been a loyal member of the organization and whose trip to Nantucket was planned to coincide with the meeting; and the Rev. Clinton T. Macy, who has for many years been connected with the Historical Association, and who is now rector of St. Peter's Church in Salem.

Mrs. Adams spoke of the unceasing, unselfish work in behalf of the Association which is carried on by Dr. Gardner, Mr. Nelson, Mr. Crosby and Mr. Dell and stated that, with their help and that of the other officers and the members, the Association will not fail to grow.

The meeting adjourned about 4:15, following which a mimeographed sketch of the Walter Folger Clock and What It Tells was passed out to those interested, and which we are printing herewith for the benefit of those unable to attend the meeting and hear Dr. Rawlings in person.

# OBITUARY.

1891

BROWN.—Capt. George S. Brown died at his home on Hussey Street, Tuesday evening, after but a few days' illness. He was taken ill last week, his malady rapidly assuming a serious nature, affecting the brain, and he lapsed into a state of insensibility, from which he did not recover. He had struggled manfully against adverse fortune until his system could no longer bear the strain, and death relieved him of the anxieties caused by business reverses and the serious illness of his estimable wife, who has been a patient sufferer for many months. Deceased commenced a seafaring life at the age of fourteen years, sailing on a whaling voyage in ship Mohawk. His second voyage was in bark Bruce, which was condemned at Zanzibar. He then entered the merchant service, and when the war broke out was appointed government harbor master at Hatteras Inlet, continuing in that position until attacked by southern fever, which necessitated his resignation. Later he entered the South American service between Boston and Valparaiso, commanding ships in various trades until elected manager of a company of ship owners in coast trade. He engaged in ship brokerage business until 1883, when he returned to Nantucket. Capt. Brown was the first Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Chili, I. O. O. F., and Master of Aconcagua Lodge of F. & A. M. On returning to Nantucket he joined Nantucket Lodge, No. 66, I. O. O. F. Funeral services were held at his late home on Hussey street Thursday morning, and the burial was conducted by the Odd Fellows. A general sympathy with the bereaved widow and family prevails in the community in the loss of a faithful husband and father and a good citizen.

STILL ANOTHER.—Capt. Peter C. Brock, who died at Quincy on the 6th inst., was one of Nantucket's most worthy and substantial sea-captains of the old school. He worked his way while yet a young man to the command of a ship, and between the years 1833 and 1841 he made two very successful voyages in the ship Ann of this port. In 1842 he sailed in the Young Hero, and after his return from this voyage remained for several years on shore. But pining for active service again, he sailed in command of the Lexington in 1853, and made a voyage to the North Pacific whaling grounds, arriving home in 1856. He has for the past few years held the position of superintendent of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, Quincy, Mass., a trust for which he was eminently fitted.

1878



# Nantucket-reared Novelist Cherishes Her Memories of Island, New Bedford

By MINNA LITTMANN  
Standard-Times Staff Writer

NANTUCKET, Aug. 18—Mrs. Florence Mary Bennett Anderson of Walla Walla, Wash., Nantucket-reared novelist, classical scholar and writer on Nantucket subjects, is revisiting this island, her childhood home, for the first time in 11 years. New Bedford also is a part of her personal and ancestral background. A short flashback will illuminate that angle and part of the secret of the realistic appeal of Mrs. Anderson's writing.

A messenger knocked at the door of one of the comfortable big guest rooms of the Mansion House, long-gone Union Street hostelry that was the best in New Bedford in its day.

"Mrs. Plaskett?" he inquired of the sweet-faced young woman who answered. "Note for you, ma'am."

A little girl looked up from her dolls. She saw her mother scan the note and burst into tears; heard her exclaim, "Oh, no, no! Not already!"

## Could Not Bear to Say Goodby

The note was from Captain Henry Riddell Plaskett, a whaling master who could not bear to say goodby. His wife and little Elizabeth were to go to the hotel cupola, he wrote, and wave goodby from there. His ship, the Rainbow, would be leaving in a few minutes. The pilot already had gone aboard.

The cupola of the Mansion House commanded a view of the harbor. Mrs. Plaskett and Elizabeth had come up from their Darling Street home in Nantucket months before, to be with Captain Plaskett while his new ship was finished and outfitted. Captain Plaskett had avoided letting his wife know sailing time was near. It would be a long time yet, he prevaricated, when she asked how the work was coming along.

Mrs. Anderson is the daughter of the little Elizabeth who wept with Mrs. Plaskett as they waved goodby to the Rainbow from the Mansion House cupola. Her own eyes grow misty when she tells the story. Her mother, as well as her grandmother, she said, never could talk about that farewell without weeping. She heard it from both of them and the remembered tears still move her.

Mrs. Anderson has happy personal recollections of New Bedford. She cherishes memories of visits to relatives here. She traveled by the old New Bedford-New York steamship line on her way to and from Poughkeepsie, N. Y., during her student years at Vassar College and later as a teacher at New York's Hunter College. She reveled in the long sail from New Bedford to Nantucket when she journeyed to and from Boston, and still loves New Bedford for former pleasures associated with it.

## Takes Daily Swim

Reunions with old friends, and revisiting unfrequented places on Nantucket beloved from her childhood, are highlighting Mrs. Anderson's stay on Nantucket, which she hopes to extend well



—George P. Fee Photo

Mrs. Florence M. B. Anderson of Walla Walla, Wash., author and novelist of Nantucket parentage, is staying at the home of her friend, Miss Josephine Congdon, 1 School Street, during her first vacation in Nantucket in 11 years.

into September. She also swims daily.

"The old lady hasn't forgotten how," she joked, as she mentioned how greatly she enjoys the warm Nantucket waters after the chilly Pacific surf.

She is doing no writing, but ideas and material inevitably come her way. She has made one semi-public appearance—at a meeting of Abiah Folger Franklin Chapter DAR she read excerpts from "A Nantucketer Remembers," which will be published in the forthcoming number of Old-Time New England, quarterly published by the Society for Preservation of New England Antiquities.

"I didn't write it, really," Mrs. Anderson said. "My mother did. It is made up of entries from her commonplace book; I have merely edited them. My mother had a very perceptive mind. She listened eagerly and retentively from childhood to reminiscences by her mother and grandmother about Nantucket happenings and people."

Her dark eyes sparkling, Mrs. Anderson related, almost apologetically, how much she was indebted to her parentage and Nantucket upbringing for her Nantucket interests and historical material.

"Through the Hawse-Hole," her absorbing novel published in 1932, was the biography, she explained, of her maternal grandmother's father, Captain Seth Pinkham. Its romantic and adventurous incidents were part of his actual life story.

## True Story of Peter Folger

Her "A Grandfather for Benjamin Franklin," published in 1940, is the true story of Peter Folger, maternal grandfather of Benjamin Franklin. Folger also was one of Mrs. Anderson's ancestors.

"Peter Folger was one of the most interesting and remarkable men of early Nantucket," the author observed. "He was not one of the proprietors, but a so-called half-share man. He led a battle royal — and a victorious one — against the share-holding proprietors to establish the right of the half-share men to vote on island affairs. His principal opponent was another of my ancestors, Tristram Coffin, one of the most widely known of the proprietors. I have five lines of descent from Tristram Coffin."

"It's scandalous the way those old families intermarried," she observed parenthetically, as though to make clear being a descendant of famed Tristram is no special distinction on Nantucket.



# A Nantucket Sea Captain

*"Through the Hawse-Hole" Is a True Narrative of Hazardous Days*

**THROUGH THE HAWSE-HOLE.**  
The True Story of a Nantucket Whaling Captain. By Florence Bennett Anderson. 274 pp. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THIS is a book which may be taken from either of two points of view. One can read "Through the Hawse-Hole" as a true narrative of adventure into distant seas in pursuit of a hazardous trade, or as the biography of the rise of an island Silas Lapham. The title is based on the adage that a true sailor is one who has, metaphorically, passed through the aperture made in the bow of a ship to receive the anchor-chain, that aperture being known as the "hawse-hole." Captain Seth Pinkham, of the Nantucket of a century ago, rising from cabin-boy to master, "founding a family," becoming not merely a "moneyed" citizen but an honored one who served in the State Legislature, not only justifies the adage, but, living again in the story told by one of his descendants, makes vivid for us a localized but important chapter in the development of a young and adventuring United States.

Probably many persons, especially those who have spent vacations on Nantucket Island or have visited the Whaling Museum at New Bedford, have wondered why those ports, rather than New York or Boston, should have monopolized what was at one time—and for a long time—a major commercial enterprise and highly lucrative industry. For the reason, one must go to nature herself, and the answer, as arrived at empirically, is a simple one. The waters surrounding Nantucket Island were formerly the playground of vast schools of whale. Nantucketers were not originally compelled, as subsequently they were, to go after the whale—the whale, as it were, sought them. We are back now before even the Revolutionary War, when Nantucket was a thriving hamlet of a few families, most of which attended the Quaker meeting-house on Sundays, and the men-folk from all of which put forth in their "whaleboats" on weekdays.

The Revolutionary War hit the island hard. A fleet of a hundred and a half had been reduced to two. Food, even, was scarce. But the islanders were a dauntless lot; they rebuilt their fleet, laying down larger and more seaworthy craft, and going even further and further voyages for the oil and bone, that

fetched such good prices. It was the discovery of the sperm whale, however, not the war, that wrought the big change. And to capture this variety, inhabiting distant seas, required stalwart vessels that could house virtually small communities and remain away three and four years. Such vessels could not be built or outfitted at Nantucket, generally; indeed, could not be brought across the harbor-bar, and it was this fact that was responsible for the rapid rise of the neighboring port of New Bedford on the mainland. But Seth Pinkham, whose career we are considering, belonged

to Nantucket's best years, before the rival city (which had taken its whaling lessons from the Nantucketers) had risen to its full eminence.

Seth was 13 when he went first to sea—before the mast, on a whaler. The voyage was to the Pacific Ocean, but young Pinkham was not the first boy of tender years to make a first voyage and become a "Cape Horner" at the same time. An old shell-back, known as Amen Jemmy because of his vociferous conversion to Methodism, had this to say to the lad on his departure:

It's make or break, lad. Thar's the seaman's life. You've shipped

before the mast, and, please God, you'll mess after the mast, all in good time, and be comfortable and dignified. I haven't chick nor child of my own. But I won't see the child of God-fearing parents sail the ship of his soul without a chart. Don't forgit the chart I've drawed. At the wust, don't you be anybody's fool but your own.

Young Seth returned to sign for his next voyage as boat-steerer, bought a book on navigation, and was already, at the age of 15, on his way upward, or, more nautically, on his way "aft."

"Through the Hawse-Hole" is less conspicuously a narrative of incident and episode than other books

of the whaling era. Some of the old sea-dogs, many of whom are still alive, have either set down their own memoirs or have recounted them to others who have put them into shape. This biography of Seth Pinkham is by a third-generation pen, and Mrs. Anderson, frankly stating that she knows little or nothing about the whaling trade as practiced by her forebears, has wisely turned her brush to the drawing of a New England burgher (if we may employ the term) instead of attempting histrionics. Yet if her book is not a "Moby Dick," one sees in her pages the bases of a hundred "Moby Dicks."

In 1806, now aft, but not yet master, Seth returned with a good "lay"—that is, a good share in the

profits of the catch—but to a poor market. The shrewdness of the young man now comes to the fore. He surprised the owners of the vessel by saying that they might give him three-quarters of his pay in oil provided they would store it for him free for a year. Within a few months oil rose in price and his profit was a tidy sum. Five years later he made even more money on a voyage, but had an altercation with the captain which subsequently drew him into a lawsuit for assault, and at a time when he was pressed for funds. The fine was \$300, awarded against Seth by a jury of his island peers, most, if not all, of whom sympathized with Pinkham. For the discerning, especially if of New England ancestry, there is a glint of humor here, not the less revealing because not of the boisterous sort. Meantime, following or, more probably, leading other Nantucketers, Seth had exchanged Quakerism for a more liberalized trend of religious thought. The War of 1812 came, with no small damage to Nantucket and New Bedford whaling people, Nantucket finding itself in especially hard straits at the conclusion of hostilities. However, ships were building, and Seth Pinkham was now entitled to go as master. As such, he sailed, in 1814, in the Dauphin, a whaler under full ship-rig.





The Whale Fishery: The Sperm Whale in a Flurry.

*Pictures on This Page From "Currier & Ives." (Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York.)*



American Whalers Crushed in the Ice: Burning the Wrecks to Avoid Danger to Other Vessels.



### William Crosby Bennett.

William Crosby Bennett, who for the past several years has been writing feature articles for the *Inquirer* and *Mirror*, passed away at his home in Manhattan Beach, Calif., on Wednesday, December 21st. He had been ill only a short time.

Mr. Bennett was born in Nantucket, November 9, 1870, the son of the late Henry U. and Elizabeth (Plaskett) Bennett, of Nantucket. He was a writer by profession, doing journalistic work in particular as the author of special feature articles. For many years he was on the editorial staff of *The American Historical Society*. He was an Honorary Member of the parent branch of *The Dickens Fellowship* in London and was the author of a series of essays on Charles Dickens.

He traveled widely throughout the United States and, through his connections with his work as a journalist and genealogical historian, had many friends among well-known persons in politics and the arts. He had lived as a child in Chateaugay, N. Y., where his father was in business for a number of years and was a graduate of *The Chateaugay Academy*. Later he resided in Fitchburg, Mass., New York City, St. Petersburg, Fla., and afterwards moved to California where he lived first in Hollywood and then in Manhattan Beach.

His articles, written especially for *The Inquirer* and *Mirror*, were varied in subject but always interesting to our readers as he had the faculty of bringing to life in print his experiences and reminiscences of the famous people he had known. His last visit to Nantucket was in 1937 when his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hollis Bennett, were residents here.

Mr. Bennett was twice married. His first wife, Grace Elizabeth Homes, of Fitchburg, Mass., died in 1903. His second wife, Lura Roberts, of Amesbury, Mass., died in 1934. He is survived by three daughters: Mrs. Richard C. Duggan and Miss Constance L. Bennett, of Manhattan Beach, and Mrs. John Anderson, of Boston, Mass.; also by two grandsons, William Dominick Duggan and Daniel Richard Duggan, of Manhattan Beach, and by a sister, Mrs. Louis F. Anderson, of Walla Walla, Washington.

12/31/49

### Death of Charles H. Blount.

Charles H. Blount, a highly respected citizen of Nantucket, died on Friday evening week at the Nantucket Cottage Hospital, where he had been confined by serious illness for several weeks. He was in his 74th year, and was a native of Chatham, Mass.

"Charlie" Blount, as he was known to all along the waterfront, came to Nantucket in 1904, and had made the island his home ever since. He followed a seafaring life, until two decades ago when he was elected to the Board of Selectmen. After serving a number of terms on the Board, Mr. Blount was appointed WPA Administrator. He later became Chairman of the Old Age Assistance board. In 1937, he was appointed Shellfish Warden, in which capacity he served the town faithfully until his death. Five years ago, he accepted the post of Harbor Master, and was well known among the summer yachtsmen as an official thoroughly interested in his work.

Funeral services were held from the First Baptist Church on Monday afternoon, with Rev. Robert A. Fitzgerald presiding. At the cemetery, the rites of the Red Men were observed, the deceased having been the keeper of records and past sachem of the Lodge at the time of his death.

Pallbearers were: Irving A. Soverino, Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, Herbert P. Smith, who has served on the Board; Capt. Leland S. Topham, Edgar Orpin, Alexander Mauduit and Winthrop Ellis, of the Red Men; Ellison Pease and John Pineo, of the Odd Fellows.

The deceased is survived by his widow, Mrs. Nellie V. Blount; a son, Merwin Blount; a daughter, Mrs. Dorothy Sylvia; a sister, Mrs. Pearl Parker, all of Nantucket, and a brother, Gardner Blount, of Portland, Maine; four grandchildren and one great-grandson.

A year ago this spring, Mr. Blount lost his younger son, Earl Blount, when the dragger *Landry* foundered with all hands while trying to make this port.

1951

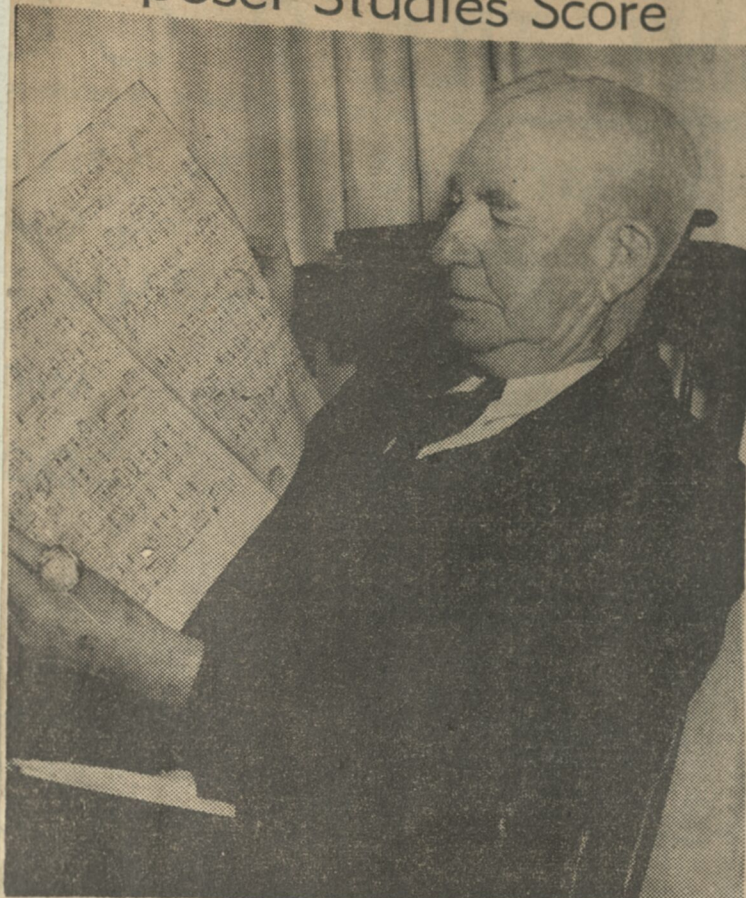
### OBITUARY.

Word comes to us as we go to press of the death this (Wednesday) afternoon of Register of Probate Capt. Benjamin F. Brown. Capt. Brown was at his office Saturday in his usual health. Monday he was reported sick with tonsillitis, but had for some time been subject to throat troubles. For several years Capt. Brown was in command of schooner W. O. Nettleton plying between this port and Boston. In 1888 he was elected Register of Probate. He was a prominent Mason and Odd Fellow. His age was 52 years, 2 months. He leaves a widow and three children, two sons and a daughter who have the sympathy of the community in their sudden and severe bereavement.

1892



## Composer Studies Score



—Standard-Times Staff Photo  
George Burgess of 21 Broad Street, Nantucket, scans the musical score of "This Is Home," the song he composed about his native island.

\* \* \*

1946

## 'Old Style Is Best,' Observes Composer of Ode to Nantucket

By Standard-Times Staff Correspondent  
NANTUCKET, Dec. 13—That popular music sets the pace of the times is the observation of a self-made musician, George Burgess of 21 Broad Street, Nantucket.

"Unfortunately most of our music today lacks tempo," he said. "It also lacks harmony. And it doesn't have any soothing qualities. Consequently, it marks our nation's social unrest and our people's psychological condition."

Explaining that songs written years ago "had everything," Mr. Burgess illustrates his point by singing long forgotten melodies in a voice that has worn well over the years.

### Writes Musical Ode

Proving his contention that soothing songs can still be penned despite world conditions, Mr. Burgess has written a song about his beloved Nantucket. It is entitled, "This Is Home," and was put on paper with the assistance of two New Bedford residents.

"I had the tune in my head for years," he recalled. "One day I

was in New Bedford and went to see my friend Len Gray of 286 Mill Street. We talked of the song and the next thing I knew I was humming the tune while Len pecked out the notes on the piano and then wrote them."

Later Mr. Burgess visited Mrs. Hazel Kelly of 70 Orchard Street, New Bedford, and she wrote the words extolling the natural virtues of the island.

"As far as I know," he said, "Mrs. Kelly has never been to Nantucket, but she did a wonderful job."

### Sung at Unitarian Church

The song was introduced at the Unitarian Church here. Mrs. Claude Bond sang it, accompanied by Albert Moody Tucker at the organ and Miss Nancy Wardick of 17 Coe Street, Fairhaven, on the violin. Miss Wardick is Mr. Burgess' granddaughter.

Shrouded in mystery, the number was presented to a large audience before the composer's name was made public. Occupying a seat in the rear of the church

was Mr. Burgess. After an encore, he was introduced as the composer.

Later the melody was sung over Station WNBH, at gatherings in New Bedford and throughout the Cape and Islands.

"I have it copyrighted," the Nantucket resident observed. "Sometimes I think it would be fine if someone like Kate Smith would sing it on the radio so the whole country could hear about our pretty island."

### Frederick P. Boynton

Frederick Perry Boynton, of 2032 Sheridan Road, Highland Park, Illinois died January 19, 1955, at the age of 80. He was a long time resident of Nantucket. Mr. Boynton and his wife, Alice Leavenworth Boynton, who survives him, first came to Nantucket in 1910, living at Wauwinet until about 25 years ago when they acquired their present home in Siasconset.

Mr. Boynton leaves surviving him, besides his widow, his daughters, Elizabeth Boynton Thorton of Rosemont, Penn., and Helen Adler of San Francisco, Calif., and his sons, Woodward L. Boynton of Pasadena, Calif., Frederick P. Boynton, Jr. of Sao Paulo, Brazil, and Mallory M. Boynton of West Springfield, Mass.

Mr. Boynton was a member of the Wharf Rats Club, was formerly a director of the Pacific National Bank of Nantucket, was formerly a member of the Board of Trustees of the Nantucket Cottage Hospital and was at one time president of the Siasconset Civic Association.

He has been a resident of Highland Park, Illinois since 1882. He was president of the Boynton & Company manufacturers of molded wood products in Chicago until his retirement in 1927. He was a founder of Exmoor Country Club of Highland Park, Illinois and at the time of his death, its only surviving founding member. He was a member of the Chicago Club in Chicago and active in civic organizations in Highland Park, having been Treasurer of Civilian Defense in his home community during World War II. He was for many years a Trustee of Trinity Episcopal Church in Highland Park.

Funeral services are private.

1955



## OBITUARY.

Capt. George S. Brown, who died on the 26th inst., aged 53 years and 3 months was the son of Capt. Henry Brown. Like many of the sons of Nantucket he commenced a sea faring life at an early age being only 14 years of age when he made his first whaling voyage in the ship Mohawk of Nantucket. He subsequently was in the barque Bruce which was condemned at Zanzibar. Then entering the merchant service he soon rose to the command of a vessel. During the war he was made the harbor master at Hatteras Inlet, under martial law. After the war he sailed to South American ports and finally settled at Valparaiso, Chili, with his family, from whence he made many voyages and doubled Cape Horn very frequently in regular trips from Valparaiso to Montevideo. Retiring from the sea he assumed the management of a line of ships at Valparaiso and engaged in ship brokerage at that port. In 1883, with what he supposed to be a competency, he gave up business and returned to his native town to pass the remainder of his life in peace and quietude. But misfortunes in business transactions succeeded each other so rapidly that he found himself deprived of a reasonable support, and had recently accepted the position of janitor at the Savings Bank, which position he held at the time of his death. Capt. Brown was a man of strict integrity, of positive character, and of genial disposition. While at Valparaiso he was prominent in all public enterprises, and was the first grand master of the Odd Fellows grand lodge of Chili, and a past master of the masonic lodge at Valparaiso. In all the relations of life Capt. Brown measured up to the dignity and stature of a man whom to know was a satisfaction, and to trust was a certainty that his best endeavor would be exerted to fulfill the undertaking. He was buried under the direction of the Odd Fellows Lodge of Nantucket.

1891

DEATH OF A VETERAN WHALEMAN.—Capt. Alexander D. Bunker, one of our most energetic shipmasters of the old school, and more recently for some years, Keeper of the Sankoty Light, died very suddenly at Siasconset, on Sunday evening last, aged 80 years. Funeral services over the remains were held at St. Paul's Church, on Wednesday afternoon

1871

Death has once more visited Edgartown, this time removing one who for many years was an upright citizen, doing business in the town, and holding numerous offices of honor and trust. Charles J. Barney, Esq., died at his late residence Wednesday afternoon, June 19, 1889, aged 78 years, 6 months, and 23 days. He was born at Nantucket, of Quaker parents, and came to Edgartown in 1843, when he became manager of the extensive oil and candle manufactory of the late Dr. Daniel Fisher. On the decline of the whaling industry he assumed charge of Dr. Fisher's milling and grain establishment at Fisher's wharf, afterwards purchasing the business and conducting it successfully for some years. This business, on the approach of the infirmities of age, he disposed of to Norton Bros., a few years ago. Mr. Barney held numerous public offices, town and county, filling them with fidelity and ability. As County Commissioner, as Tax Collector for his adopted town, and in all other positions as officer or as citizen, he discharged his duties in such a manner as to win the approbation of his fellow-men. Mr. Barney leaves a widow, and one son, Mr. David J. Barney, of Cottage City. Two sisters and one brother, at Nantucket, survive him.—*Vineyard Gazette.*

BAILEY.—We record to-day the death of another of our veteran whalemen—Capt. Stephen Bailey—whose life closed early Wednesday morning. Deceased commenced his seafaring life on ship Phenix, of this port, in 1831, making three voyages in her, during which he rose through the several grades of promotion, and in 1840 assumed command of ship Washington, also of Nantucket, which vessel he commanded three successive voyages, until she was condemned in Oahu in 1849. He then attached himself as an agent to the U. S. consulate at the Sandwich Islands, where he remained until some time in the sixties, making one visit home in the interim, his wife returning to the islands with him. He secured a competence and returned home to enjoy the fruits of his early labors. He served on the board of Selectmen a number of years, and was also for a long period an efficient officer of the Nantucket Institution for Savings. Capt. Bailey was a genial, whole-souled man, to whom everybody was attracted, and his speech was characterized by an originality of nautical expression that made his society peculiarly attractive. He was twice married, the wife of his second union surviving him. 1891

70/5/45  
The Late "Will" Barney.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

In the death of William Hadwen Barney, Nantucket has lost one more of the ties which bind the new generation and the historic days of old. Whether it is there now, I do not recall, but the name "Hadwen & Barney" was a familiar sign on the old warehouse at the head of Steamboat Wharf now occupied by the whaling Museum. William H. Barney's grandfather was a member of this firm which made history in the balmy days of Nantucket's whale fishery, candle house, and ropewalk. My own grandfather was employed by Will Barney's grandfather in and about the works of this busy firm.

But of more immediate concern is the loss to Nantucket of a man of Will Barney's personality. Returning to the home of his birth after many years of successful business activity, he had prepared himself and his devoted wife for several years of relaxation during the sunset of his life, in a lovely home, surrounded by appreciative friends.

The loss at this time to Mrs. Barney is beyond expression. The many friends she has made in the few years of her husband's home-coming will sorrow with her.

My own last visit in Nantucket, two years ago, was made particularly memorable and enjoyable because of the hospitality and thoughtfulness of William Hadwen Barney.

Alliston Greene

Worcester, Mass.  
Oct. 5, 1945.



For The Inquirer and Mirror.  
Mr. Editor:

Capt. Solomon G. Bourne, a native of Waquoit (Falmouth), Mass., and father of Mrs. Charles C. Mooers, of Nantucket, died at the home of his son, Sylvanus R. Bourne, at Sandwich, Wednesday, 14th inst., at the age of 91 years, 10 months and 13 days. Capt. Bourne's earlier days were spent as a mariner, but the past forty years of his life have been devoted to pursuits upon the land, residing at Waquoit until at the death of his wife, three years ago, he came to Sandwich to reside with his son. Capt. Bourne was a great reader, and retained his faculties to the moment he passed away. He was a man of rare qualities, possessing one of the most patient dispositions, a devout Christian and a member of the Waquoit Congregational church. He leaves two sons and three daughters to mourn his loss. Funeral services were held at the church in Waquoit, Friday, 16th inst., and were largely attended by relatives and friends, who paid the last tribute to one whom we know is now wearing the crown of rejoicing.  
SANDWICH, Nov. 17, 1888. H.

We are called upon to-day to record the death of Capt. James H. Barnard, which occurred on Friday, 2d inst., which takes from our midst another seafaring man and worthy citizen. Capt. Barnard was for years prior to the war engaged in running a packet between this port and Baltimore and other southern ports, but since the war has retired to private life. Although well advanced in years, he has been remarkable in point of physical activity, and it was only until a few days previous to his demise that indications of the approaching end were apparent. He was one of the oldest members of Nantucket Lodge, No. 66, I. O. O. F., and his funeral, which occurred Sunday, was largely attended by members of that organization.  
1883

4/16 CAPT. BENJAMIN BARNEY, 1881  
whose death occurred in this town on the 29th ult., was probably the oldest ship captain in our country. Capt. Barney was born in Nantucket, Christmas Eve, 1790. He commenced his seafaring life at the age of 12 years, and at 15 was sailing in East India waters. In 1813 he was captured by the British privateer Dart, but only kept two or three days and transferred to a fishing smack and set ashore on Nantucket. In 1818 it is known that he was captain of the "Prudent" that sailed up the Mediterranean, and it is thought that he was a captain for some time previous to this. In 1821 he sailed in the whaling ship Hycso for the Pacific. On his return he sailed from Boston in command of the brig Jachin for the West Indies and the Mediterranean. He soon after took command of the ship Rambler sailing from New York to Liverpool. He was at this time one of the best navigators in the country, being a great observer and student. He then sailed the Omega to the Pacific ocean, and on his last voyage was in command of the ship Sarah to the Pacific. After his retirement from the life on the ocean he moved to a farm in Western New York in the year 1835, where he remained till 1865, when losing his wife he came to this village to live with his son David F. Barney, where he remained till the time of his death.—Huntington, L. I., Long-Island-er.

# OBITUARY. 1887

CAPT. JOHN P. BARNARD, who died Monday morning at the age of eighty-one years, passed the whole prime of his life on the ocean, making several voyages as first officer, and from 1840 to 1844 was in command of ship Massachusetts of New Bedford. Since his retirement from the sea, he was, for many years, employed in the gas works, until disabled by the infirmities of age. He was highly esteemed and leaves an honorable record among us. He had two sons in the country's service, one of whom is now a pensioner, having been severely wounded in the war, and the other, a most promising young man, was captured and died a lingering death in a Southern prison.

## May 7 OBITUARY. 1881

Capt. Albert C. Brown, whose long sufferings were ended by death, on Monday last, was well known to all as a valuable and efficient man in his chosen profession, as well as a worthy and estimable citizen. He followed the sea from boyhood, sailing on his first voyage in the ship Mohawk in 1850, and rising through all the grades. After having made several voyages as first officer, in different ships, he sailed in command of the bark Petrel, of New Bedford, in 1877, but soon after leaving home he was stricken with a paralytic shock, and found himself compelled to resign the command of his ship at the Cape de Verde islands, returning home much shattered in health. He has since employed himself in a light business, striving to do his best, but the paralytic condition still continued and steadily progressed, his powers gradually failing to the end. He was cut off while in active service in the prime of years, and when a prosperous career seemed to lie before him. He was a member of Nantucket Lodge, I. O. O. F., and of Union Lodge, F. and A. M., the former attending the funeral, Wednesday afternoon, conducting the ceremonies at the grave. He leaves a widow, but no children.

## 3/10 OBITUARY. 1892

BROWN.—Capt. Thomas Brown died at his home on Union street Sunday. He had been in failing health a number of years, and his end was peaceful. In early life Capt. Brown followed the sea in the whaling service, relinquishing it in 1855 to take command of the new steamer Island Home, which he successfully run for six or seven years between this port and Hyannis. Later he commanded a steamer running to southern ports. He retired from active life several years ago, and for many months his infirmities have confined him to the house. He was a man of genial temperament and had a host of warm friends. Deceased leaves a widow and several children.



4/25 For the Inquirer and Mirror. **OBITUARY.** 1885

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Our esteemed and long-tried friend, Mr. James H. Barker, who died in Milwaukee, Wis., April 14th, was born in Nantucket, Mass., just after the declaration of war in the year 1812, and like most of the young men of that day, as soon as reaching manhood, sought some employment which would be remunerative and help him on in life. The principal business of Nantucket at that period was the whale fishery. He naturally made choice of this, and sailed on his first voyage at the age of sixteen years, in the ship *George*, Capt. Edwin Barnard, in the year 1828, and ended his whaling enterprise on board the ship *Statira*, Capt. Peter Coffin, at an early date in the year 1838. He then commenced a new career with his brother, Edward H. Barker, on board the steamer *Telegraph*, running from Nantucket to New Bedford, until the steamer *Massachusetts* was built, which latter boat he commanded for many years. The keel of the *Eagle's Wing* was then laid, which steamer he took charge of, running in connection with steamer *Massachusetts* on the same route. In 1854 the route was changed to Hyannis, and soon after the *Eagle's Wing* was sent to ply the waters of Rhode Island. At this time Capt. Barker declined serving longer at the East, and moved his family West, taking charge of the palace steamer, *Plymouth Rock*, plying the waters of Lake Erie. At the time of his sickness he was in Government employ in the Interior Department. His father, Robert Barker, an energetic man, was postmaster in Nantucket from the year 1812 to the year 1815, during the time of the war. Deceased was a nephew of Jacob Barker. He leaves a widow and two children (a son and daughter), both of whom are married and settled in the West.

Capt. Barker was a pleasant, genial man, always happy with his passengers, and looking after their comfort with truly gentlemanly consideration. His sympathies welled out to the aged, as well as to the young, whenever he came in contact with them. Refined and generous by nature, he ever sacrificed his own interests for the good of others, counting it no trouble could he do a favor to any and all who asked it. The hand of want was never stretched out to him in vain. Friend of human kind! thy battle with life is over! *Requiescat in pace!* Pleasant memories cluster about thy name, and thy pure spirit, now clothed in immortality, leaves a bright tint upon thy horizon, even as the quiet beauty of a sunset sky. E.

OBITUARY.—Capt. Henry C. Bunker died at San Francisco 10th ult., at the age of 83 years. Capt. Bunker was a native of New York, though born of Nantucket parents. In early life he commenced a seafaring career, and subsequently became a successful master in the whaling service, sailing from Woods Holl and Nantucket. He commanded two ships from this port, the *Paragon* and *Planter*. For many years he was a resident of Falmouth, and some four or five years since removed to San Francisco to reside with his son, Mr. Henry S. Bunker. 1880

Capt. Nathaniel Burgess, of Monument Beach, a brother of the late Watson Burgess, came to the island Monday of last week to visit his niece, Mrs. Judah E. Nickerson. He retired at night in apparent good health, but when called the next morning was found in an unconscious condition, having been stricken with paralysis. He lingered along until Thursday evening, when he passed away. His son arrived here Tuesday, and had the remains forwarded to Monument Beach by Friday's steamer. Capt. Burgess in early life went to sea in the whaling service, and four consecutive voyages commanded the ship *Robert Edwards* of New Bedford. He was well known to the seafaring men of Nantucket, and very highly esteemed. In 1854, he retired from the sea and started the planting and raising of oysters, he being the first to engage in this industry on Buzzard's Bay. He has been prominently identified in the town in which he has lived. For several years he was a Selectman of the town of Sandwich, and at the time of the town division he was one of projectors of the movement for the establishment of the new town of Bourne. A widow and three children survive him. He was about 79 years old. 1891

**Celebrated Their Twenty-fifth Anniversary.** 1916

On Friday evening week, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Bickerstaff observed their twenty-fifth (silver) wedding anniversary at their home, 5 Risdale street, entertaining a large number of relatives and friends. At 8.30 o'clock, to the strains of Lohengrin's wedding march, played by William J. Blair, Mr. and Mrs. Bickerstaff were married for the second time, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Drew T. Wyman, pastor of the Summer Street Baptist Church, the single ring service being used. They were attended by their eldest son and daughter, Richard and Agnes Bickerstaff.

The parlor, where the ceremony took place, was decorated for the occasion with palms, ferns and cut flowers—the work of H. H. Voorneveld, the Dutch florist.

Mr. and Mrs. Bickerstaff had with them on this occasion their eight children—Richard, Charles (with his wife and baby), Agnes, Barbara, Alger, Robert, Erla and Myrtle. The couple have lost three other children.

After the wedding ceremony, a reception was held, music being furnished by William J. Blair, pianist, and Daniel O'Connell, violinist. Ice cream and cake was served, and a general good time enjoyed until midnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Bickerstaff were the recipients of many gifts, including silver, linen, money, etc., and received countless letters of congratulation.



## "Mr. Brown."

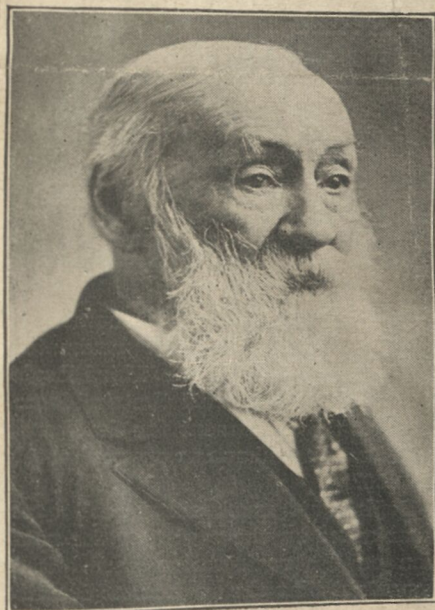
By Austin Strong.

There is no doubt that Mr. Brown was born expecting something quite different from the world in which he found himself. When he saw human beings for the first time he burst out laughing and he kept laughing to the end of his days.

"Why do you all want to buy so many things?" he would ask us, "you will only be coming back here for more."

Mr. Brown ran a hardware store at the end of the Square and we all suspected he ran it for his own amusement as his customers kept him in a state of inward hilarity all the day long. Mr. Brown was an immaculate little man with a white beard, sea-blue eyes which twinkled with merriment and he wore a round domed Panama hat with an old fashioned black cut-away coat. When business was slack he stood sunning himself in front of his store smiling at the "pass" as he chewed on his excellent dry cigar.

Skipper Chase, solemn as a marsh heron, stopped on his way to the



"MR. BROWN."

water-front and stood on the sidewalk gravely looking down at Mr. Brown as a Great Dane might examine a Pekinese.

"Morning, Walter."

"Hello, Henry Brown."

"Seen my new grindstone?"

"No."

"Come in and I'll show you how she works."

Clamped to the counter was a brand new little tool-grinder with extra gears which doubled its speed when one turned the handle.

"Now turn her, Walter."

The old giant obeyed.

"No—faster," cried Mr. Brown.

Skipper Chase turned faster.

"Faster than that!"

The Skipper did as he was told, spin-

ning the handle for all he was worth.

"Faster still!"

The old man began to puff and not till then did Mr. Brown reach casually into his waistcoat pocket and, producing a large blue-headed match, he touched it off on the spinning wheel and lit a fresh cigar.

The Skipper stepped back and stared down at him over his spectacles, red-faced and panting.

"Henry Brown, when are you going to get the boy out of you?"

But Mr. Brown was unable to answer. His beard had gone up to meet his eyebrows which had come down to meet his beard. Tears of merriment spilled out at the sides.

Sometimes in the heat of local Town politics we would bring Mr. Brown a burning petition to present to the Board of Finance which he would obligingly sign with flourishes. Next day the irate opposition would bring him their counter petition which he would obligingly sign with the same flourishes. When we confronted him with his perfidy we got no satisfaction but an hilarious Mr. Brown hidden behind a beard.

One day I dashed into his store.

"Quick, Mr. Brown, I want a topsail sheet-hook!"

"What for?" he asked.

"To splice on the end of my painter."

"What an idea!"

"Have you got a topsail sheet-hook in your darned old store?"

"God knows."

"Well, this is a marine hardware store, isn't it?"

"I've heard tell."

"I've got to have a topsail sheet-hook, Mr. Brown!"

"Hunt 'round and if you find one—she's yours!"

As I went to the back of the store he called after me.

"Say, what's a topsail sheet-hook, anyway?"

I dived into his cellar and rumaged about among kegs of nails, rakes, shovels, bags of cordage and came up covered in dust, exhausted. Not till then did Mr. Brown saunter over to me; quietly putting his hand in my coat pocket he produced a perfectly good topsail sheet-hook.

One always left Mr. Brown's store a trifle pixilated. He had a dog, a quiet, gentle animal as square as a loaf of bread. He was a good dog, a polite dog, by the name of Dot, who would, on occasions, with infinite courtesy stand slowly on his head on the counter. When Mr. Brown was bored with an irritating and vocative customer he would give Dot a secret signal and the dog would graciously present his hindquarters to the face of the astonished customer.

For all his merriment he had a certain reserve and one felt intuitively in the presence of real authority. No one was familiar with this old naval officer who had fought all through the Civil War. He carried himself with the quiet dignity of the quarterdeck. Few called this man, who was present at the bombardment of Fort Sumter

and was shipmates with Admiral George Dewey, other than Mr. Brown.

When one called at his house up on Orange street, not a hundred yards from his store, he would gaily show "my private cemetery", as he called a corner of his sitting room where he had tacked up the photographs of his friends who had gone ahead of him. He laughed at death as he did at life.

Perhaps at the age of ninety-one he was so close to the edge that he could look across and see a watered garden. Whatever it was he saw, Mr. Brown was unafraid and, as the gods are kind to the brave, they gave him perfect health and let him work to the last evening of his life. He turned the lock on the front door of the old store and, waving a cheery good night to his assistant, he crossed Main street.

In the morning as the dawn was paling the stars, in deep sleep, his body fell away from him and Mr. Brown was free at last to cross over to his good companions who had been patiently waiting for him to join them in eternal merriment.



## THE AUTHOR OF "EUNICE HUSSEY"



THE REV. LOUISE SOUTHARD BAKER

Who wrote the story "Eunice Hussey", a tale of Nantucket life, which is now published for the first time, more than forty years after Miss Baker has passed to her reward.

1938

### Miss Baker's "Eunice Hussey" Published This Week.

"Eunice Hussey", the story of Nantucket life written by the late Rev. Louise S. Baker over forty years ago, was issued from the press of The Inquirer and Mirror this week and copies are now on sale at this office or at Miss Stevens' store on Centre street. Price \$1.25 per copy; \$1.40 by mail.

The book is bound in hard covers, in a light gray linen, and has twelve half-tone illustrations, including the frontispiece of Miss Baker, who was the popular pastor of the Congregational church in Nantucket from 1880 to 1888.

Miss Baker completed the text matter of "Eunice Hussey" about a year before her death, but was never able to revise it, and the manuscript, in her own hand-writing, has since been carefully preserved in the safe in this office, now being made public for the first time, forty-odd years after her death.

The book is issued as a memorial to a woman who, aside from the position which she held as pastor of the Nantucket church, contributed much, both in prose and poetry, to Nantucket literature, and who lived and died a woman of wonderful character, whose kindly and loving manner left its impression upon all who knew her.

Miss Baker dedicated "Eunice Hussey" in 1895, in the following foreword, which is printed in the book exactly as she wrote it:

To Nantucketers everywhere and the strangers within our gates: This little book is sent out with no attempt at anything save a description of island life in the past. It avoids personalities, aiming simply to portray the rugged character and primitive experiences of those who went before us, and to bring to those who may read it some flavor of the sea, some breath of the mayflower or sweet-fern from "the commons". It is sent out, also, with a genuine affection for any Nantucketer wherever found, and, if any "strangers" read, in the hope that those who have adopted our island home may be the happier for the reading.—The Author.

### Sept. 9 OBITUARY. 1899

GARDNER.—We announced in our issue last week the death of Mr. Samuel Bunker Gardner, a well-known and much respected citizen, who died at his late home in Cambridgeport, Monday evening, August 28th, at the advanced age of 84 years, 6 months and 29 days. He was born at Nantucket, on January 30th, 1815, and as a boy received his education in the public schools of our town, and in common with the young men of his day, followed the sea, making two voyages whaling. His first voyage was in the Eagle from this port, which we believe sailed from here in July, 1831, and we understand that upon his death, there is only one of the crew surviving, and that is Capt. Obed Swain, who is daily seen upon our streets. Mr. Gardner's second voyage was



## Death of Mrs. Eleanore Brown, Former Island Resident.

On Tuesday morning, just before dawn, Mrs. Eleanore E. Brown passed away at the Taunton State Hospital, where she had been under medical care for several months. She was in her 92nd year, and was the last of her immediate family.

As a resident of Nantucket for half a century, Eleanore Brown will be remembered for her constant efforts in carrying on the work of the Grand Army of the Republic, through the Women's Relief Corps. Besides holding various offices in the local organization, she was an officer in the State Chapter of the W. R. C., and was on several occasions appointed State delegate to national conventions. One year she traveled from Nantucket to Denver, Col., to attend the national convention.

She was President of the local Relief Corps for seven years. She was a Past Department Aid of the State Chapter for a number of years, and was honored by the position of Patriotic Instructor of the State Dept. on Massachusetts over a long period of time.

\* \* \* \* \*

She served as Secretary to the Commander Thomas M. Gardner Post, G. A. R. for many years, and her words at the conclusion of the final minutes of the Post—with the death of Commander James H. Wood—were typical of her never-failing zeal for the ideals of the G. A. R.

"The Grand Army has disbanded," she said, "but the memory of those loyal Nantucketers must never be allowed to go with them."

For many years, she presented an annual award at the school Memorial Day exercises to the boy who recited Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address." Her remarks on those occasions were filled with the sincere patriotism which so characterized her efforts on behalf of the Grand Army of the Republic.

\* \* \* \* \*

Eleanore E. Brown was born on July 4, 1859, the youngest daughter of Isaac H. and Elinor (Grover) Fish. Her father was born in Nantucket and went to Boston as a young man to learn the trade of a confectioner. He opened his own store on Winter street in Boston, where he carried on a successful business for several years. Mrs. Brown was born in Milton, and when she was 3 years old her father entered the Union Army as a volunteer, enlisting with his eldest son and name-sake, and serving four years in the Civil War.

She married Everett B. Brown in 1892 and went to live in Lewistown, Pa. A few years later they returned to Nantucket, where Mr. Brown was engineer at the electric plant. Mr. Brown then accepted a position with the Lynn General Electric Co.

During her years in Nantucket, Mrs. Brown resided at the Broad street home of her grandfather Zenas Fish, and at 17 Pleasant street, which was the home of her uncle, Oliver Fish. Sixteen years ago she went to West Lynn to rejoin Mr. Brown.

Mrs. Brown is survived by her husband, Everett B. Brown, and by her adopted daughter, Mrs. Edouard A. Stackpole. She lost her only son, Oliver Brown; in 1918, when he was overseas with the American Expeditionary Forces. His body was brought home and interred at Prospect Hill.

Funeral services were conducted from the Lewis Funeral Home on Thursday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock, with Rev. Bradford Johnson, of St. Paul's Church, officiating.

Burial was in the family lot at Prospect Hill, where her body was laid to rest beside that of her soldier son. Member's of the Women's Relief Corps, and Commander Herbert P. Smith, representing the Spanish War Veterans and American Legion, were present to pay tribute to her memory.

1950

## In Memoriam.

Mrs. Elizabeth Howland Gardner. Born October 18th, 1810. Died June 2nd, 1909.

The older residents of the island will look back in a long retrospect upon this life which has just closed its last earthly chapter. Those who made the history of Nantucket of the older time are fast departing; soon the Nantucket of Quaker days will be but a memory—a tradition to be treasured and bequeathed to future generations.

In the early morning of Wednesday, June 2d, Mrs. Elizabeth Howland Gardner passed peacefully away at her home on Federal street. Mrs. Gardner lacked but little more than sixteen months of completing a lifetime of a century, and for several years it was her pride that she was the oldest resident on the island.

She was born in Nantucket, of Quaker ancestry, the daughter of the late Reuben and Lydia Swain, and was the widow of Capt. Francis M. Gardner, to whom she was married in the old Quaker meeting house on Fair street. Mrs. Gardner sailed with her husband on two whaling voyages, and had many interesting reminiscences to relate of their sea-faring experiences.

She was a most kindly and generous character, and bore with remarkable cheerfulness and fortitude the increasing infirmities imposed by the weight of years. Sight and hearing had long failed her, yet to the last her mental powers remained.

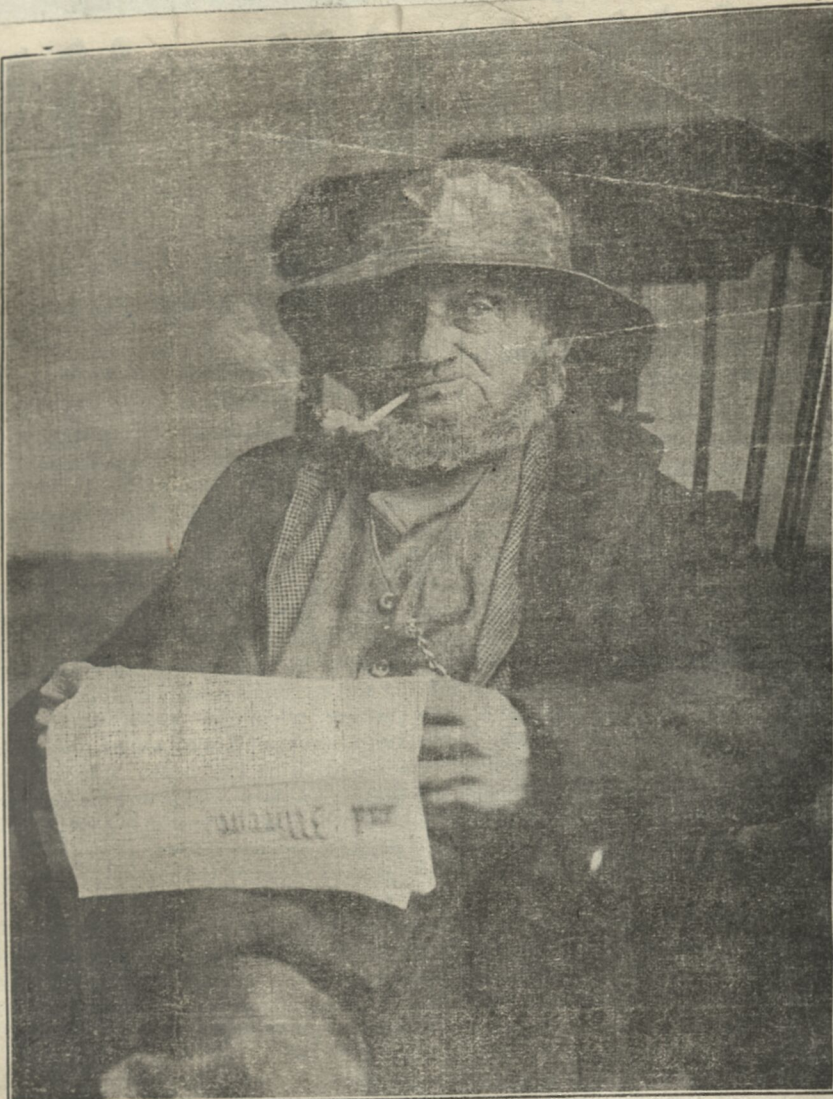
To her daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth M. Rickerson, whose constant and devoted care sustained and comforted her mother during many years of enfeebled health, to whom the severance of a tie strengthened by long companionship brings a peculiar poignancy, the sympathy of her many friends is given in full measure.

For the mother whose memory is tenderly cherished, none can regret that she has passed beyond the vale of shadows into the brightness of the Eternal Light.

"Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesu, be our light."

1909  
M. Ella Mann.





THE LATE "BILLY" BOWEN.

Copyright H. S. Wver

### Death of "Billy" Bowen, a 'Sconset Character.

William Henry Bowen—popularly known as "Billy" Bowen—who for many years has been a "character" in the village of 'Sconset, died suddenly Thursday evening at "Our Island Home," where he has been making his home each winter in recent years, when the weather got too cold for comfort in his little 'Sconset hut—the "Seashell." He had been in his usual good health and there was no warning of his death, which occurred during the supper hour in just the manner in which the genial old fellow had many times said he would like to "drop anchor at the end of the voyage."

"Billy" Bowen was a typical "old salt" and in recent years he had often posed as such before the camera, he being the subject of Henry S. Wver's popular "Don't Worry" picture, from which the accompanying illustration was made. Of a most genial and sunny disposition, "Billy" was popular with all, and especially with the members of 'Sconset's summer colony, who always found his queer little domicile a very attractive spot. He was always an interesting conversationalist, replete with a keen wit and humor, and he will be missed by all.

He was born on the island of Nantucket, December 6, 1830, and had consequently recently passed his eighty-fifth birthday anniversary. His education was necessarily brief, and from the age of five to fourteen he attended a private school kept by William C. Folger, where he learned one thing in which he always took considerable pride—to write in a very neat and legible manner his name, "William H. Bowen." Completing his education at the age of fourteen, he shipped on his first voyage, sailing "round the Horn" in the Monticello, which left this port October 13, 1845, with Capt. John M. Folger in command. He was at sea about four years and a half, returning to Nantucket on the 7th of May, 1850, the ship bringing home 1,800 barrels of oil, 1,671 barrels of which were sperm.

On this voyage he met with an accident which resulted in the loss of the little finger of his right hand. While lifting a three-gallon keg of oil he stumbled and fell, his finger catching so as to tear it from his hand. It was done so quickly that he

12/18/1915

did not know of his loss until one of the deck-hands called his attention to the fact that one of his fingers was missing.

After his voyage on the Monticello, Bowen stayed at home a little over two months and then left on his second and last whaling voyage—this time in the ship Apphia Maria, Capt. Hiram Folger, which sailed July 25, 1850. The cruise lasted nearly four years, the vessel reaching port again on March 24, 1854. Hard luck seemed to be with the ship, for it returned with a very small catch—340 barrels of sperm and 282 barrels of whale oil.

In September, 1855, Bowen married Nancy Ann Starbuck, and no children ever blessed the union. In February, 1861, just before the Civil War broke out, Bowen sailed from New York on the merchant bark Houqua, with Capt. William J. Cartwright (a brother of Benjamin Cartwright of Nantucket), bound for China, after a cargo of tea. The bark was not allowed to return for some time, because of the fear of meeting cruising privateers, the crew being kept part of the time in Hong Kong and the rest of the time in Japan, so it was not until the middle of August, 1862, that "Billy" was again able to set foot on Nantucket's sands.

Upon his return home, however, he went to Quidnet, the little hamlet on the north side of Sesachacha pond, where he erected a small house and gained a livelihood by fishing, for eleven years.

From there, in 1877, he moved to 'Sconset, where he and his wife occupied a little one-room shack which stood on the site of the present village postoffice. The building was subsequently moved to a plot of land in Morey Lane and three rooms added, and for years it has been the summer residence of "Billy" and has been visited by hundreds of summer visitors each year, who have found its occupant an unique and original entertainer.

"Billy" Bowen's wife died in March, 1904, and since her death he has lived alone from spring until fall, going into town when the cold weather approached. Standing but 4 feet 11 inches "with his boots on" and weighing but 112 pounds, with a favorite "T. D." pipe always protruding from between his lips, "Billy" was clearly a "character" who will be greatly missed.





"The Sea Shell," domicile of "Billy" Bowen.

### Was Famous Whaling Captain.

Capt. George O. Barker, one of New Bedford's famous whaling captains, died at his home in that city on Saturday last, aged eighty-one years.

Captain Barker was born April 6, 1835, in Dartmouth, and at the age of 13 years shipped as a cabin boy on the bark George Washington. He was a sailor before the mast at 16 years of age, third mate, and boat steerer at 20, mate at 25 and master of a ship at 30. He continued at sea as a whaler for 42 years, retiring in 1890.

During that time he had gone out as master of six vessels, the ship Edward Cary from San Francisco, schooner Portia from Chili, bark Valparaiso from Chili, bark Cape Horn Pigeon from Dartmouth, two voyages; bark Europa, two voyages, and the bark Josephine.

While sailing as master, the ships which he commanded took over three hundred whales, an average of 12 a year for 25 years. During his best seasons he took seventeen whales before squaring away for his home port. He brought into port 25,000 barrels of oil, of which 13,000 were hump back, 7,000 right whale, 5,000 sperm and 65,000 pounds of bone.

Captain Barker in 1913 unveiled the Whaleman's statue in front of the New Bedford public library, the gift of William W. Crapo.

The deceased is survived by a widow and two daughters, Miss Jane Barker and Mrs. Vincent Francis, both of New Bedford. *May 20-1916*

### REUBEN R. HOBBS.

Captain Reuben R. Hobbs is a native of New York, and was born at Rhinebeck on the Hudson, Jan. 20, 1819. He is a man who shows evidence of having had the advantages of an education, but for some reason when a young man learned the trade of a miller, and drifted to Nantucket at the age of 21. He soon fell into the ways of Nantucketers, and he was not long on the island before he had shipped for a whaling cruise, and, called his maiden voyage in the Potomac, Captain Isaac B. Hussey. It was a cruise to the Pacific ocean, and the ship returned with 2,580 barrels of sperm oil. His first voyage was as foremast hand, and his second in the same vessel, Captain Oliver C. Swain in command, he was on the ship's papers as second mate. The ship returned with 2,200 barrels of sperm oil, and when next the Potomac sailed in 1849, under command of Captain Charles Grant, Hobbs was his first officer. As stated in a previous article, this cruise resulted in the taking of 2,100 barrels of oil. Upon the completion of this voyage he married and decided to remain on Nantucket. On Dec. 7, 1854, he was given command of ship Isaac Howland, which sailed out of New Bedford, and in the four years that he was absent from home he took 1,850 barrels of sperm oil. He has also whaled it in the schooner Abby Bradford, which sailed from Nantucket, and in 1870 retired from the seas. For 25 years he was keeper of the bug light near Polpis. Captain Hobbs does not enjoy the best of health, and is seldom seen away from his home on Union street.

1903



# Reflections and Memories of a Busy Life. 1948

By William Crosby Bennett.

In the recent issue of a popular magazine appeared what was purported to be an unpublished Sherlock Holmes story, the manuscript of which, it was explained, had been found after all these years in a safe-deposit box where its author placed it back in 1922 without telling anybody about it. To me, at least, the new tale sadly lacks much of the appeal to be found in the older stories.

The plot itself is rather skimpy and Holmes, Watson and Inspector Le-strade decidedly dull, while the paneled and modernly-furnished apartment at 221B Baker street, as seen in the illustration embellishing the text, is wholly unrecognizable as being the one in which we have spent so many delightful hours.

All this does not mean, however, that I am saying it is not a genuine Sherlock Holmes story. I wouldn't dare do that. It is copyrighted by Denis Doyle (the late author's son), a straight, upright chap I met in Hollywood some years ago. But I do say it might have been far better—and I believe hundreds of Holmes' enthusiasts will agree with me—if the safe-deposit box containing the manuscript had remained unopened.

For the lengthy period of over 60 years I have been one of Sherlock Holmes' most ardent devotees. Not only do the plots fascinate me but the backgrounds also. Remember the first time Holmes starts out under the eyes of his admiring Boswell. The morning is foggy and cloudy, and a dun-covered veil hangs over the housetops, looking like the reflection of the mud-colored streets beneath. Their destination, Number 3, Lauriston Gardens, just off Brixton Road, is a gloomy, vacant house, whose three tiers of melancholy windows, are blank, save where here and there a "To Let" sign appears upon one of the bleared panes, which look down on a small garden, sprinkled over with the eruption of sickly plants. Within this sombre house a man lies dead under distressing circumstances.

It is said (by the author himself, I believe) that the manuscript of this first story—"A Study in Scarlet"—had been the rounds of the London publishers and Doyle on the point of consigning it to the flames when he bethought himself of just one more editor who might be interested. It makes me shudder to think how near the immortal Holmes was to death at his very birth.

In the next tale—"The Sign of Four"—Holmes, accompanied by Watson and Miss Morstan, goes forth into the London fogs upon another trail of violence and murder. Dr. Watson relates it was a September evening, and not yet seven o'clock, but the

day had been a dreary one, and a dense, drizzling fog lay low upon the great city.

Mud-colored clouds again dropped sadly over the muddy streets. Down the Strand the lamps were but misty splotches of diffused light which threw a feeble circular glimmer upon the slimy pavement. The yellow glare from the shop-windows streamed out into the steamy, vaporous air, and threw a murky, shifting radiance across the crowded thoroughfare.

To Watson's mind there was something eerie and ghost-like in the endless procession of faces which flitted across the narrow bars of light—sad faces and glad, haggard and merry. Like all human kind, they flitted from the gloom into the light, and so back into the gloom once more. The good doctor confesses that although he is not subject to impressions, yet the dull, heavy evening, with the strange business upon which they were engaged, combined to make him nervous and depressed.

"The Sign of Four" first appeared in Lippincott's. Contrary to custom among magazine editors who at that time pirated their stuff, Dr. Doyle re-

ceived payment for the story. Well do I remember Lippincott's Magazine, with a complete novel in each issue, and at the back the "Over the Wine and Walnuts" columns to which I was a frequent contributor. I recall how Oscar Wilde's "Picture of Dorian Grey" shocked the readers of the magazine when the story appeared in it, and how Amelie Rives' "Quick and the Dead" made a big sensation. But nearly all its stories, like Kipling's "Light That Failed" and James Lane Allen's "Choir Invisible", were sane and normal and left a good taste in the mouth.

\* \* \* \* \*

The paper cover novel was an important factor in those days. Along with Lippincott's was the famous Seaside Library (my special favorite), with its hundreds of stories, the majority of which were probably pirated, selling at the popular price of one dime; and another series at a nickel each, made up of shorter stories by well-known authors. That whirlwind success "Ships That Pass in the Night" and Benson's "Dodo" both appeared in the nickel series.

Lovell's and the Franklin Square Library, selling for ten cents a copy, or twenty cents for a double number, are two others that come to mind. As I recall, it was in Lovell's I read a translation of Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew" and also that other great thriller, "The Count of Monte Cristo". Usually in stories where a treasure is involved it evades the seeker when just within his grasp. But "Monte Cristo" was the grand exception. What a breathless moment that when Dantes discovers the Cardinal Spada wealth is not the dream of a mad man!

\* \* \* \* \*



In those days—the late 80s and early 90s—there was always some story that held transcendent interest in the public eye. "Trilby", "The Heavenly Twins", and "The Prisoner of Zenda" are samples of the many that successfully caught the fancy and became "the rage". There may have been a great disparity in the comparative sales of "Trilby" and a best seller of today, but in amount of attention in and out of so-called literary circles there was absolutely no comparison. Everybody read "Trilby", and everybody talked about "Trilby". At the "revue" there was a comic Svengali who hypnotized a satirical Trilby in a highly absurd manner. So it went until the public interest in the book faded and some new "rage" took its place.

\* \* \* \* \*

The world of that day was easily shocked as we see the thing nowadays. People were still discussing whether Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" was proper reading. Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" came in for much criticism and of course was strictly forbidden to the younger generation. "Robert Elsmere", by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, was a storm center because of its attitude in religious matters. In lower circles, the reader who wanted something a bit "tart" read the novels by Albert Ross. Nowadays we would consider "Thou Shalt Not" and "His Private Character" pretty mild stuff, but then they were decidedly daring.

That was when in every broad-minded home one was sure to find on the parlor table a limp-leather volume of Omar Khayyam's "Rubaiyat," especially if there were a young lady in the family, when Stanza XII was marked by the giver to catch her tender eyes:

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,  
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—  
and Thou  
Beside me singing in the Wilderness;  
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow.

We knew what "enow" meant, and we knew that "Rubaiyat" was a quatrain; but we were a little hazy about "Kaiohad the Great", "the White Hand of Moses", and "Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup". Still there were lines a-plenty that we understood well e-now, and we quoted them with an air: "Ah, take the Cash, and let

the Credit go", and "I wonder often what the Vitners buy one-half so precious as the stuff they sell". To spring Omar was a sign of culture in those dear days, like pointing the little finger skyward when drinking tea.

There too was a suggestion of naughtiness, of being a terribly free thinker, in knowing Omar. We had been content with the safe, solid Victorian theories of Life and Duty that we found ready made and waiting for us; but now, suddenly, we saw through them. Why prepare for To-day, or stare after Tomorrow? What good to husband the golden Grain, to set heart upon Worldly Hope that vanishes like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face? And how expect Saints and Sages, themselves mortal, to un-Human Fate?

\* \* \* \* \*

I believe one of the real pleasures in writing reminiscences is that it often brings to the writer's mind contact with old friends with whom he has lost trace and almost forgotten. In this manner comes at the moment the remembrance of Ruth St. Denis, whose fame as a dancer needs no accent. To me she was more than a dancer. Her rich and exuberant personality, her quality of mind and spirit, added to her truly great art, made her a desirable person well worth knowing.

My first meeting with Miss St. Denis was in the Ojai Valley, a magic spot between two California mountains, where the young Indian poet, Krishnamurti, had set up a theosophical center. It may be remembered that some twenty or twenty-five years ago, when Annie Besant, brother to Walter Besant, the English novelist, came to the United States, Krishnamurti accompanied her, and at that time she attempted to have him recognized in her theosophy lectures as a second Christ, a pose that was distinctly distasteful to him, and was said to have been the cause of the break in their intimate relationship.

\* \* \* \* \*

I once knew Krishnamurti quite well. He was a fine-looking chap, dark-skinned, of course, being a native of India, but he had the profile of a Greek god and the manners of an Oxford graduate. In his spiritual independence were few concessions to the sentimentalities and phraseology of religion, and because of that he no doubt shocked many at his lectures out of their complacency.

That day in the Ojai, as we sat on the ground beneath the great oak trees, with a brilliant California sun streaming through the branches and the birds singing overhead, Krishnamurti translated into English one of his Indian poems, and, as he read the lines, down the long, sloping path between the tree-trunks, came Miss St. Denis, barefoot and appropriately costumed to interpret, in a weird



dance, the narrative theme. It was all very strange and intriguing. The slender whirling figure, the ancient oaks topped with the sacred mistletoe, the singing birds and intense blue of the sky, all seemed like a setting for some Druid ceremony of the long, long ago, rather than for a 20th century gathering.

When we had acquired a car—a necessity in Southern California—one of our favorite rides was westward through Beverly Hills to Santa Monica, and from thence southward, following the coastline through Manhattan, Hermosa and Redondo Beaches, and then, after skirting the lovely Palos Verdes Hills and the Point Vicente Lighthouse, drop down into the historic old port of San Pedro. There I loved to visit the old whaling ship Narwhal, abandoned, and lying beside a deserted wharf in the inner harbor.

Mutely, yet vividly, the old craft recalled to me the prominent part the whalers had played in our early history, and the prosperity they had brought to the infant republic. There was a personal note in the thought.

My Nantucket-born grandfather and great-grandfather were both whalemens. They had shipped before the mast and through merited promotion reached the quarterdeck as ship-masters. They had been trained to obey and were therefore fitted to command. Like so many others of their generation who had sailed from the great whaling ports of Nantucket and New Bedford, they had encountered the terrific storms of the tropics and the ice fields of the polar regions. Fearlessly they pursued, and with a daring not surpassed in mortal warfare, captured the huge leviathans and made them contribute to the wants of mankind.

These men brought back something more than barrels of oil and pounds of bone from their voyages. They enriched our citizenship. In visiting foreign ports in every quarter of the globe for the purpose of shipment or recruits or repairs; in braving the perils of the ocean; in meeting the attacks of wounded and angry whales; in dealing with barbarous natives of the South Sea Islands; in thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes; in all these they gained a strength of character, a broad vision, and a clearer judgment. Returning from a strenuous and hazardous service at a comparatively early age, they sought on land the comforts of home. Here they were not idle. They engaged in various pursuits and they added greatly in the social life of the town. They were citizens whose opinions were respected by their neighbors, for they had been reared in a school which made them neither narrow-minded nor timid.

In those old whaling days during the Civil War the name of Raphael Semmes brought dread and fear to our sea commerce; especially to the whaleships which went afar in pursuit of their game. This Semmes commanded the dreaded privateer Alabama, built and fitted out in England to harass our Northern shipping. From often hearing my seafaring grandparent tell of his narrow escape from capture by Semmes, I had built up in my boyish fancy the picture of a joyous freebooter, a Kidd or Red Rover, or a Henry Morgan, skimming the blue main like a bird of prey, eager to plunder and destroy—young and vigorous, splendidly bloodthirsty, gay in lace and gold.

Many years later, from the lips of the Hon. W. W. Crapo, of New Bedford, I discovered how untrue my mental picture had been. Seen by Mr. Crapo, who had met him, Semmes was far from being a gallant adventurer. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was already well past middle life; neither handsome, winning nor magnetic. In fact, instead of the gold-laced, swearing, singing freebooter of my dreams, he described him as having the appearance of a grave professional man, resembling more than anything else a country parson. As agent for the Nantucket and New Bedford whalemens sustaining losses through the Alabama's sinkings, Mr. Crapo obtained for them a goodly share of the fifteen and a half million dollar indemnity England paid the United States.

That day I interviewed Mr. Crapo, "Uncle Joe" Cannon, with whom many years before he had served in Congress, happened to be a house guest, and I was invited to stay and dine with them. I was very thankful for this. From the intimate contact I got an entirely different picture of the former Speaker than the one I had in mind. Instead of the vulgar-minded, nasty old man I had so often heard described, I discovered instead a courteous, attentive, cleanly humorous gentleman, with delightful reminiscences of his early boyhood on the Western frontier, with parents so poor that, like Lincoln, he was obliged to study his school books with no other light than the blaze from the burning logs.

Although by Mr. Crapo my mental



picture of Semmes had been tarnished, still there can be no doubt his daring exploits at sea form a stirring chapter in the history of the Civil War. No vessel up to that time was as famous as the Alabama, seeking its prey on every ocean—the Atlantic, the China Sea, the Pacific, the Arctic, the tropics—and capturing and destroying over seventy ships and their cargoes.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Confederate plan had evidently been to draw off the Federal warships from the effective blockade of Southern ports and engage them in a wild-goose chase to capture the marauder. But the plan didn't work. No Federal craft was released from its task. When the time was ripe the North did build a swift, powerful cruiser, the Kearsarge, for the sole purpose of destroying the privateer. Every schoolboy knows how she caught the sea raider, off Cherbourg, France, and sent her to the bottom.

Captain Winslow, commander of the Kearsarge, had many Nantucket friends, where he was well known. Among these was my own grandparent, Captain Henry Plaskett. Just before the naval engagement off the French coast, grandfather's ship happened to put in at the Azores where the Kearsarge was in port, and Winslow invited him to witness his destruction of the enemy vessel. This foregone conclusion of victory is an example of the courage and determination of our naval heroes in all the wars in which the United States has been engaged.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I was a little boy I remember hearing a story about the time the Alabama was sighted off Nantucket Island. All the young men of the town were away at war and only women and old men left at home. Everyone, of course, expected the town would be shelled and looted. Great was the relief when Captain Semmes came ashore and announced his was a friendly visit. He said that when a midshipman in the United States Navy he had spent a delightful vacation on the island, and being in its vicinity, he had come to pay his respects to the islanders, and especially the charming ladies, who at that time had entertained him so hospitably.

Funeral services were conducted at her home on Wednesday afternoon by the Rev. Claude Bond. Interment was in the family lot in the cemetery in Wickford, R. I.

Besides her two sisters here in Nantucket, Miss Congdon is survived by a niece, Miss Helen Powell, of Providence, R. I., and a nephew, James Powell, of New York. 5/22/48

### Death of Miss Congdon.

Miss May H. Congdon passed away at her home on School street early Monday morning, after a lingering illness of several years. Congdon, of Nantucket, and Helen (Looker) Congdon, of New York city, she was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on May 5, 1863. The family moved to Fairhaven, where the children attended school, and then returned to Nantucket a few years later.

Miss Congdon was a teacher of music and drawing in the Nantucket schools for many years and her many pupils still retain fond memories of the little lady teaching them songs they can yet remember. One that stands out in our mind at the moment was about "Little Jack Frost," which all the boy and girls in the lower grades enjoyed singing under her leadership.

She began teaching music in September, 1899, and two years later added the drawing classes to her busy schedule. She continued teaching in the Nantucket schools, with the exception of two years (from 1908 to 1910) until 1919 when she resigned. Since then she has lived a quiet life in her home on School street with her sister, Miss Josephine Congdon. Recently, another sister, Mrs. Frank L. Powell, came to Nantucket to make her home with them.

It was through the interest of Miss Congdon that the singing of Christmas carols each Christmas Eve on the Pacific National Bank steps and through the streets of the town was started. The report of the supervisor of music, presented to the Supt. of Schools in 1913, by Miss Congdon, reads in part as follows:

"The present seniors of the High School established what we trust will be a precedent, this year, by singing carols on Christmas Eve to about twenty-five 'shut-ins.' Also, the Sunday after Christmas going in a body to 'Our Island Home,' where for an hour carols, hymns and school songs were sung. No better example of our youth of today could have been seen than the fourteen boys and girls of our High School singing from the depths of their souls, trying to cheer and comfort those around them."

During the years that have passed her hope that the carol singing would continue has been fulfilled, and her home has been one of those visited each year by the carolers. A fitting tribute to her memory will be the continuation of this custom so dear to the heart of "Miss May," who for so many years had the moulding of the musical and artistic lives of the youth of Nantucket in her charge.

As long as she was physically able, she attended the Unitarian Church and was active in its societies. She was one of the early members of the Abiah Folger Franklin Chapter of the D. A. R., from which organization she resigned when she became unable to attend regularly.



## THE OTHER SIDE.

CAPT. CLISBY MAKES A STATEMENT CONTRADICTING THE CHARGE OF INHUMANITY REFERRED AGAINST HIM BY A SHIPWRECKED SEAMAN HE TOOK IN AND CARED FOR ON THE COAST OF GREENLAND. 1885

It will be remembered that in August last we republished from the *Boston Evening Record* a special dispatch from Halifax, N. S., in which charges of inhumanity were preferred against Capt. Timothy Clisby, of this town, master of schooner *Era*, of New London, by one of the crew of the wrecked whaler *Isabella* which crew Capt. Clisby took on board and cared for during a long Arctic winter. We expressed at the time our belief that our townsman would put a different phase on the affair when it came to his knowledge, and be fully able to clear his character of the imputation cast upon it by the sailor. Our reporter this week called upon Capt. Clisby to procure his statement, which he very cheerfully gave, and it is of a character that will place him in a very different light with any who have taken stock in the statement of the seaman. He related his story, stating that the sailor was correct as to the date when the crew was received on board the *Era*, but that the thermometer was certainly 40° above zero when he fitted them a place in the main hold. September 14th he put them ashore under a canvas tent for a short time to relieve the crowded quarters of the vessel. On the 25th of October, after previously calling all hands on board the vessel, the weather having grown cold, he determined to get an expression from all the officers regarding the probability of getting out and sailing for home. He had made up his mind that this was a great risk, as heavy pack ice had surrounded them, and no open water was anywhere visible. The officers were assembled and the question put to them, the unanimous voice being that such an attempt would be to place their lives in jeopardy. He was personally relieved by the decision, though he had made up his mind to join the officers in every endeavor had they voted otherwise. He at once went to work with preparations to meet the long Arctic winter. Taking account of stock, it was ascertained that there was enough food in the ship to give each man a daily ration sufficient to keep away hunger and maintain good physical condition. Told the men that one third more food would be given the *Era's* crew each day, from the fact that they would be kept on duty and would consequently require the additional amount. When the men were once more called aft this fact was stated, and no indication of dissatisfaction was apparent. Regulations for the winter were laid before them, one of which provided that any man detected in pilfering from the stores in the vessel's hold would be summarily dealt with.

Everything went on smoothly for about a fortnight, when he found that one of the *Isabella's* crew had been broaching some of the canned goods in the hold, and he at once called him up, accused him of the theft, and ordered him to get at once from the ship upon the ice. The man begged piteously for mercy, but the cap-

tain held firm, having fully matured his plan of action. Captain Clisby at once conferred with the native chief on shore, and arranged that he should receive and keep the fellow a day or so, and then turn him off, knowing he would at once return to the ship (there being nowhere else for him to seek shelter) and beg to be reinstated, and that the punishment would be excellent discipline—severe as it may seem—which would not fail to have its effect upon the rest of the men. His calculations proved correct. The man sought the old chief, and was sheltered in a semi-hospitable way for a day or two, and then the natives told him they could not have him longer. He very soon sought the ship again and asked for the "old man," stating his desire to be taken on board. After considerable begging the captain says he gradually yielded to what were really most pitiful entreaties, and took the man on board. From this time on he had considerable trouble with the men and used various methods of punishment to keep them in submission, which it is hardly necessary to detail, suffice it to say that it is a duty he should not again care to assume.

Concerning the statement made by the seaman (who, the captain thinks to be the man who was so severely "disciplined"), that in November five men were sent to Forbes bay, and December 14th they were brought back, having had but a mouthful of dog meat for five days, Capt. Clisby says: "That is all hoax. We had buried one man who died from scurvy, and several others were sick with it, so I detailed five men every few weeks to go to Forbes bay, where they could procure seal meat, and thus keep the disease away, otherwise all hands would have been sick and we should have buried many more."

For those on board he caught seals himself, being the only one on board who understood crawling for them. He did this several times a week from March until August 7th, often returning well-nigh exhausted from his efforts to secure life-sustaining food for these very men who charge him with serious inhumanity. He was often accompanied in his sled expeditions by Capt. Blossom of the *Isabella*, who frequently remarked that he was doing too much for him and his crew. From May they had all they could eat, and the statements concerning his withholding from them ducks' eggs they had gathered are as devoid of truth as can well be imagined. Capt. Clisby says the ungratefulness of these men is strange and wonderfully surprising, for he considers he did for them all that anybody could do in the trying position in which they were placed. He thanked our reporter kindly for the interest taken, expressing himself pleased to be thus enabled to state the truth in contradiction of the misstatements that had been made.



Patience Cooper and Nantucket's  
Murder-Mystery of Years Ago.

4/6/46  
By Edouard A. Stackpole.

With the taking over of the Old Jail and its attendant House of Correction by the Nantucket Historical Association, there has been a revival of interest in the weather-beaten structures which have so long been a part of the landscape on Vestal street.

"Who was the most famous prisoner?" is a question which has made the rounds, during the varied and many reminiscences associated with the various inmates of Nantucket's unique penal institution. Invariably some one will mention the name "Patience Cooper," but aside from the fact that she was for many years a prisoner—having been convicted of a murder—little else seems to be known about her.

As a matter of history, Patience Cooper created a sensation in this island town which lasted for many years. The impress of her story is evident from the circumstance that, despite the fact that she died over sixty years ago, her name was among the first mentioned in relation to the story of the Old Jail.

Patience Cooper moves like an eerie shadow all through the tragedy of her time—the period of the Civil War. She was found guilty of having caused the death of an old lady who, apparently, had never harmed her. And she was sentenced to ten years in the House of Correction—a sentence so light in view of the enormity of her crime that there has been a further deepening of the mystery.

It was eighty-six years ago that the story began—November 22, 1860. It was not an outright murder that startled usually quiet Nantucket on that gray November evening—it was a brutal, shocking assault upon the person of Mrs. Phebe Fuller, a widow, between 60 and 70 years of age. The victim lingered for a month before she passed away—suffering and pain-wracked, an object of great pity.

On that particular November night a moon shone through a low haze of clouds, casting a sickly half-light in the narrow streets and lanes of the town. Mrs. Fuller lived in the house on the north side of Silver street just west of the corner of Orange. She lived alone and kept a shop in the lower floor of the house as it faced Silver street. No one recalled any person appearing along the way after dark that night. At any rate, the widow's shop was not frequented between the hours of 6 and 9:00 o'clock.

At 9:10, a neighbor entered and, seeing no one, called "Phebe!" several times. There was no response.

No light was to be seen in the shop, which was unusual, as Mrs. Fuller rarely left her shop or home at night.

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The door to the living room was nearly shut, a faint glow of light showing through a crack. Fearing that her friend was ill, the neighbor went into the next room. The solitary oil-lamp had been turned down low, but in its feeble glow the neighbor could make out the body of Mrs. Fuller—sprawled on the floor.

The neighbor quickly kneeled beside the prostrate form—then recoiled in horror. Mrs. Fuller's head was reposing in a pool of blood; her white hair was smeared with red stains. Screaming for help the frightened woman ran out into the gloom of Silver street.

One of the first to respond to the alarm was Capt. Nathaniel Fitzgerald, a retired mariner. Rushing into the house, he picked Mrs. Fuller up and carried her to a couch. She was still unconscious. Dr. John H. Sherman was called and arrived within fifteen minutes. The two men were of like opinion—this was a case for the authorities. There was no established police force in those days in Nantucket, the watchmen being stationed in the tower to look for fires, and so Alfred Macy, chairman of the Board of Selectmen, was hastily summoned.

Mrs. Fuller was found to be barely alive. The aged woman had been beaten savagely about the head, her scalp being torn from her head in several places. Her right ear was split and her nose fractured. Her right arm and hand were severely

*Continued on Third Page.*

10/24 OBITUARY. 1898

GARDNER.—George Coleman Gardner died on Sunday last at the age of 92 years. He had been a well-known figure upon Main street, where he resided for more than half a century. In early life he engaged in mercantile and manufacturing industries, after a whaling voyage, the seafaring life not proving satisfactory to him. After the decline of the whaling industry he turned his attention more particularly to agriculture and sheep raising, in which he was reasonably successful. He was the last member of the Liberty Hall club, which secured for Garrison and Foster and others a hearing on the wrongs of slavery in the early forties after a mob had broken up their meetings in the town hall, and the "Big Shop" became the temple of free speech. He was generally interested in public affairs, and until declining age prevented, was a regular attendant at town meetings, and it has been estimated that his conservative course in public matters saved the town from many extravagancies. His general knowledge of the ancient history of Nantucket made him an interesting conversationalist. He leaves one daughter and two sons and a number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren.





Mr. Frederick P. Hill being presented the Boston Post Cane, by Allen W. Holdgate, Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, at the Selectmen's meeting of March 12.

#### 6/13 1942 Death of Mrs. Hall.

Mrs. Lulu F. Hall, wife of William Hall, of 17 Union street, passed away at the Nantucket Hospital early Monday morning, after an illness of several months. Following a sudden illness last year, she had made a partial recovery and was able to resume some of her former activity, but she was stricken again Sunday evening and passed away without regaining consciousness.

Mrs. Hall was a native of Foxboro, where she was born April 23, 1873, the daughter of the late Eugene and Caroline Ryder. The family moved to Fairhaven and New Bedford, where she received her education. On the 10th of October, 1900, she married William Hall, Jr., and soon after she came to Nantucket as a bride, where she has since made her home.

Mr. Hall became manager of Wing's Store in Nantucket and for more than forty years the couple have resided here, making a host of friends and acquaintances both among residents and members of the summer colony. Mrs. Hall took an active interest in the development of the business and

her presence in the store has meant much to the growing boys and girls of the town.

Without children of her own, she enjoyed the little ones, to whom she has been known as "Mrs. Hall" from the time they were old enough to toddle into the store to receive birthday greetings until they reached the age when they felt "they had grown up".

Mrs. Hall kept a record of their birthdays, year by year, and the little ones who received her card and the suggestion to come into the store upon their natal day, grew to know her well with each passing year. It was a work which she carried on almost to the time of her death—a kindly act that each group of children will always remember.

The deceased was a member of the Methodist church and a regular attendant as long as her health would permit. Besides her husband, Mrs. Hall leaves three sisters—Mrs. Albert Turner of Connecticut, and Misses Caroline and Ethel Ryder of New Bedford.

Funeral services were held at the late residence on Union street, Wednesday afternoon at 3.00 o'clock. The remains were taken to New Bedford for interment in the family lot.

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### Mrs. Lucy Cooper—The Slave Who Died in Her 110th Year.

Last year saw the passing of the island's oldest resident—Mrs. Lydia B. Cushman—at the age of 103. At the time it was generally supposed that she was the only person in Nantucket's history ever to attain more than one hundred years.

This week, however, it was discovered that sixty years ago there lived on the island a woman who was 110 years old. She was Mrs. Lucy Cooper, who died on Feb. 3, 1866, in her 110th year.

Mrs. Cooper was a colored woman, the wife of the Rev. Arthur Cooper, who was well-known for years as the minister of the "Zion Church" on Upper York street. Both Mr. and Mrs. Cooper had extraordinary experiences before they found a haven on the island, safe from Southern slave owners.

Mrs. Cooper was stolen from her home on the African coast when a girl of 18. She was brought to a plantation in South Carolina, where she became one of those slaves known as field hands. It was a rice plantation and the youngster was put to work with the older hands, clearing swamps, hauling brush and digging ditches.

A year after her arrival in this country, the Revolution broke out. Her obituary records that she had a wonderful memory and could recall many stirring events of the war in the south, especially in the vicinity of the plantation.

In 1811, she was sold to a man in Newport, Rhode Island, being then in her 54th year. Here she first heard the gospel preached by a Rev. Mr. Webb, and became a Christian. Soon after, she married a Mr. Goadley, who died several years later.

Mrs. Cooper became the second wife of the Rev. Arthur Cooper and both lived the remainder of their lives on Nantucket. She preserved her remarkable memory to the last, history recording that her longevity as having no impairment upon those faculties.

#### *Rev. Cooper's Career Equally Varied.*

The Rev. Arthur Cooper had a career fully as interesting. In 1821 or 1822, he escaped from Virginia with a woman who became his wife as soon as they landed on Nantucket. It is thought that the two slaves found refuge aboard one of the many Nantucket ships which sailed between Norfolk and the island in those days. At any rate, they were kindly cared for by sympathetic people here as soon as they arrived.

Late in 1822, Cooper and the woman were traced to Nantucket. It is believed that some member of the "underground railroad" in Virginia had betrayed the method of escape used by several groups of slaves. The Virginian owner immediately applied to the State marshal at Boston, asking that the runaways be apprehended. The marshal came down from Boston, accompanied by two deputies. The betrayer in Virginia evidently knew

Cooper's new employer, for the Boston authorities set out for the home of Cooper, then situated on Pleasant street, in that section of the town known as Guinea.

Nantucket history records that the marshal and his deputies were surrounded by a crowd of angry colored folk who were ready to resist by force any attempt to re-capture Cooper and his wife. But a few secretive words from the Nantucketers set them aright. A good Friend answered the marshal's loud rap at the door, asked his business, inquired for his warrant, and in general consumed a deal of time. All the while, Cooper and his wife, frightened to the point where they were almost helpless, had been kidnapped by two other well-known members of this Quaker community and taken to the Folger homestead on Main street, where they were safely hidden in the attic.

Rev. Arthur Cooper had a long record for good as minister of the Zion Church. He was not so versatile a man as the Rev. Mr. Crawford who came later, to preach in another little church, just below, but he lived an honorable life, devoted to the colored folk of the island which had saved him from slavery. Jan. 1936

### Death of Emerson Chadwick.

William Emerson Chadwick passed away on Thursday at the Nantucket Cottage Hospital after an illness of several months. Until his recent illness he had enjoyed sitting with his friends on Main street and in the "No. 4's" rooms each day since his retirement from active work several years ago.

Mr. Chadwick was born in Nantucket on July 20, 1873, the son of William N. and Sarah Brown Chadwick. He attended the Nantucket schools, following which he became a carpenter. For many years he had his own shop near his home on Brock's Court, maintaining it until he was forced to retire because of ill health. He was a member of the Odd Fellows and the Rebekahs.

Besides his wife, the former Mary Brown of Nantucket, Mr. Chadwick is survived by a sister, Mrs. Bessie C. Winslow, three nieces, Mrs. Ruth Chadwick McLean, Mrs. Bernice W. Foye, and Miss Marjorie Burgess, and by one nephew, Eugene Francis Burgess, all of Nantucket.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. on Sunday, at his late residence on Brock's Court, the Rev. Ernst Fredrikson officiating. Interment will be in Prospect Hill Cemetery. 12/3/49



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## Death of Lincoln J. Ceely— a Well-Known Islander.

Early Tuesday morning, Lincoln J. Ceely passed away at his home on New Mill street. Although his health had been failing of late, his general condition was not impaired and he was still active. Death came to him in his eighty-fourth year.

He was the caretaker of Nantucket's town clock for more than four decades, and the big time-piece, installed in 1881, owes its remarkably regular performance to the care and expert repair which he performed.

Lincoln Ceely was a Nantucketer well-known to many summer residents and visitors. His shop on Vestal street was a rendezvous for neighbors and friends for half a century, and, during the summer months, it was an attraction in itself, where hundreds visited, as many stopping to chat and see his work as to buy.

As a young man, Mr. Ceely went into business on Main street, opening a men's clothing store. But his inherent love for working with fine woods and old furniture induced him to take up his life-long trade as a cabinet-maker.

His shop was the former cooper-shop of his ancestor Thomas Starbuck, on Vestal Street. Capt. Elias Ceely had married Dinah, the daughter of Thomas, whose house still remains a few yards to the south on Milk street.

This time-aged building and Lincoln Ceely found a common heritage. Within its ancient walls he built a remarkable number of desks, inlaid with varied woods, chairs, bureaus and secretaries. He repaired hundreds of antiques from island homes, and his knowledge often restored a broken dust-covered relic to a handsome and useful piece of furniture.

He had a similar knack with old clocks and many examples of his art in reproducing old clock-cases are valued by his customers. He revived the lost art of painting in reverse on glass on clock-cases and on mirror-tops, and turned out some unusual types.

The making of weather-vanes was another of his successful projects, the most popular being his "sailor-boy," which became a familiar sight all through the town.

He was a member of J. B. Chace Engine Co., No. 4.

The end of life's voyage came to Lincoln Ceely in the homestead where he was born, on New Mill street. The funeral services were held from this home at 2 p. m., Thursday afternoon. Burial was in Prospect Hill cemetery.

The deceased is survived by his widow, Mrs. Dorcas E. Ceely, a son, Oscar Ceely, four grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. 1950

## OBITUARY. 1889

**COFFIN.**—The remains of Capt. Henry F. Coffin were brought here by Tuesday's steamer, and the following morning were buried at the New North Cemetery, the body being followed to last resting place by members of Union Lodge, F. and A. M., of which deceased was a member. He commenced early in life in the whaling service, and eventually entered the merchant service, commanding ships *Silas Holmes* and *Indiana*. Upon leaving the sea, he removed to Brooklyn, and has since been employed in a banking house there. Many years ago Capt. Coffin was seriously burned in attempting to save the life of a servant girl, whose clothes had taken fire in attempting to light a fire with kerosene. Capt. Coffin never fully recovered from the effects of the injuries then received, and a short time since his infirmities compelled him to relinquish his duties in Brooklyn, and he went to live with his son at Rochester, N. Y. Deceased was a man of noble qualities, and highly esteemed by everybody who knew him. He leaves a widow, and two children—son and daughter—both married.

## FATAL ACCIDENT.—The New Bedford Standard of Monday contained the following:

"Schooner *Hattie Perry*, Capt. Wilson Chase, sailed from this port to day for Philadelphia, and returned at noon with her flag at half-mast, the mate, William F. Coffin, having met his death by a block falling on him. The schooner was beating out of the bay, and at 10½ o'clock, when near Quick's Hole, the crew were setting up the lee rigging, using the anchor purchase, and a running line parted, letting the block fall about 20 feet on Mr. Coffin's head. He was at once taken into the cabin, and everything done for him, but he died in about an hour and a half, having been unconscious ever since he was injured. Mr. Coffin was about 30 years of age and son of Stephen P. Coffin, 28 Allen street. His father is somewhat infirm with age, and his loss will be severely felt by the family. He is universally spoken well of, as an exemplary young man. He was an old friend of Capt. Chase, and had been mate with him more than a year, and the captain was strongly affected when speaking of his industry, trustworthiness and other good qualities. He was formerly master of schooner *Henry Gibbs*, and at one time of schooner *Nelson Harvey*."

The *Mercury* of Thursday says that Mr. Coffin was a member of Vesta Lodge, I. O. O. F., and belonged to the Odd Fellows' Beneficial Association of Southern Massachusetts. His heirs will consequently receive upwards of \$300.

Deceased was a grandson of the late Valentine Coffin of this town. 1878





THE LATE ORVILLE COFFIN RECEIVING THE "Boston Post" CANE FROM CHAIRMAN IRVING SOVERINO OF THE BOARD OF SELECTMEN OF NANTUCKET.

### Death of Orville Coffin, Oldest Male Resident. 1949

Orville Coffin, Nantucket's oldest male resident, passed away at his home at 55 Orange street, about 11 o'clock Saturday evening, November 26. Mr. Coffin, who would have been 90 on his next birthday, was the holder of the Boston Post Cane, which was presented to him on the 9th of June of this year.

He was born in Nantucket on December 27th, 1859, in the same house on Orange street in which he died. He was the son of Charles Frederick and Eliza P. (Gardner) Coffin, and grandson of Henry Coffin and of Capt. John Gardner. The family moved to South Boston, where his father was in the oil business, and he attended school in that city, returning to Nantucket each summer to stay with his grandfather Henry Coffin on Main street. He learned the oil business and continued in it until it was sold to larger interests.

He then went out west where he lived for many years, acquiring a great love of horses which continued throughout his life. He was still riding in Nantucket at the age of 75 and spent many happy hours polishing his saddles and his guns, of which he had a good collection. He was an excellent marksman.

When he returned to Boston he became manager of the National Lead Company, a position which he held for 20 years.

In 1896 he married Gertrude R. Clark, a teacher in the Rice School in Boston, the daughter of Charles Goodwin Clark, who was the headmaster of Gaston School, now the Boston Latin School.

Mr. and Mrs. Coffin returned to Nantucket to live in 1911 and he entered the Island Service Company, where he was employed in the hardware store until his retirement in 1946.

Always of a quiet nature, Mr. Coffin was content to spend his leisure hours in his home. Until his recent illness he maintained a keen interest in the affairs of the town and took much pleasure in the visits of his friends. Of Quaker ancestry, he was a real gentleman of the old school and as such was loved and respected by everyone who knew him. He was a member of the Pacific Club and of the Unitarian Church.

Mr. Coffin is survived by his son, Charles Clark Coffin, of Nantucket, and by a sister, Mrs. Robert E. Clark, of Newton Highlands.

Funeral services were conducted at his late residence on Tuesday after-

### A Coffin Descendant. 1949

Editors of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Miss Grace Brown Gardner's article about Tristram Coffin and his descendants in the last Inquirer and Mirror was most interesting to me as just recently I have learned that I, too, am a descendant.

I have always known that some of my father's ancestors settled in Newbury, Mass., but I had not known about all the grandmothers. As is generally known Tristram's son, Tristram, Jr., stayed in Newbury. It is from his daughter, Lydia, and her second husband, John Pike, that I am descended.

I have spent many summers on the island with my grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brown, and one unforgettable winter when I was a pupil of Miss Elma Folger. My nephew, Benjamin C. Perkins, Jr., has become an island resident.

As I have always loved the island and its people so much it must be that I felt the kinship unconsciously. I shall be very happy to be listed as one of its own.

My line from Tristram: Tristram, Jr., m. Judith Greenleaf; (Mrs.) Lydia (Coffin) Little m. John Pike; Susanna Pike m. Richard Adams; Hannah Adams m. Capt. Daniel Chute; Hannah Chute m. Rev. Ariel Parish; Amelia Parish m. Rev. Ebenezer Perkins (my great grandparents).

Mary Perkins Cree.  
1355 Granada ave., San Diego, Calif.

### To The Islands.

I sing of islands girded by  
Seas of dream and topped by sky,  
Tropic isles where rainbows grow  
Frozen isles of glacial snow.  
Islands with the twisted shore  
That the hurricanes adore  
Islands sweet with fern and pine  
Where the saving beacons shine.  
Islands that are dark and low—  
Pirate islands hard to know  
Buried deep beneath the sand  
Spotted gold in phantom hand.  
For good or evil islands wait  
Where the changing tides dilate  
And the drowned sails rise again  
In the hearts of island men.

—Eleanor Dixon Glidden.

noon by the Rev. William P. Horton, minister of the Unitarian Church. The remains were taken to Mt. Auburn for cremation. The interment of the ashes will be at Prospect Hill Cemetery.

12/13/49



## OBITUARY.

The death of Capt. Henry Coleman which occurred on Sunday last, removes one more from the gradually but steadily decreasing list of retired shipmasters whose activity in former decades contributed so materially to the wealth and prosperity of Nantucket in her palmy days.

At the age of seventeen Capt. Coleman shipped on board a whaler making two voyages in ship Mary of this place, the first with Capt. David Paddock, the second as boatsteerer with Capt. Thomas Coffin.

He next sailed as second mate of ship Mt. Vernon, Lewis B. Imbert, master, Charles Grant, mate. On his return from this voyage he was tendered the command of the Mt. Vernon and returning with a good voyage, retired from whaling.

On the breaking out of the California gold fever he was among the earliest to leave for the Pacific slope, going out as passenger in ship Henry Astor in March 1849. He subsequently returned to the "states" and took command of ship Charles Carroll which was sent out to San Francisco from here. During the early days of the development of California he made several successful trading voyages between San Francisco and the Sandwich islands.

Returning to Nantucket, he soon tired of inactivity and entered the merchant service in the employ of A. A. Lowe & Co., of New York, engaged in the China trade. On his first return trip he superintended the stowing of the cargo himself and brought home the largest cargo of tea the ship had ever carried, beside quantities of silk and other valuable articles of commerce, netting handsome returns to the owners and raising him correspondingly in their estimation. He made several voyages to China in the same employ, all in the ship Hooqua and all eminently successful, on one of them taking his family. [On the voyage succeeding his retirement the ship was lost with all on board, including his eldest son and a number of Nantucket persons, in a typhoon in the China sea.]

Since his retirement from the sea, he has engaged in farming and real estate operations.

Descended from Quaker ancestry, without openly embracing the tenets of the sect his whole life was tinged with its leading characteristics. Plain and undemonstrative in manner, conservatism and prudence marked all his dealings. He had his eccentricities (who has not?) but they interfered with no one else and only served to bring out in stronger relief his intrinsic nobleness and true worth as a man and a citizen. In his family he was a kind husband and devoted father, and was ever ready to extend assistance and encouragement to a worthy applicant, as many who have experienced the benefit of his timely aid can testify.

He leaves two sons and a daughter, all married, his wife having died several years ago. His funeral occurred Tuesday afternoon, and in conformity with his wishes, his remains were laid in Friend's cemetery.

1894

## OBITUARY. 1893

Captain Alfred G. Cary passed away on Monday morning last after a lingering illness at the age of 48 years and 9 months.

Descended from a distinguished line of shipmasters, Captain Cary when a mere boy developed a strong inclination for the sea and at the age of 15 shipped on board the N. B. Palmer of New York as cabin boy for a voyage to China having been disappointed in his efforts to secure a berth in the ill-fated bark Hulqua which sailed for Hong Kong and was never heard from after entering the China sea.

His second voyage was made in the same vessel as an under officer and on reaching Hong Kong he left the ship to accept the position of second officer on steamer Kinshan, a steamer in the English service plying between Hong Kong and Canton. His promotion was rapid and at the age of 21 he was given command of a steamer being at that time the youngest captain in the China service.

During his entire sojourn in China he remained in the same service ever retaining the highest confidence of his employers and commanding alternately steamers White Cloud and Kinshan—one a side-wheel boat, the other a propeller.

In 1876 he made his first visit home after an absence of 16 years. Some half dozen years later he made a second visit home, but on his return to China his health gave way and he was obliged to relinquish his position and retire permanently from the sea.

He was extremely popular with the patrons of his steamers, as well as the owners, and was the recipient of many flattering tokens of esteem from both. He was so extremely modest, however, that he never voluntarily alluded to his own achievements and any attempt to draw him into conversation on the subject met with a decided rebuff, and it was after his final retirement that his family learned for the first time, by discovering accidentally the following inscription on the inside of his watch case, the incident to which it referred:

Presented by a few passengers to  
Alfred G. Cary  
of the "White Cloud" steamer,  
for bravery shown in saving life  
on several occasions, and particularly in  
Hong Kong Harbor,  
11th August, 1867.

For many months he has been gradually wasting away from a painful throat affection, but throughout his long suffering no one has heard a murmur or complaint escape him. His only sister, Mrs. Arthur Vincent, arrived from San Francisco Saturday evening, which was a great comfort to him, as he retained consciousness to the end, though for a long time unable to converse except by writing.

His funeral occurred from the Springfield House Tuesday afternoon when he was buried with Masonic rites by Union Lodge, F. & A. M. of this town, of which he was a member.

The flags on the shipping in the harbor, Pacific club, and various buildings in town were displayed at half-mast during the day.



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OBITUARY.—Mr. William S. Cary, formerly of this town, died in New Bedford on the 28th ult., at the age of 78 years, 10 months. Mr. Cary is remembered by many of our older inhabitants as the only survivor of ship Oeno, of this port, lost on Turtle island, one of the Fejees, about the year 1825. Most of the crew were massacred by the natives, but Mr. Cary, then a boatsteerer, made his escape and concealed himself in a cave in the rocks. He was discovered by an old woman, but a few days later the place was visited by a tribe from a neighboring island, who, on discovering him, surrounded him and took counsel whether or not to kill him. They finally carried him away to their own island, where he was kept a prisoner some three years before he made his escape. On making his escape he did not come immediately home, but performed a number of voyages between the Sandwich islands and other islands in the Pacific, but eventually got back to Nantucket, after an absence of nine years. He continued to follow the sea, making a number of voyages from Hudson and elsewhere, and finally settled down in New Bedford. [In connection with the foregoing, it may not be out of place to add the following: There was among the ill-fated crew of the Oeno a young lad named Barzillai Swain, brother to Capt. Obed Swain of this town, who was very desirous of shipping on a whaler. He made application to the agents of one ship who rejected him as being too small. He then went home, put on two suits of clothes, made application to join the Oeno, and was accepted. Young Swain was seen on the island by the captain of an English ship some years later, but was so closely watched by the natives that it was impossible to effect his escape. When the fact that he was living reached his friends, strenuous efforts were made to induce the Government to dispatch a vessel to his relief, but without avail, and his subsequent fate remains a mystery.]—*Journal*, 15th inst. 1883

DEATH OF AN ESTEEMED CITIZEN.—One of our best known and most widely esteemed citizens died Monday, after a long course of usefulness and industry in this community. We allude to Joseph Congdon, Esq., so long the Cashier of the Mechanics Bank, which place he had held since the establishment of the bank, a period of no less than 26 years. Mr. Congdon was aged 57 years and 11 months. He was a gentleman of exact probity, plain and unassuming address, of a cultivated mind and well acquainted with literature and science. He was also devoted to benevolent and charitable enterprises and a most conscientious man. Such men are rare and their loss creates a void not readily filled. His health had been for some time declining.—*N. B. Mercury*.

The Wamsutta Mills in this city, which has been for several weeks working five days out of the six in the week, have discharged this week about half of the whole number of their hands, which is usually about five hundred. The wages of those who remain will be reduced; to remedy this loss, the corporation has generously made a reduction upon the rents of their houses leased as boarding houses for the operatives.—*Ibid*. 1857

COFFIN.—A telegram, Thursday, announced the death at Winchester, on the 21st inst., of Capt. Alfred M. Coffin, a former resident of Nantucket, and one of the master mariners of the days of the whale fishery. He made two voyages in command—one in ship Roscoe of New Bedford, and the second in the Alabama, of this port, sailing in May, 1860. The ship was lost on Chatham island. Capt. Coffin later removed to Winchester, where he has since resided. 1895

THE HISTORY OF A MEDAL.—How it was Lost and Recovered.—In the year 1879 Mr. George E. Coffin, of Tuckernuck, was awarded a silver medal by the Government of the United States for heroic acts of life-saving in the cases of disaster to schooners Emma G. Edwards and John W. Hall, April 1st, 1879. In 1880 he shipped for a voyage to the north in schooner Era, of New London, and while in that city previous to sailing, the medal was stolen from his boarding place, and the medal was given up as lost. The facts of its loss were known to Capt. Isaac H. Folger, of this town, and strange as it may appear, he has been the means of recovering the lost reward of merit. It appears that the stolen medal was taken to Providence, R. I., where it was sold to the keeper of a liquor saloon by a drunken and penniless sailor. The saloon keeper afterwards sold it to Hon. Nicholas Hathaway, Postmaster of Fall River, who has a large and valuable collection of coins. While visiting Mr. Hathaway recently, Capt. Folger was shown the collection, and recognized the medal of Mr. Coffin's in the lot. He stated the facts to Mr. Hathaway, who has since returned the medal to Capt. Folger to be delivered to Mr. Coffin without charge, and he expressed his gratification at being able to make the restitution, as will be seen from a perusal of his letter, which we are permitted to copy:

FALL RIVER, April 9th, 1886.

FRIEND FOLGER:—As promised you when in Fall River, I herewith transmit to you registered package No. 100, containing Capt. Coffin's medal, to be delivered by you to him. Its history, as shown by my son's record, is as follows: Bought of George Allen, January 22, 1881, whose statement to me at the time was as follows: "While keeping a liquor saloon in Providence, in 1880, a drunken sailor sold it to me, he being without money at the time." George Allen formerly resided in Fall River; moved to Providence, and engaged in saloon keeping; subsequently sold out his business, and returned to Fall River; and knowing that I purchased coins and medals, offered it to me for \$10, which I paid him January 22, 1881, as before stated. The medal has been in my possession over five years, and is in as good condition as when received. Please present my compliments to Capt. Coffin, and say to him, that I hope he will receive as much happiness in obtaining it, as it affords me pleasure to restore it to him, and that if he is not already a Democrat, I hope it may be the means of making him one, as it was restored to him by a true Democrat and under a Democratic National Administration. Please answer on receipt, and oblige.

Your Old Friend,  
N. HATHAWAY.

1889  
CHASE.—Capt. David F. Chase, the oldest man in town, passed away quite suddenly at his home on Main street, Wednesday, at the age of 93 years. He was the veritable type of the old-time mariner, his career upon the seas having commenced somewhere about the year 1810. He rose by degrees to the command of a bark sailing from New Bedford, his last voyage in the whaling service being in bark Leader of that port. He subsequently was appointed to the command of Cross Rip lightship, which he held many years. He has remained remarkably active and vigorous to within a very short time, his appearance upon the street having been that of a man much younger, and he has justly prided himself upon his vigor. He was a bluff and hearty type of man, respected by all. The infirmities of age have kept



## VISITING HIS BOYHOOD HOME

1937



Capt. Everett B. Coffin, of Seattle, is renewing acquaintances on Nantucket, the home of his birth, after many years' absence and an active career in Puget Sound waters. As he walks about the streets of the town, he does not wear the captain's cap, but his features are readily recognized by his friends of other years and he is happy to stop for a "gam" with anyone who may recognize him.

1937

## The Late Edward Coffin.

Every one who has been privileged to know the late Edward F. Coffin will feel a great sense of loss at his passing. It has been my good fortune to know him for the past twenty-five years and I hope you will allow me to pay this small tribute to his memory.

Honorable and upright and completely happy and content with the simple things of life; generous always. I am sure there were few of us who stopped for a chat with him and his devoted wife who went away without a little gift of vegetables or flowers from his garden—and always the better for contact with his cheerful optimism.

And how dearly he loved a joke or a good story! In later years, as his health failed, how courageously he bore his pain! There never was a time when there was not a smile on his face and a twinkle in his brave old eyes to greet a guest.

Who can doubt that he did not hear "Well done, thou good and faithful servant" when he had passed over to that "other world."

2/11/50

Elise W. Mackie.

## Obituary.

CHADWICK.—Capt. William S. Chadwick died at his home on Gay street last Tuesday, at the advanced age of 88 years. He had been up to within a brief time unusually active for one of his years, but his robust constitution yielded quickly to the ravages of disease. In early life he followed the whaling service, sailing in ships Constitution, Barclay, and Ganges, of this port, the Frances of New Bedford, and M. P. Talmage, of Poughkeepsie. On his return from his last voyage, some time in the early forties, he bought a schooner and sailed in the coasting trade, finally joining the emigration for California. He reaped rich reward from his toil, and returned home in 1858, when, with Capt. Reuben M. Coffin, he purchased a large tract of land in Squam, where they engaged in sheep raising and general farming, which he has continued ever since. He was one of the founders of the Pacific Club, and was very highly esteemed by his fellow townsmen. He leaves a widow, to whom the kind, tender sympathy of the community will go forth in full measure. 1894



# Last Island Smithy Recalls Busy Days Before Cars

By ALICE B. HOWARD

Approximately 50 years ago on Nantucket four blacksmiths bent to their anvils from dawn to dusk, struggling against the tide of business. Today Aquila Cormie tends a lone forge on Straight Wharf, at the age of 67.

The single cause which quenched the fires on the brick hearth with their iron hoods was the first appearance of cars on the Island in 1918.

Two other contributing factors, however, led indirectly to the closing down of blacksmith shops. These were the slow death of farming and the large fishing industry.

Asked today what he does from 8 in the morning until 5 in the afternoon, Mr. Cormie looked around the dusty interior of his shop and said, "I putter. There is always need for a smith but not for the kind of work we did in the old days."

He turned the handle which brightens the fire and lifted up an iron hook he was working on, then laid it on the anvil. Ringing sounds filled the room as the hammer struck the glowing iron and stifled talk.

He paused when the shaping of the hook was improved. "These days I do most anything. Yesterday I made anchor irons for the base of new towers going up at the airport. I keep a supply of horseshoes in readiness." He kicked aside a dozen or more completed ones piled about the anvil. "Sometimes I make brackets to hold outdoor plants, or fix andirons, or repair hotel fire escapes. There is enough to keep me fairly busy."

## On Island 50 Years

Mr. Cormie came to the Island 50 years ago next month from Monckton, New Brunswick, Canada. After a few months farm work at Polpis he apprenticed himself to Clinton Parker whose old blacksmith's shop still stands on Still Dock.

"Mr. Parker's father, Elisha, put that building up directly after the great fire of 1848," Mr. Cormie said. "The ashes were barely cool when the old gentleman started the building."

Elisha Parker came to Nantucket from West Barnstable sometime in the early years of the 19th century. The cow and oxen population at that time totaled perhaps 400 which gave Mr. Parker an excellent business opportunity. In addition, whaling flourished and fattened as the century progressed, for it wasn't until about 1843 that it began to decline.

The blacksmiths of those days worked long hours on the gear and equipment of the whalers. Spars and masts needed mending with new iron. Portions of the try-works and other parts of the ship called for the attention of a good smith. A skilled smith would spend many days refitting a ship preparatory to another voyage of several years.

Mr. Parker, son of Elisha Parker, was born in 1854. He learned the blacksmithing trade at his father's forge. As he grew to a man in complete charge of the forge and shop, he took over the whaling end of his trade where his father dropped it at his death.

Miss Clara Parker, Mr. Parker's daughter and librarian of the Nantucket Atheneum, remembers when the few remaining whalers tied to the Nantucket wharfs. Her father spent long hours aboard. "I don't know exactly what he did there," she said, "but it had to do with his trade. No doubt the ships needed iron repairs after their long trips."

## Recalls Warren

During the apprenticeship of Mr. Cormie, another young man, Thomas Warren, worked with Mr. Parker. In 1906, Mr. Warren opened his own shop on old North Wharf, the former location of Fred Gardner, another of the older smiths.

Meanwhile, Mr. Cormie, on completing his term with Mr. Parker, bought out the large shop of the late Andrew Jackson Swain, also a blacksmith, on South Water street, now the plumbing and electrical fixture store of George M. Lake. Here Mr. Cormie set up four forges, employing three additional men to carry on the work of the shop.

One of the men who joined Mr. Cormie after he had become well-established in the new location was Frederick M. Heighton, a Canadian by birth, trained to blacksmithing at the early age of 14, in Maine. Mr. Heighton had reached the Island by way of Ottawa, Illinois, where for several years he had been employed in a large smithy, run and manned by German-Americans. His first years on the Island were devoted to farming with Frank E. Holm, on land owned by Dr. John S. Grouard in Polpis. A few years later he

moved to Eat Fire Springs farm there to continue with independent farming. But his years of experience over an anvil were persuasive in influencing his change from farming to blacksmithing.

## Shoed 30 Horses Daily

Mr. Cormie, in estimating the amount of work accomplished by his assistants and himself, estimated the volume of horseshoeing in the year 1905 as 30 horses a day fitted with irons. The number of horses on the Island had by then increased to 500.

Occasional oxen were still shoed, also. For this type of service, frames similar to box stalls were erected in which the heavy beast stood. His feet, one at a time, were trussed in the air with ropes and bands of iron so that no movement was possible. Then the men were able to work freely and safely.

Mr. Cormie also built farm wagons which were used for hauling unusually heavy loads. And it was during these years that he invented a special type of quahaug dredge which became popular on the Island and in the Cape area.

These dredges differ in construction from previous models. Mr. Cormie substituted broad iron teeth between the flat wide iron plates which scrape the floor of the ocean for the old-fashioned solid plates used previously. The individual teeth plowed through the mud and threw the quahaugs back into a long bag which trailed behind. Efficient as the dredge was, the teeth, worn and broken by constant friction with objects on the ocean bottom, needed frequent replacing. Mr. Cormie often scrambled to keep his supply ahead of the demand.

"If I remember correctly," Mr. Cormie said, "during 1912 I completed one new dredge each day during a three month period. The job of keeping teeth on hand was always with me. This winter is the first since that year that I have made no teeth. It's been a bad time for quahauging."

## Cars Hurt Trade

Then in 1918 the cars came to the Island of Nantucket. Very gradually they created a noticeable effect not only on the ears and nerves of people and animals but on the oldtime trades. A new type of setup was needed to service a car—and beyond possible rudimentary forge repairs in the first years the blacksmith trade lost out.

Mr. Warren, by now situated across the street from Mr. Cormie in a building torn down recently, would shake his head ruefully as he and Mr. Cormie watched the horse population dwindle and the number of horseless carriages increase.

Blacksmithing continued, of course, but the trade diminished greatly. Some work was still done on the smaller boats. The dredges sold steadily. Various types of iron repairs found their way into the remaining shops—Mr. Cormie's and Mr. Warren's. Several forges, however, had vanished entirely.

John Jones, an old time blacksmith at the head of Steamboat Wharf in the place now run as a yarn shop by Mrs. Beulah Scully, became clerk of courts in November 1916. Mrs. Scully's great grandfather, Allan Smith, was another old blacksmith and carriage maker with his shop on Steamboat Wharf for many years.

George M. Winslow, who had built the original blacksmith shop in that location and was famous for repairing the paddle-wheels on steamers, had died in 1898. David Lewis, another old-time blacksmith, who developed a specialty repair line in windmills, had gone from his shop on lower Orange street.



ears, that Mr. Heighton personally made a trip to Canada to persuade Mr. Cormie to return.

The urgency in the situation which lay behind Mr. Heighton's words convinced Mr. Cormie that perhaps he belonged beside an anvil rather than behind a plow. So, in 1937, he and Mr. Heighton became partners and moved again from the Parker smithy to the present one, formerly the carpenter shop of William H. Wyer. The partnership was dissolved in 1940 when Mr. Heighton retired. Mr. Heighton who is in his seventies and Mrs. Heighton, who lived here for more than 40 years, now reside in Machias, Maine.

So, Mr. Cormie, Nantucket's surviving blacksmith, shoes approximately 75 horses each year as against the oldtime high of 30 a day. He builds scallop dredges—this Fall he turned out 75—and keeps up his supply of ready teeth for the quahog dredges, and, as he said, "putters around."

The day of the whaling vessels and their need for a smith has gone completely. Oxen no longer clump slowly over fields and roads. But the intermittent trade with its moments of leisure and its occasional rushes of work are well worth Mr. Cormie's time and work. He misses the company of other blacksmiths and their shop talk but he is content with business as it is and with his Island home.

#### **Ships Wife and Children.**

The whaling bark Andrew Hicks, Captain Charles A. Chace, master, set sail last week from New Bedford on a whaling voyage not to exceed 30 months. Besides the crew and the two mates, Captain Chace has shipped his wife, Rachel A. Chace, as assistant navigator, and his two children, Marion A. and Albert E. Chace, as passengers. Theophilo Manuel Freitas is first mate and Antone Luiz Gomez is second mate of the bark. The crew list numbers thirty. 1908

Mr. Swain, who reopened a shop behind his home on Mill street, continued to keep his fires glowing by developing a trade in small hardware and, as a sideline, created fireplace equipment.

#### **Smithy Retires**

Mr. Parker retired from an active following of the trade but until his death in 1932 remained interested and concerned in anything which pertained to the practice of blacksmithing.

Rupert Warren, another town boy apprenticed to his father, ran the smithy until 1944, after his elder Mr. Warren died in 1935.

Mr. Cormie was to make another change in shop location before settling down permanently in his present spot. In 1928 he moved into the old building where he learned the trade—the Parker shop on Still Dock. Four years later, he sold out to his assistant, Mr. Heighton, and returned to Canada to farm.

Mr. Heighton carried on the work where Mr. Cormie dropped it and maintained the still healthy business. The pressure of trade, however, became so great during the next three

**OBITUARY.**—We are called upon this week to record the decease of another brave shipmaster and worthy citizen, of whose record, both by sea and land, we may justly speak in words of praise and commendation. Capt. Joseph C. Chase, who has been for some time past in declining health, died at his home in this town on Sunday last, at the age of seventy-one years. He was trained to the sea from boyhood, and so early as 1827 was a boat-steerer in the Sarah, under Capt. Frederick Arthur, when she brought home 3500 barrels, the largest cargo of sperm oil brought into this port on any one voyage. At the age of twenty-four he was first officer in the Clarkson, under Capt. William Plaskett, and after a highly successful voyage, took command of that ship in 1838. He continued on her two more voyages, but she was finally condemned as unseaworthy in a foreign port, and her cargo of oil shipped home in another vessel. From 1846 to 1850 Capt. Chase was in command of the Columbia, and made his last voyage in the Norman, retiring from the sea in 1855.

For a quarter of a century he has been honored and esteemed by all who knew him, and has filled many local positions of trust, being always noted for his sterling integrity and conscientiousness in the discharge of what he believed his duty. His sympathetic heart was ever open to the call of those who needed aid, and many are there who can testify to the kindly deeds which he has quietly performed. For many years he has been one of the directors of the Institution for Savings, and has held the position of its president, resigning only on account of failing health and infirmities. He leaves a widow to whom he was devotedly attached, but no lineal descendants. 1880



129

'Eastman Johnson at Nantucket'  
by Everett U. Crosby.

The latest addition to the extensive bookshelf which may be labeled "Nantucket books" is a monograph by Everett U. Crosby entitled "Eastman Johnson at Nantucket." It is another important contribution to the Island's historical scene by Mr. Crosby; more than that, it is a distinctive volume in its information to the field of American art.

In his preface, Mr. Crosby wrote:

"For nearly twenty years, commencing seventy-five years ago, one of this country's most distinctive artists, Eastman Johnson, lived and worked at Nantucket during the summer and fall seasons. He may have continued to paint at Nantucket for some ten years more, but not Nantucket subjects so far as known. The later part of his life was devoted to the remunerative painting of portraits.

"His studio was on Cliff Road, just above the Sea Cliff Inn, and there he painted and sketched many Nantucket persons and things from 1870 to 1887. His last dated genre painting, 'The Nantucket School of Philosophy,' bore the date 1887.

"This is an effort to list all such Eastman Johnson paintings and sketches of Nantucket subjects and where feasible to illustrate them. It will add to our records of a period which is fast growing historic. Many of the characters and costumes are quaint and the interiors and occupations primitive.

"Nearly all of the known Nantucket subjects can be assumed to be here recorded. . . . Also, there are certain known pictures, a few of which are illustrated herein, which may well be of Nantucket subjects, but the fact is not established. The people, costumes, interiors, furnishings or scenery are correct for Nantucket of that period. Where such is the case and the picture is one on which the artist placed the date, as was his frequent custom, if it is 1870 or thereafter the chances are it was painted at Nantucket. An exception would be such genre paintings as were done at Fryeburg, and Kennebunkport, Maine, during a part of this period and many portraits mostly of important and affluent people in New York City and elsewhere."

Eastman Johnson was born in Lovell, Maine in 1824, and at sixteen was working in the same lithograph shop in Boston where Winslow Homer also worked. He became in turn an experienced draughtsman, book designer, and painter. In the late 1840's he moved to Washington where he painted portraits, and in 1849 he went to Germany to study at Dusseldorph, afterwards painted in Holland, France and Belgium. Returning to America, he launched upon a career that was always successful. His "The Wounded Drummer Boy," "The Old Kentucky Home," and "The Nantucket School of Philosophy" are perhaps his best known works from a national point of view.

Mr. Crosby, by careful research and patient exploring in the realms of art, has been able to secure concise biographies of some 60 Nantucket items out of the nearly 500 paintings executed by Eastman Johnson. Not only has the author located the paint-

ings and sketches, but he lists them, notes their type, size, present location and historical background. Where he has been unable to locate a painting, he gives certain clues which may enable some future student discover it.

To complete the well-documented research, Mr. Crosby has illustrated the monograph with a half-hundred of Eastman Johnson's Nantucket paintings and studies, thus creating volume of enduring importance.

As an example of Mr. Crosby's excellent research is the description of a painting called "Embers:"

EMBERS.

C23.

Oil on canvas 15 1-4 x 14 1-4.

Lower right: E. Johnson.

Mrs. Herbert S. Darlington, LaJolla, California.

The old man is Capt. Myrick. See C24, C25, C26 and C27.

"An old man is seated in a green-painted chair close by his fire-place, resting his chin upon a stick which he holds in both hands, and gazing pensively at the embers which glow upon the hearth. He wears a rusty beaver hat and a wrinkled suit of black, and the figure is in strong relief against a plaster wall of the little room. Upon the fireplace shelf stands a Delft jar and two small candlesticks. Many beautiful poems inspired by this picture were received by the artist."

Aside from the value of the monograph from the point of view of art, it is a valuable record of an historical scene—a Nantucket era which Eastman Johnson happily caught and transferred to canvas. The portraits of old Nantucketers of their day, the scenes of the cranberry pickers and corn huskers, the studies of kitchens, fireplaces, implements, etc., are all of importance historically.

Since he published his invaluable architectural study of the town, "95% Perfect," several years ago, Mr. Crosby has written "A Guide to Exhibits at the Fair Street Historical Rooms;" "Books and Baskets: Signs and Silver," a bibliography of Nantucket volumes, a history of the lightship basket-making, and a treatise on Nantucket Silversmiths and their craftsmanship, illustrated by examples of their work and trade marks; "A Spoon Primer," a documented study for those interested in old silver; and "Nantucket's Changing Prosperity and Future Possibilities," a careful study of the present architecture of the business section of the town.

Although Mr. Crosby's book was printed chiefly for private distribution, a few copies will be available at Miss Cora Stevens. The edition was limited to 200 copies.



### Death of Charles S. Collins.

Charles S. Collins, aged 73, died suddenly on Saturday, Sept. 24, while shopping at the New Bedford Public Market. Mr. Collins was the husband of Mrs. Laura (Bridgford) Collins, of 68 Foster street, New Bedford.

An auditor for the New Bedford, Woods Hole, Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket Steamship Authority, Mr. Collins has been in the employ of the island line since 1902, except for 16 years in textile mills in New Bedford. He had served in the Nantucket office of the line, at Oak Bluffs, the New Bedford terminal and afloat.

Mr. Collins was born in Nantucket, where he graduated from high school in 1896. He moved to New Bedford

forty years ago. For 11 years he was employed in the clerical department of the Manomet Mill and for 5 years as bookkeeper for the Pemaquid Mill.

A member of Trinity Methodist Church, Mr. Collins was a past master of Star of the East Lodge, A. F. and A. M., and a past patron of New Bedford Chapter 49, O. E. S.

He leaves, besides his widow, a son, John S. Collins, of Dennis, and a grandson, Charles H. Collins, of Fairhaven. Burial was in Rural Cemetery. 10/22/49

### Alvin Hull, the Town Crier, Dead.

Alvin Hull, Nantucket's well known town crier, was found dead about one o'clock yesterday afternoon, sitting in a chair in the Pacific Club's room, life having been extinct about half an hour. Hull had been at work during the forenoon, and had not complained of being ill, and probably had been at work in his capacity as janitor of the "Cap'n's Room" when seized with the fatal attack; death being due to heart disease.

He was a veteran of the civil war and claimed to be one of the youngest men who enlisted as a private. In company with 25 other Nantucketers, Alvin Hull enlisted in company I of the 20th Massachusetts regiment, on Aug. 14, 1862, and served three years. His first battle was at Antietam, and he afterward saw service at Harper's Ferry. Being of small build and an expert rider, Col. Jeffries of the 7th Ohio selected him for his mounted orderly, and it was in this service that Hull experienced his narrow escapes, but he went through the war without a scratch.

He was at one time a member of the 2d army drum corps, attached to the army of the Potomac, but remained there only a short time, being sought for as an orderly by a number of officers, and finally going with Col. Jeffries when he was made assistant provost marshal of Baltimore.

Besides being a veteran, Hull has been a whaler, a fisherman and in the lighthouse service, and now for over 20 years has been town crier of Nantucket. He is a native of the island, being a son of George and Lydia Hull, and was one of the two survivors of the crew of the schooner Rainbow, Capt. James McGuire, which sailed from this port May 8, 1862, on a cruise to the south channel. The cruise lasted only six weeks, for, just as the vessel was "cutting in" her first whale, she was sighted by a privateer and chased into Hampton roads. The voyage thus abruptly ended, Hull worked his

way home, and the day after his arrival, enlisted in his country's service.

At the close of the war he served on several coasting vessels, and finally went fishing on the Grand Banks. Being very agile, he was considered the handiest man aboard a vessel. On his return to port, he shipped as one of the crew of Nantucket "South Shoals" lightship, with Capt. Benjamin Morris, and later served on the lighthouse steamer Verbena.

At the close of the latter service he decided to quit the sea and came ashore, entering upon his career as town crier about 22 years ago. As such he has long been known to residents and visitors alike as "Doctor" Hull.

For many years he was employed by the town as bell ringer, a position afforded by no other town in the state. Hull had a peculiar gift as a bell-ringer, a "knack" as he called it, which gave to the bell a peculiar echo acquired by years of practice with the rope. Several have tried to duplicate it, but they have been only imitations, for nine people out of every ten could tell in a moment whether Hull was ringing the curfew or not.

Besides a widow, he leaves two sons, Capt. Orison V. Hull and Lester Hull, and two daughters, Mrs. Etta Blanchard, and Mrs. George Orcult.



# Judge Davis of New York Is Busy Doing 'Nothing' at Summer Home in 'Sconset

By MINNA LITTMANN

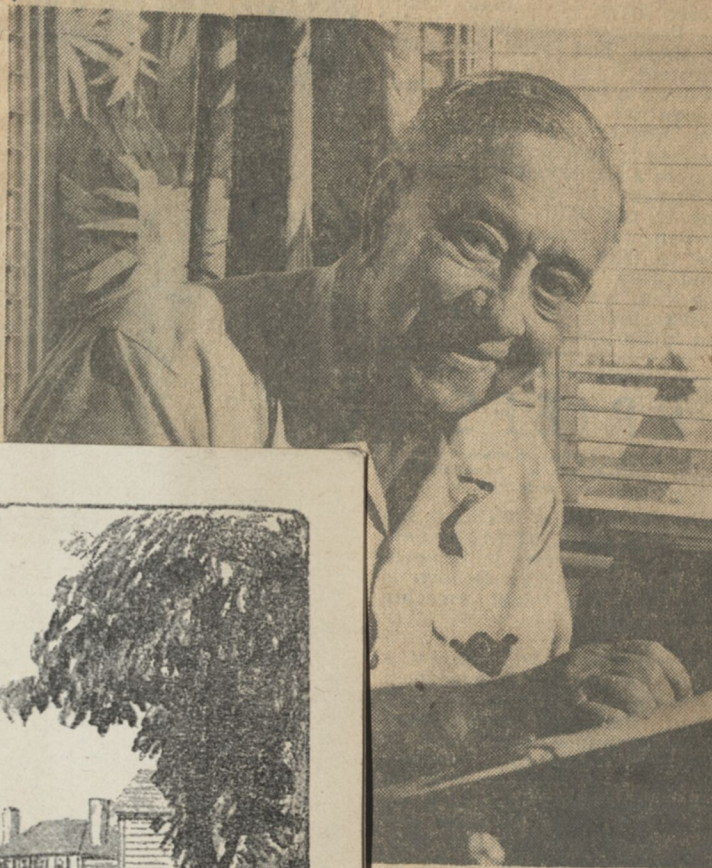
1954

Standard-Times Staff Writer

SIASCONSET, July 14 — "Sconset, you should know," said Judge Lee Parsons Davis, "is a place where there is nothing to do and never enough time to do it in."

The deliberate, gentle speech of the big man, who at the moment was rocking slowly in one of the world's biggest porch rockers, bubbles habitually with quiet humor. He looked gratified on observing his little joke was recognized as a Summer resident's sincere tribute to this village.

A prominent member of the New York State Bar Association,



Standard-Times Staff Photo

PARSONS DAVIS

We came East when I was a small child. Father fell in love with Falmouth and we lived there two years. Later the family lived in New Jersey and New York.

"I had my heart set on going to Annapolis. I loved the sea. I prepared at a military academy, but I couldn't get the political appointment. I thought my world had crashed about me. Father persuaded me to study law. There had been a lawyer in every generation of the Davis family for a long time. He picked me as the most likely of his boys for legal career."

## Judgment Vindicated

The elder Davis' judgment was vindicated, it would seem. His son, Lee, served as assistant district attorney of Westchester County, N. Y., from 1908 to 1914; was elected district attorney in 1916, and held that post five years.

He won a verdict for Alice Beatrice Jones Rhinelander, when her husband, Leonard Kip Rhinelander, son of a wealthy New York family, charged she had perpetrated a fraud upon him when she married him, by concealing that she was of Negro blood. It was a case that made national headlines, nearly 30 years ago.

Judge Davis, a Republican, was elected to the New York Supreme Court, equivalent of the Massachusetts Superior Court, for two 14-year terms. After serving two years of his second term, he reached the compulsory retirement age of 70. However, he was then appointed a Supreme Court referee, and in that capacity, he says, he is busier than ever.

Asked his opinion of the rela-



Union Street, Nantucket

33 Mills Street,  
Nantucket, Mass.

April 15, 1963

Judge Davis, displaying a hand-sized stretcher on which a handsome American eagle was taking form. Using an Audubon color print for guidance, he was meticulously reproducing the shadings of the original in fine, even loops.

## Challenge Taken Up

"Some years ago," he chuckled, "I went into a yarn shop with Mrs. Davis, who wanted to replenish her knitting supplies. There was a nice little old lady there, making rugs with bits of woolen yarn which she knotted into place just as oriental rugs are made. Mrs. Davis remarked to me, 'There's something you couldn't do.'"

"Since I was a boy, I have never taken a dare. I told my wife I'd show her. I bought an outfit, and made eight rugs, for all the members of the family. When my artist friend saw what I was doing he gave me an awful look and said, in plainer words,

like the women hookers, for woolen material to go into my rugs."

## Still Makes Flies

In former years, Judge Davis used his special salmon flies on salmon-fishing trips to Canada. He still makes them, for fishermen friends. For years, he has made all his fishing rods. The result is a great many rods—"too many," he says.

A graduate of New York Military Academy at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson and Columbia University Law School, Judge Davis says the best two years of his schooling were those he spent in Falmouth, when he was 12 and 13. A Miss Mary Waite of Nantucket was his teacher, in the two-story, two-room school.

"My family were nomads," the judge joked. "I was born in Colorado, where my father had a sheep ranch. It was valuable experience. I learned there to pull the wool over people's eyes."



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Dear Barbara:

Many thanks for your cheery Easter card which added brightness to an already bright day!

Nantucketers are returning from Florida, doppers are out, and spring is really here! What a wonderful Easter day was yesterday!

You have never told me just what your new work is, I hope that it is interesting and not



# Judge Davis of New York Is Busy Doing 'Nothing' at Summer Home in 'Sconset

By MINNA LITTMANN

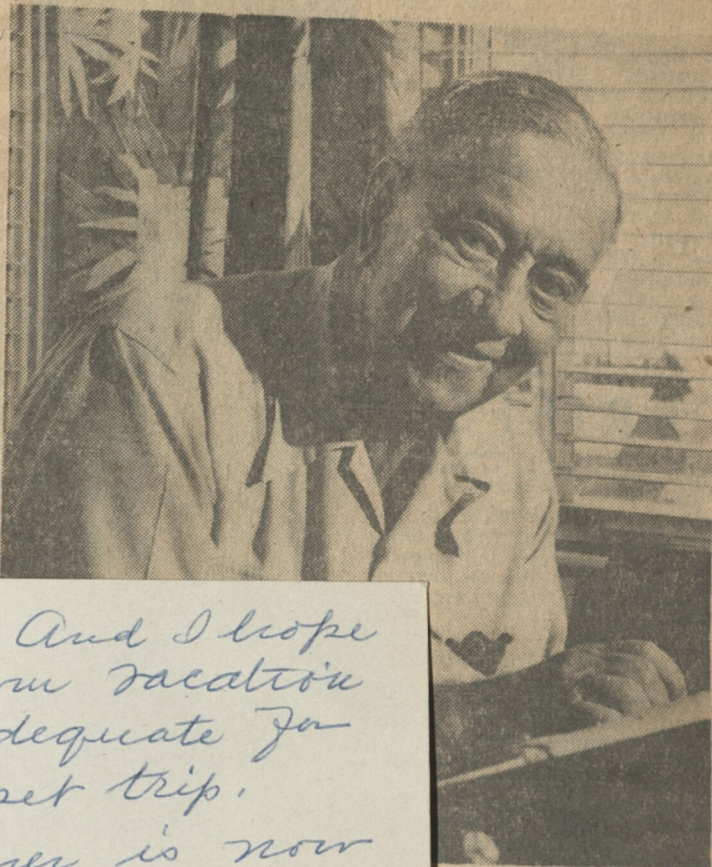
1954

Standard-Times Staff Writer

SIASCONSET, July 14— "Sconset, you should know," said Judge Lee Parsons Davis, "is a place where there is nothing to do and never enough time to do it in."

The deliberate, gentle speech of the big man, who at the moment was rocking slowly in one of the world's biggest porch rockers, bubbles habitually with quiet humor. He looked gratified on observing his little joke was recognized as a Summer resident's sincere tribute to this village.

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Standard-Times Staff Photo  
DAVIS

too taxing. And I hope also that your vacation may be adequate for a Nantucket trip.

Dr. Gardner is now gathering material for a library scrap book of Moses Foy. "Now I have said, as also have said, 'If Bill Tripp were only here,' for he knew him so well. Moses Foy was a Nantucket, and he introduced town water here. I have long accounts of his

me East when I was a child. Father fell in love with Falmouth and we lived two years. Later the family moved in New Jersey and New

and my heart set on going to Indianapolis. I loved the sea. I went to a military academy, but couldn't get the political sentiment. I thought my world would be shattered about me. Father urged me to study law. He had been a lawyer in every generation of the Davis family for a long time. He picked me as the most likely of his boys for a career."

## Judgment Vindicated

Under Davis' judgment was made, it would seem. His father served as assistant district attorney of Westchester County, N. Y., from 1908 to 1914; he held that post five

on a verdict for Alice Jones Rhinelander,

when her husband, Leonard Kip Rhinelander, son of a wealthy New York family, charged she had perpetrated a fraud upon him when she married him, by concealing that she was of Negro blood. It was a case that made national headlines, nearly 30 years ago.

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## Challenge Taken Up

"Some years ago," he chuckled, "I went into a yarn shop with Mrs. Davis, who wanted to replenish her knitting supplies. There was a nice little old lady there, making rugs with bits of woolen yarn which she knotted into place just as oriental rugs are made. Mrs. Davis remarked to me, 'There's something you couldn't do.'"

"Since I was a boy, I have never taken a dare. I told my wife I'd show her. I bought an outfit, and made eight rugs, for all the members of the family. When my artist friend saw what I was doing he gave me an awful look and said, in plainer words,

he still makes them, for fishermen friends. For years, he has made all his fishing rods. The result is a great many rods—"too many," he says.

A graduate of New York Military Academy at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson and Columbia University Law School, Judge Davis says the best two years of his schooling were those he spent in Falmouth, when he was 12 and 13. A Miss Mary Waite of Nantucket was his teacher, in the two-story, two-room school.

"My family were nomads," the judge joked. "I was born in Colorado, where my father had a sheep ranch. It was valuable experience. I learned there to pull the wool over people's eyes."



### Death of Charles S. Collins.

Charles S. Collins, aged 73, died suddenly on Saturday, Sept. 24, while shopping at the New Bedford Public Market. Mr. Collins was the husband of Mrs. Laura (Bridgford) Collins, of 68 Foster street, New Bedford.

An auditor for the New Bedford, Woods Hole, Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket Steamship Authority, Mr. Collins has been in the employ of the island line since 1902, except for 16 years in textile mills in New Bedford. He had served in the Nantucket office of the line, at Oak Bluffs, the New Bedford terminal and afloat.

Mr. Collins was born in Nantucket, where he graduated from high school in 1896. He moved to New Bedford

forty years ago. For 11 years he was employed in the clerical department of the Manomet Mill and for 5 years as bookkeeper for the Pemaquid Mill.

A member of Trinity Methodist Church, Mr. Collins was a past master of Star of the East Lodge, A. F. and A. M., and a past patron of New Bedford Chapter 49, O. E. S.

He leaves, besides his widow, a son, John S. Collins, of Dennis, and a grandson, Charles H. Collins, of Fairhaven. Burial was in Rural Cemetery. 10/22/49

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trials and difficulties, for the inhabitants were not very enthusiastic in some cases, and sneered at "Washing Pond water." However he persevered and we have excellent water.

Greetings from  
your cousin Grace

Ruth Haviland Sutton's  
Pencil Prints  
New England Series



# Judge Davis of New York Is Busy Doing 'Nothing' at Summer Home in 'Sconset

By MINNA LITTMANN

1954

Standard-Times Staff Writer

SIASCONSET, July 14—

"Sconset, you should know," said Judge Lee Parsons Davis, "is a place where there is nothing to do and never enough time to do it in."

The deliberate, gentle speech of the big man, who at the moment was rocking slowly in one of the world's biggest porch rockers, bubbles habitually with quiet humor. He looked gratified on observing his little joke was recognized as a Summer resident's sincere tribute to this village.

A prominent member of the New York State bar as a young man, for 18 years now a member of the New York judiciary, Judge Davis has been coming to Sconset uninterruptedly for 67 Summers. He was 5 when his parents first brought him here. He and charming Mrs. Davis have occupied Seaward, their present house, on the bluffs above Codfish Point, for 15 years.

## Remembers Original Owner

His phenomenal red rocking chair, with rockers rivaling the keel timbers of a boat, posts heavier than many a Sconset porch can boast, and a seating capacity beyond any conceivable requirement, is associated with his earliest memories of Sconset. He can remember when its original owner, "old Captain Oliver Folger," sat in it, in a "b'iled" shirt without collar or tie, talking with three Summer residents, Ol' Man Chittenden, Ol' Man Rumsey and Ol' Man Jerome.

Seems Mr. Chittenden was superintendent of a House of Correction in Michigan. He had four big rockers made, just alike, in the prison shop, for himself and his three cronies. (The shipping bill must have been impressive.) Cap'n Folger's son, Horace, willed his pa's chair to Judge Davis.

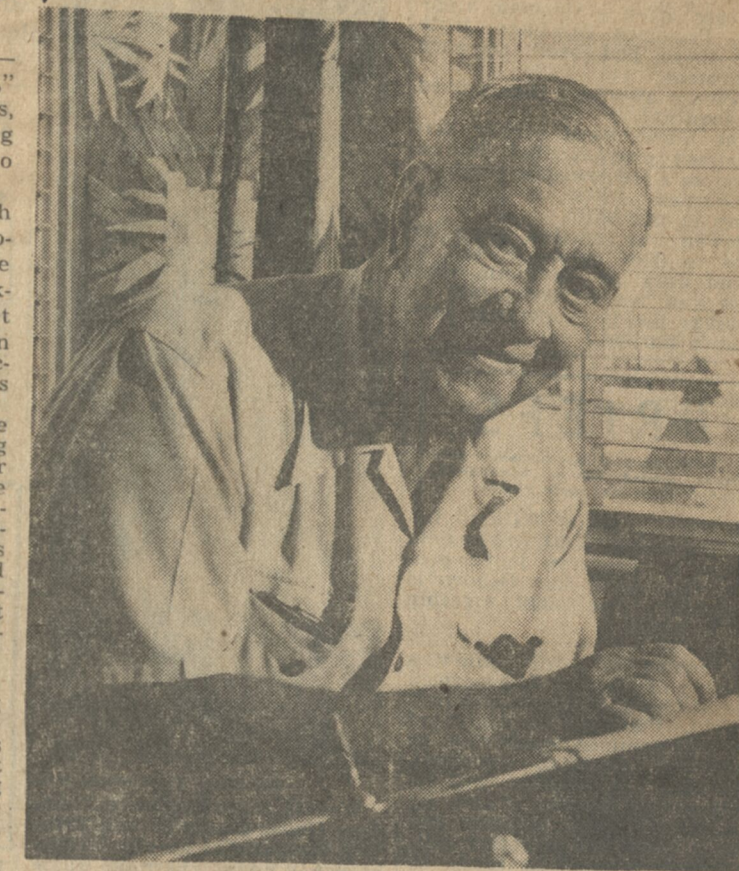
Doing nothing Summers, for Judge Davis, includes tying salmon flies, making fishing rods, fishing from a chartered boat—unfortunately an unreliable knee has eliminated surf-casting as a form of idleness for him—and hooking rugs. Yes, he hooks rugs, and he glories in it.

"I've an artist friend who designed this one for me," said Judge Davis, displaying a man-sized stretcher on which a handsome American eagle was taking form. Using an Audubon color print for guidance, he was meticulously reproducing the shadings of the original in fine, even loops.

## Challenge Taken Up

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"Since I was a boy, I have never taken a dare. I told my wife I'd show her. I bought an outfit, and made eight rugs, for all the members of the family. When my artist friend saw what I was doing he gave me an awful look and said, in plainer words,



—Standard-Times Staff Photo

JUDGE LEE PARSONS DAVIS

he considered me beyond redemption. He forgave me later."

Judge Davis was cured of making flowery knotted rugs—he doesn't like them any more—when the supply house stopped selling yarn ready-cut into 2-inch lengths. He'd be hanged if he was going to cut thousands of little snips himself. Then along came another Summer resident, Irving H. Burnside of Monomoy, a New York Stock Exchange member who had found rug-hooking ideal for relaxation after a day at the exchange.

"Very easily," Judge Davis says, "I yielded to his persuasion to take up hooking. I like it much better. It is more of a challenge. It's really a form of painting. I have a machine to cut the strips. I'm always on the lookout, just like the women hookers, for woolen material to go into my rugs."

## Still Makes Flies

In former years, Judge Davis used his special salmon flies on salmon-fishing trips to Canada. He still makes them, for fishermen friends. For years, he has made all his fishing rods. The result is a great many rods—"too many," he says.

A graduate of New York Military Academy at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson and Columbia University Law School, Judge Davis says the best two years of his schooling were those he spent in Falmouth, when he was 12 and 13. A Miss Mary Waite of Nantucket was his teacher, in the two-story, two-room school.

"My family were nomads," the judge joked. "I was born in Colorado, where my father had a sheep ranch. It was valuable experience. I learned there to pull the wool over people's eyes."

We came East when I was a small child. Father fell in love with Falmouth and we lived there two years. Later the family lived in New Jersey and New York.

"I had my heart set on going to Annapolis. I loved the sea. I prepared at a military academy, but I couldn't get the political appointment. I thought my world had crashed about me. Father persuaded me to study law. There had been a lawyer in every generation of the Davis family for a long time. He picked me as the most likely of his boys for a legal career."

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The elder Davis' judgment was vindicated, it would seem. His son, Lee, served as assistant district attorney of Westchester County, N. Y., from 1908 to 1914; was elected district attorney in 1916, and held that post five years.

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Asked his opinion of the rela-



tive merits of the Massachusetts system of appointing judges, and the New York elective system, Judge Davis said, "In theory, at least, the system of your Commonwealth is better. By appointing judges originally to a lower court, opportunity is provided for observing whether they have the judicial temperament to warrant promotion. A man may be a whale of a good lawyer and yet be wholly lacking in judicial temperament."

"Either way," Judge Davis added, displaying his own judicial temperament, "you can't get away from the element of politics."

### 5/19 Abiah Folger. 1917

A California subscriber sends us the following clipping, taken from a series of articles by Lafayette McLaws on "Mothers of Famous Americans":

We do not get very far in the life history of Abiah Folger before we are convinced that she was a woman of more than ordinary courage. At twenty-two she became the wife of Josiah Franklin, a widower with six children, the eldest of whom was 11 years old.

Abiah was the youngest daughter of Peter Folger, one of the early settlers of Nantucket island. She is described as a woman ahead of her time, chiefly it appears, because she agreed with her father, who described in doggerel verse the persecuting of Baptists and Quakers as the sin of New England.

Besides her six stepchildren Abiah Franklin had to mother ten of her own. Benjamin was her youngest son and ninth child. He was born in Boston, January, 1706, and looked so much like his mother that, according to tradition, the minister who christened him mistook him for a girl.

Abiah is said to have taught all her children to read before they were old enough to be sent to school. She encouraged Benjamin's taste for study to the extent of presenting him with her own highly valued copy of Cotton Mather.

Though Josiah Franklin was a poor man when Abiah Folger married him, and continued poor to the day of his death, his home is described as well regulated and his sixteen children as well-mannered and godly. There seems every reason to believe that Benjamin Franklin inherited his thrifty habits and sturdy patriotism, in a good part at least, from his mother.

The physical likeness between this mother and her famous son is even more striking than between Mary Washington and the Father of our country.

### OBITUARY.

#### Robert Bennett Forbes.

The death of Capt. R. B. Forbes, probably the one man whose name was most familiar to all as the representative of the men who built up a fortune out of merchant shipping, came Saturday at 4.35 p. m. at his winter residence 393 Beacon street. It is but a short time since Capt. Forbes celebrated his 85th birthday, on Sept. 18, and hardly a fortnight since the first issue of the maritime edition of the *Advertiser* printed his portrait and a detailed biography. The prominence he has always occupied will make a recital of the main facts interesting even after so short a lapse of time. Capt. Forbes was born at Jamaica Plain, and in 1817 he commenced his seafaring life, before the mast, in the ship *Canton Packet*, owned by his uncle and patron, the famous T. H. Perkins. She went to Canton. At the age of 16 he was third mate, at 20 he was captain, at 26 he commanded his own ship, at 28 he left the sea as a profession, and at 36 he was at the head of the house of Russell & Co., the largest American firm in China, and a man of fortune. During his life at sea he traded to India, China, Manila, islands in the Pacific, San Francisco, the west and east coasts of South America, London, Falmouth, Eng., Hamburg, Rotterdam, Smyrna, and various other ports. On the 20th day of January, 1834, he married Miss Rose Green Smith, and commenced housekeeping at Milton. On the 51st anniversary of his birth she died, having been his wife over 51 years. She had by him two sons, Robert B. and James Murray, a daughter Edith (now Mrs. Charles Elliott Perkins), and another daughter (now deceased). The commercial panic of 1837 nearly ruined him, but he manfully maintained his integrity, and no one suffered loss on his account. The next year he went to Canton, and soon became the head of the house of Russell & Co., retrieved his fortunes and was of great service to his countrymen during the opium war of 1841.

In 1846-47, during the famine in Ireland and the highlands of Scotland, the U. S. government loaned the frigate *Macdonian* and the sloop of war *Jamestown* to carry provisions to the poor. Capt. Forbes was entrusted with the command of the *Jamestown*, in which he made the voyage from Boston to Cork and back in 49 days, having landed 800 tons of the necessities of life which had been contributed by the people of New England.

When the civil war commenced Capt. Forbes organized a coast guard. He also built and sold several efficient vessels, which did good service blockading, under his direction. The famous sloop of war *Meteor* was built, armed and equipped. In 1841 he was appointed a trustee of the Humane Society of Massachusetts; in 1851 was one of the founders of the Snug Harbor of Quincy, at Germantown, was one of the original trustees of the National Sailors' Home noticed above; one of the Boston pilot commissioners, a member of the Boston Board of Trade and of the Port Society, one of the vestry of King's chapel, a director in several railroad corporations and insurance companies, and commodore of several yachting clubs. He took much interest in everything relating to the sea, and introduced many improvements in the construction and equipment of vessels. Between 1830 and '861 he was interested in 70 sail, including steamers, ships, barques, brigs, schooners and yachts, either as part owner or superintendent. He was a natural mechanic, and has left many specimens of his ingenious handiwork in the possession of his friends. Over 200 miniature ships, barques, brigs, schooners, sloops, sail and rowboats were made by him and given to the young folks of Boston. At the age of 71 years he wrote his autobiography, and in 1882 published a second edition of it with an addenda. His recent travels in Great Britain, the continent, La Plata, California and Nebraska are sketched with a free and easy pen. In addition to his autobiography he wrote and published many books and pamphlets on nautical subjects. His last pamphlet is on the loss of the *Cunard steamer Oregon*, in which he reproduced the various accounts of it with comments. He joined the Boston Marine Society in 1824, and was its oldest member at the time of his death. The captain's last trip afloat was in the yacht *Twilight*, from the deck of which he viewed the great regatta off Marblehead in company with his brother, Hon. J. M. Forbes, when the *Furitan*, owned by his nephew, Malcolm Forbes, won the race, June 29, 1886.—*Boston Advertiser Nov. 23.*

Our old friend died at an advanced age in Boston, on Saturday, 23d, and a truer man never died in our day. He lived and worked for others, and was identified for upwards of forty years with the Massachusetts Humane Society in all its noble works, and was instrumental in suggesting something beneficial to aid and assist seafaring men. We first met him at the Sandwich Islands, in 1824, in his uncle Thomas H. Perkins' ship *Nile*, a China clipper, bound to the coast of Peru with a load of China goods for that market, and to return for sandal wood for Canton, China. We had corresponded with him 65 years, up to within a few days, and his last letters were so strong, and glowing with his cheerful spirit, that we were not expecting so sudden a departure. He was often at Nantucket, and knew many of the old captains who had met him in the Pacific at various stopping ports, and always had a cheerful word for them all.



# Marcus Dunham Only Survivor of Famous Rescue Crew.

On the morning of April 1, 1879, one of the most severe gales in more than a year broke over Nantucket. It came with scarcely an hour's warning, and maintained a protracted fury for 24 hours, during which a dozen vessels met disaster around these shores.

During the day and night volunteer life-saving crews from Tuckernuck and Sconset risked their lives to rescue shipwrecked mariners. Of these crews, the most illustrious was that headed by Captain Thomas F. Sandsbury, all from Tuckernuck. Today only one member of this crew is living—Marcus W. Dunham, of 31 Pearl street, Nantucket, but most of his life a resident of Tuckernuck Island.

The following letter, in Mr. Dunham's possession, is self explanatory:

Treasury Department,  
November 21st, 1879.

Marcus W. Dunham, Esq.,  
Nantucket, Massachusetts,  
Sir:

I have the honor to transmit herewith a silver life-saving medal, which has been awarded to you under authority of the acts of Congress approved June 20, 1874, and June 18, 1878, severally, in recognition of your service in assisting to rescue a number of persons from the perils of the sea in the severe storm upon the coast of Massachusetts of March 31st and April 1st, 1879.

The evidence presented to the Department in this matter shows that you were one of a crew of seven men who accompanied Captain Thomas F. Sandsbury on the 1st of April last in the gallant effort to deliver a number of crews upon wrecked vessels in the waters around Nantucket. It is shown that you and your comrades rowed through a heavy sea from Nantucket to Tuckernuck Island, re-embarked there, pulled to the schooner "John W. Hall", and taking her crew from the rigging, landed them on Tuckernuck. Your boat was then rowed out to the schooner "Emma", whose crew were found in comparative safety. It was next headed for the schooner "Emma G. Edwards", which lay upon her beam ends at a distance of four miles. Upon coming alongside, she was found capsized, rolling with every sea, and thrashing the water with her topmasts so that it was dangerous to come near her. A man still alive, and feebly motioning, was lashed to the cross-trees. Below him were two persons already dead. After long maneuvering, the living man was reached by one of the boat's crew jumping to him from the boat with a rope around his body, and lowering him into the sea, when he was hauled into the boat. The dead bodies were obtained in the same way. Unable to regain Tuckernuck on account of the wind and sea, the boat was pulled eleven miles to Nantucket. There a whale boat was again teamed six miles from the town, launched and rowed to Muskeget Island which was reached by midnight. The darkness was thick, and the boat's crew waited upon the beach until daylight, when they rowed out to two vessels in succession, neither of which, fortunately, needed assistance. The boat returned, took in the men from the schooner "Emma", gained Tuckernuck, and took in the crew of the "J. W. Hall", and was rowed to Nantucket where it arrived by three o'clock in the afternoon.

The entire adventure occupied thirty-two hours. Its humanity and the courage and constancy with which it was conducted, merit the highest praise, and it is with sincere pleasure that I transmit to you the medal which at once recognizes and commemorates an action altogether worthy.

I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully,  
John Sherman,  
Secretary.

\* \* \* \* \*

The gale came out of the northwest with startling suddenness on Monday morning, April 1, around 9 o'clock. A torrential downpour accompanied the wind, with squalls of hail at intervals. During the entire day it raged, with the temperature dropping rapidly to freezing, and snow fell at dusk.

Storms of such violence are practically unknown at this season, and many schooners were in the sound and passing through Round Shoal channel. As soon as the gale began these craft were blotted from view, and it was realized by those on shore that many of these vessels would never be seen again.

The three-masted schooner *Emma G. Edwards*, Capt. Robert Byrant, loaded with coal for Boston, took the storm off Chatham. All that day she made a brave fight for life, beating around in the narrow confines of the sound. At nightfall, driven dangerously near the shoals around Muskeget, she anchored off Tuckernuck shoal. But her cable parted early in the evening and in the blinding snow and terrific wind she went onto the shoal, going over on her beam ends at the impact.

The seas now washed clean across her decks and the crew took refuge in the rigging, where they lashed themselves. The seas swept over the craft continuously. One by one the crew lost their grips in the icy darkness and were washed away, until only four remained—the steward, the mate, a son of the captain, and Thomas Brown, a German sailor. When morning dawned on the 2nd, only young Bryant and Brown remained alive, the steward having died from exposure and the mate having been swept to his death.

Capt. Thomas F. Sandsbury was informed by "Billy" Clark in the tower that four vessels were in distress off the west end. Together with a company, Capt. Sandsbury left town on Tuesday morning for Madaket. There they got a dory and rowed over to Tuckernuck Island.

Capt. Sandsbury immediately proposed manning the boat, and the following volunteered to go with him: Marcus W. Dunham, James C. Sandsbury, Henry C. Coffin, George S. Coffin, Andrew Brooks, Edwin Smith and John B. Dunham.

Mr. Dunham, who will be eighty on his next birthday, now resides with his grand-daughter, Mrs. Elwyn Francis, on Pearl street. He has a vivid recollection of the entire affair, and proudly exhibits a silver medal, suitably inscribed, awarded him by the United States Government. He also re-



ceived an award of \$25 for the exploit, each member of the boat's crew being presented similar sums by the Massachusetts Humane Society.

"It blew a living gale on that day," said Mr. Dunham. "We had a dory in town and Billy Smith's black horses, hitched to a dray, carted it out to Eel point for us. We rowed across to the east side of Tuckernuck, anchored the craft to the shore, and then walked around the beach to the north end, where a 30-foot whaleboat was kept in a house, ready for wrecking at a minute's notice."

"Well, sir," he continued, "we put her into the water and started. We had two men on a thwart and one man

to an oar, and we had to pull into the wind. The wind blew the tops off the seas, coming right over us into the boat. Tom Sandsbury was at the steering oar, holding it with one hand and bailing away with the other."

There were four schooners in sight, all in distress. Heading to windward, first, they took off the crew of the wrecked *J. W. Hall*, a coal schooner, which was a total loss. The rescuers then rowed down to the schooner *Emma*, but she proved to be in a less dangerous predicament, and so the boat headed off-shore, where a vessel could be seen lying on her beam ends.

This craft was the *Emma G. Edwards*, loaded with coal. Through the crested seas, the craft danced, until she was pulled alongside the wreck. Brown, the sailor, was the only man alive. Bryant had passed away from the exposure and his body had been lashed to the mast by the survivor. The sailor was taken off, and the two remaining bodies also hauled into the boat.

Mr. Dunham described this as the most exhausting row of all.

"The seas kept breaking over us all the time we headed her into the wind," he said. "It was cold and the water was like ice. We couldn't get anywhere near the schooner at first. She was lying on her side, her masts lifting to every sea and, as she had all sail set, every time she come down she'd sent the spray twenty feet into the air. Finally, we got near enough to her for George Coffin to make a try getting aboard. George was a good swimmer and he volunteered to jump into the water and make his way to the men in the rigging.

"He did it, but I tell you it was a job. After he got on board he discovered that two of the three men were dead and the other nearly so. We hauled the bodies into the boat, and George came off with the living man. We got them in after a while."

Capt. Sandsbury found it impossible to put back to Tuckernuck, and so he headed for town, arriving safely after a row of eleven miles. Dr. J. B. King, medical examiner, took charge of the bodies, which were placed in the house of the Humane Society on South Water street.

Brown narrated his dreadful experience in broken English. It was similar to that of Charles Killeen, who was wrecked in this locality in October,

1878, on the schooner *Etta A. Simpson*. All through the terrible ordeal, he had abandoned himself to death, but with the tenacity of desperation fought to live.

Capt. Sandsbury and his men did not tarry in town. He had a whaleboat teamed out to Madaket, launched, and went over to Tuckernuck. Here, with his same crew, he launched again and went over to Muskeget. Huddled in the shelter of the boat until dawn, they launched again at daybreak and proceeded out to two more schooners, both of which were found in less danger, their crews remaining aboard.

Returning to Tuckernuck, they took the crews of the *J. W. Hall* and the *Emma* and brought them to Madaket, arriving at three o'clock that afternoon (Wednesday, April 3.) The entire stretch of rescue work had consumed thirty-two hours of storm, darkness, hunger, and hard work at the oars. The skill of the men and the boat's commander can well be imagined. It is one of the most remarkable examples of native daring on record.

The bodies of the crew of the *Emma G. Edwards* came ashore at various times during the next week, being found at the Cliff beach, Eel point and the Chord of the Bay.

\* \* \* \* \*

This was not the only rescue in which Mr. Dunham took part. He also received awards from the Humane Society for being one of the crew rowing out to a man-of-war in distress in Muskeget channel and piloting her to safety. This was in 1876, when he was only seventeen years old. Again in 1878, he was one of the crew rescuing the survivors of the wrecked schooner *John Farnum*, off Tuckernuck. Five of this crew were among the seven taking part in the rescue of 1879.

\* \* \* \* \*

Twelve vessels managed to slip out of the Pollock rip slue, around Handkerchief and down the east shore of the island, anchoring under the lee at Nobadeer. All day long they rode out the gale, but at 5 p. m., watchers from the shore saw that three had gone.

Next morning at 9 o'clock, four of the remaining nine, got under way and headed for Tom Nevers for a new lee, the wind having veered to the west of north. One of these, a brig, was making heavy weather of it, and was run ashore at Low Beach. The surf was too high to risk launching a boat, and so the 'Sconseters, by means of a bluefish drail, got a line out to her and took off the crew in a boatswain's chair. She was the *Manzanilla*, from Calais, Me., to New York, with lumber, under Capt. John M. Rich. One of her crew, named William C. Dow, had been shipwrecked off 'Sconset two years before, on his father's schooner, the *Caroline C.*

Three other schooners were in distress off 'Sconset. The crew of Station 15 at the village launched through the surf and went out to take off the crew of the schooner *William D. Cargill*, lumber-laden. James H. Wood and a number of men had gone out to Nobadeer that same morning, and when



they saw the *Cargill's* distress signals intended to launch a dory, but found the sea too rough for such a small craft.

The schooners *Convoy* and *Andrew H. Edwards* (the latter a companion of the *Emma G. Edwards*) were cast on their beam ends on a shoal off the north side of Muskeget, rolled over and remained afloat during the night. Isaac P. Dunham, George B. Coffin, Arthur C. Folger, Nathan Fish and Joseph A. Hendricks, launched a boat from Muskeget and took off the crews of both vessels, for which brave deed they were presented \$25 apiece by the Massachusetts Humane Society.

The schooners *Jefferson Borden* and *American Chief* went ashore at Muskeget, their crews remaining aboard. Schooners *Alice Oaks* and *Daniel Brittain* dragged anchors and went ashore at Great Point. Both were successfully launched during the month.

The storm of April 1st, 1879, was so disastrous because it had caught the coasting vessels unprepared for any gale of such proportions. In view of the severity of the gale the work of the life-savers is all the more noteworthy.

#### The Walter Folger Clock.

In 1785, at the age of 20 years, Walter Folger began his astronomical clock, having first made the tools with which to make it. Two years later (1787) it was finished, and for 69 years did not falter in its mechanical duties. Then, after his death, something went wrong and although it has not ceased to rightly mark the time and strike the hours during these 148 years, it is awaiting the man who can adjust its more intricate parts.

The following is a description of the phenomena it exhibited for its first 69 years:

The diurnal motion of the sun is represented by a circular metallic plate so adjusted that it is seen through a slit in the dial plate, at a greater or less meridian altitude, as the declination changes; rising and setting as in nature, and changing the time in conformity to the latitude, change of declination and equation each day, giving also through the entire day the time of his rising and setting and the place in the ecliptic.

The moon is represented by a spherule exhibited to the eye in the same manner, by having one hemisphere colored black and, by a process more complicated, shows with great faithfulness not only the rising and setting and southing of the moon with the time of full sea at Nantucket, but also the chief phenomena dependent on the obliquity of the moon's path to the ecliptic, and the revolution of her nodes such as the hunters and harvest moon.

Some of these involve a motion of the works through a period of eighteen years and two hundred and twenty-five days, and the wheel by which the date of the year is shown is so constructed that its revolution is completed only in one hundred years.

1935

## Fifty Famous Nantucketers.

By Grace Brown Gardner.

47.

GEORGE A. GRANT

1857 - 1942

It is said that the log of George A. Grant's life reads like fiction. He was born on a whaling voyage on the island of Upolo, in the Navigator Group, and, at the age of 3 months, was carried aboard his father's ship wrapped in banana leaves! He was the son of Capt. Charles Grant, Nantucket's greatest whaling master. His mother spent thirty-two years at sea on board of whaleships with her husband—the outstanding record of any whaleman's wife.

Much of George Grant's childhood and boyhood was spent at sea on his father's whaleships. Like all normal boys he sometimes got into mischief and many were the amusing stories he told of climbing freshly tarred rigging in a white linen suit and of harpooning the pig in the pen on deck with a sharp-pointed harpoon improvised from maboo, and of the "lickings" which followed such escapades. He early learned to speak the South Sea languages.

At the age of seventeen he started out on his own and shipped on a merchantman. After two years in the merchant service he sailed as a boat-steerer on the whaler *Mary Fraser* for a three-year voyage, and later he shipped as third mate on the *Alaska*. While on shore he married, and the next day sailed for a three-year voyage—a bridegroom of a single day. On this voyage he had an opportunity for a "gam" on board his father's ship *Horatio*, off Chatham Island. It had been several years since he and his parents had met, and the young lad had become a man. Mr. Grant always spoke of this meeting as one of the happiest incidents of his career.

He spent nearly thirty-two years of continuous life aboard ship. After quitting the sea he was in the Life Saving Service, now the Coast Guard, for nineteen years.

\* \* \* \* \*

As the custodian of the Nantucket Whaling Museum from its beginning until his death at the age of eighty-five, "Captain" Grant was well known to thousands of summer visitors. Many visited the Museum year after year to listen to his adventures and to hear him give the call "There She Blows" from the masthead. His knowledge of whaling implements was of great value in the early days when the Hadwen & Barney candle house was being remodeled. Its present arrangement was carried out largely under his direction.

Austin Strong, who spent part of his childhood in Samoa as a member of the family of Robert Louis Stevenson, enjoyed conversing with Mr. Grant in the South Sea language. He paid the following tribute to his friend:

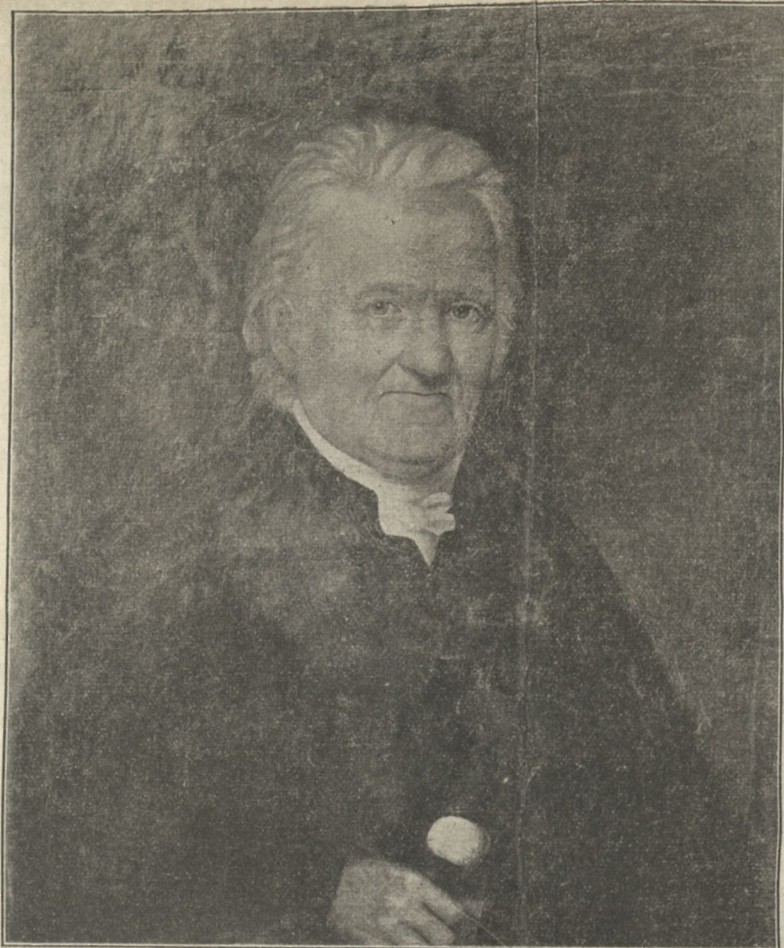
The Last Harpooner has gone over the horizon.

"Tofa Alii"

Which is the Samoan for "Farewell, O Chief."

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HON. WALTER FOLGER, JR.

## "Walter Folger, Jr., a Biography in Preparation." 8/5/1939

BY REV. LYMAN H. GREENMAN

*Former President of the Harvard (Mass.) Historical Association.*

My brother is a native, but I am only an off-islander—a coof. My middle name should have been Folger. Nantucket stands first in affection and appeal, for it was the home of my maternal ancestors. From youth I have collected Nantucket items and records of my branches of the Folger family. Letters, documents, pictures and other material gleaned from four generations of the Walter Folger line have, during the last sixty years, found a resting place in my cabinet.

My grandfather, Walter Folger, 3rd, as executor of his father's will, kept some of his letters, legal papers, and a few books. Much of this material was given to me by my aunt Elizabeth Ray, and the remainder, except for a few magazines and pamphlets of no biographical interest, given to me from my cousin Sarah Frank Ray. Three years ago Mr. Small, owner of 7 Farmer street, the home of my grandfather, found under the eaves several hundred valuable Walter Folger papers which he generously gave, some to me, and others to cousin Annie Alden Folger.

Walter Folger, Jr., has been the subject of many memoirs and sketches. I have probably read them all. They are meager sketches all of them, old stuff, repeated until they have become folk lore. I fancy some it flowed from the adoring pen of William C. Folger, a diligent searcher, but notoriously inaccurate.

In the library of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society one often sees a bunch of manuscripts in a box labeled "In Preparation." "Walter Folger, Jr., a Biography in Preparation." That title suggests the bit of research work I recommend for this Association to undertake. With the material at hand added to what may be dug up here, at the State House, and at Washington, enough material could be collected for the writing of a true biography, revealing the human side of our illustrious townsman.

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Walter Folger had a Peter Folger conscience, and hatred of sham, dishonesty and oppression, a scientific, logical mind and a goodly endowment of what the Folgers as a tribe are said to lack—a sense of humor. William Swain's portrait of him, now in the possession of Miss Annie Alden Folger, shows a twinkle in his eye, an assurance that he possessed this saving grace.



As to personal appearance we have the testimony of Capt. Thomas A. Gardner who, as a young man, kept in New Bedford a store much frequented by Walter Folger. As a lad I knew Captain Gardner, then a very old man. He said Walter Folger was short in person, stout, broad-shouldered, weight about 175 pounds, countenance strongly resembling Dr. Franklin, broad face, and bluish-grey eyes. My mother, who also had bluish-grey eyes, knew her grandfather as a very old man, somewhat ~~old~~. He heartily enjoyed his dinner, especially calf's head with brain sauce. He spent most of his time in his library, a small room, the walls lined with books to the ceiling. Here he sat the day through, his feet resting on the table top, his long nose deep in a book. His home, as you doubtless know, was the house on Pleasant street, owned many years by Molly Starbuck.

I have read that Walter Folger was not religious. Perhaps the writer did not understand the difference between pious and religious. It is also reported that he ceased to attend Friends' Meeting after marriage. Doubtless he was not pious as was his ancestor Peter, and expressed views not in accordance with the prevailing orthodox theology. What else could you expect of a free scientific mind. His search for truth journeyed far beyond the stars, could not be limited by man-made theological dogmas.

His interests were as broad as the intellect of man. I have books from his library on medicine, chemistry, theology, history, French literature, astrology and astronomy. In mental integrity he ran true to type. You recall that Folger, the English school master, so-called, who tutored several Edgartown boys for the Harvard preparatory school at Cambridge, in his famous poem, "A Looking Glass For The Times," shows his acquaintance with the religious tents of the Friends, the Baptists, and the Bay Colony Congregationalists. And how he scored the judges and blasted the magistrates for their persecutions! Peter's poem was a trumpet call to freedom and the complete separation of Church and State. You recall, about 1658, Peter, unable to accept and teach any longer the narrow theology of Thomas Mayhew, asked for and was granted dismissal from the Church at Edgartown. Then he went to Newport and joined Dr. Clark's church, the first Baptist Church in Rhode Island, the liberal church of that day.

I admit that Walter Folger, like his ancestor Peter, and many of his descendants, was unsound in the faith as measured by the dominant theology. Probably for that very reason the town of Dedham refused citizenship to John Folger, with the result that he went on to Watertown, where again his name does not appear on the church record.

The statement that Walter Folger left the Friends Meeting after his marriage is without proof. My mother told me he married out of meeting, which would seem to indicate that Alexander Ray and his daughter Anna were not in good standing. Walter Folger was only 20 years old when he married Anna. It could not have been on his account, but on account of the high social and financial standing of his father, Walter Folger, Sr., that a committee of the meeting waited upon him and asked him to say he was sorry. And the answer: "Yes, I am sorry I displeased thee, but not sorry that I married Anna." Walter Folger must have retained his connection with the meeting for my grandfather was a birth-right Friend. When my grandfather married Mary Folger, daughter of Capt. Simeon Folger, who had been read out of meeting for going to sea in an armed vessel and for joining the Society of Masons, he, too, was waited upon by a committee of the Friends and asked to say he was sorry for marrying out of meeting. To the committee he returned a like answer to his father's. Note finally that Walter Folger was buried in the Friends' Burying Ground.

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My purpose today is not to inflict upon you another conventional seven-page memoir, but to suggest lines for some future biography; and further to comment on some of the Walter Folger books and papers I am presenting to the Association. About the year 1835 Walter Folger began to compile the genealogy of all the families on the island. His three tall volumes of genealogy were given to my mother, who in the early sixties copied them in a more legible hand and continued the records down to about the year 1900.

One hundred years ago, people were less interested in genealogy than we are today. At that time Walter Folger received from a distant relation, living on the Cape, what was intended to be a pious rebuke for his interest in the worldly matter of family connections. He sensed the unconscious humor of the letter and saved it for future chuckles. Here is a transcription of this letter:

Sandwich, 5th Mo., 30, 1842.

Respected Friend Walter Folger:

When on Nantucket to attend the marriage of Henry Russell I had the opportunity of seeing thee at Abraham Wing's and thou wast endeavoring to inform us of the genealogy of our connections. It was then on my mind to say to thee if thou had the genealogy of ours and thine back to the flood it would not avail thee anything if thou had not a well grounded hope in the meritts and mercies of a dear redeemer all thou knew of genealogies would be of no account in a coming day when we must all render up an account of our stewardship and receive according to what we have done, for surely there is a reward for the righteous and also for the wicked. Let me entreat thee in the language of love to endeavor to know thy peace made with thy God before it is too late. I have taken the liberty thus to write thee believing thou wouldst not take amiss if thou did not think it worth noticing for we all have a work to do and must do it before it is too late for in the grave no work can be done.

From thy well wishing friend,

Anna D. Wing.



### Anniversary Meeting of Abiah Folger Franklin Chapter.

The first meeting of the Abiah Folger Franklin Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, for the year 1950, was held at the home of Miss Josephine H. Congdon on Friday afternoon, January 6, and was an anniversary meeting.

The Chapter was organized in 1897 by the late Miss Sara Winthrop Smith, a member of the National Society, who was appointed its first Regent. Miss Smith came to Nantucket as a summer visitor and later made the island her permanent residence. She will be remembered as an active worker in various projects for the welfare of young people. The first regular meeting of the Chapter was held Jan. 6, 1898, just 52 years ago.

\* \* \* \* \*

The speaker of the afternoon was Edouard A. Stackpole. From memories of former occasions, when the Chapter had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Stackpole, an interesting talk was anticipated and there was a large attendance of members.

Mr. Stackpole spoke on a subject unfamiliar to most of his hearers. While the whaling industry in its various phases is well known, yet few realized that there was once an important sealing industry carried on by Nantucket captains and crews in the Antarctic.

Charts of Cape Horn and the South Shetland Islands of Antarctica, drawn by Mr. Stackpole, illustrated his vivid descriptions of barren and rocky shores crowded with the valuable seals, eagerly sought by sailors of various nations in the 1820's.

As the islands had been just discovered only a few months before in 1819, new seal rookeries were being constantly found, and there was much rivalry in the search.

Among these first sealers to the South Shetlands was Capt. Christopher Burdick of Nantucket, who arrived there in the schooner *Huntress* in 1820. Mr. Stackpole unearthed the logbook of this voyage from behind the pasted clippings of an old scrapbook, which he purchased in 1944. The scrapbook contained a miscellaneous collection of interesting clippings, including local items and hand-colored Godey prints, and he was at first loath to remove them.

By soaking off a few pages, he learned that it was the log of a sealer out of Nantucket. Careful removal of the clippings soon uncovered a number of interesting passages. And then, in subsequent restoration, he learned that Capt. Burdick had sailed south of Cape Horn to the South Shetlands!

Through careful study of this log, Mr. Stackpole claims that to Capt. Burdick, of Nantucket, belongs the honor of the discovery of the Con-

tinents of Antarctica. He has brought the facts to the attention of the leading authority on Antarctica, and to the U. S. Department of State. At the present time, the credit for the discovery is given by this nation to Capt. Nathaniel Palmer of Stonington, while Great Britain lays claim to all of the region.

It was most interesting to the members of the Chapter to see this very logbook of the *Huntress*, battered and stained and torn, but still readable.

A dainty tea served by the hostess brought to a close a most interesting afternoon.

1950

### Read Before Abiah Folger Franklin Chapter, D. A. R. (1899)

The following incident connected with the war of 1812 will doubtless be of interest to Nantucket people. It is contributed by Mrs. Solon W. Stevens, of Lowell, Mass., who is now a visitor on the island. Mrs. Stevens is a granddaughter of the Edward Hussey mentioned in the story:

#### AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR OF 1812.

During the height of the whaling business most of the vessels therein engaged were fitted out in the city of New Bedford, and in the islands of Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket. In the Autumn of the year 1812, Edward Hussey, a young Nantucketer, then about 18 years of age, who had learned the cooper's trade and had gone for a several years' voyage on the whaleship *Mary Allen*, was returning home. The vessel had been out about three years, and was filled with oil, as they had taken a great many whales, when one day while in the mid Atlantic, a sail was descried on the horizon. All on board participated in the pleasure usually experienced by the crew on such occasions, and many conjectures were interchanged as to the nationality of the approaching vessel and many hopes expressed that it might be another whaler lately started from home which would bring them news of their relatives and friends. Before long they were able to distinguish the British flag flying at the peak of the stranger, and a few minutes later perceived her to be a man of war. Even then their apprehensions were not aroused, for they were ignorant of the fact that war had been declared between England and the United States. Imagine their consternation when within speaking distance of the rapidly approaching craft they were summoned to surrender in the name of His Majesty, George the Third. They were without arms and helpless, unable to escape, as the British vessel could easily outsail them, and incapable of making any defence, so there was no alternative but to comply with the demand of their enemy. They were taken on board of the man of war and their own vessel was set on fire. As they sailed away the flames from the deserted ship rose high in the air, and as the fire reached the casks of oil stored in the hold, it burned fiercer and fiercer, until it seemed to illuminate the whole waste of waters. As it disappeared from their sight on the horizon, it had subsided into a red smouldering mass which cast a glow on the clouds like that of the setting sun. The crew of the whaler were solicited to join the British service; but as they refused to do so, they were taken as prisoners of war to England, and confined with a number of others in an old ship called the *Kron Prinzen*, formerly a Danish man of war, at a place a few miles below Chatham dock-yard and seventy miles from London. Here, although they could not complain of any especially bad treatment, their life was so unhappy that they resolved to try to escape. The keepers were in the habit of examining the inside of the prison ship every evening, before counting the prisoners, in order to see whether any attempt had been made at cutting a hole. The Americans noticed there was one place on the lower deck which was usually passed by with a very slight examination, and there they decided to begin their attempt, provided they could avoid detection by the guards who were placed on a staging outside the vessel, and who continually walked backwards and forwards watching every-



thing that occurred. The hole which they began to cut there would terminate, they hoped, a few inches below this staging, and a short distance above the water line, both conditions being absolutely necessary for their escape. They had no tools to work with but a common table knife fitted with teeth. After some time they contrived to saw out a heavy oak plank, which they kept close at hand in order to insert it quickly in its place when they heard the keepers approaching. They then began to demolish a stout oak timber, splinter by splinter; but this had to be done with the greatest caution for fear of its being heard by the soldier on the outside.

They took turns, and while one worked several others watched so as to give warning whenever a keeper was approaching; and then the hole was instantly covered. Before the heavy timber was entirely splintered out, one of them obtained the cook's iron poker, and this was found of great assistance in prying off the small splinters around the iron bolts. After working for between thirty and forty days they reached the copper on the ship's bottom some two or three feet from where they began the hole, at a downward angle of about twenty-five degrees. By working the poker through the copper on the upper side of the hole they learned, to their great joy, that it came out beneath the staging on which the soldier stood. When they removed the copper on the lower side of the hole they found that some water entered, but not enough to sink the ship for some time, unless by change of wind and weather she became more unsteady in her motion and rolled the hole under water. If that had happened, the poor prisoners would doubtless all have gone to the bottom, since their superiors would have left them to their fate, deeming it a proper punishment for their temerity. As soon as it was announced that the hole was entirely completed, the prisoners chose a committee to superintend the attempt at escape, and give all necessary directions which the others were bound to obey. This committee decided that those who had labored in cutting the hole should have the privilege of trying first to escape. They chose also four careful men, who could not swim, to take charge of the hole, and help out those who wished to leave.

Before making the attempt they, with a good deal of difficulty, got some tarred canvas, with which they made for themselves small bags just large enough to hold a pea-jacket, shirt and shoes, then they fastened a stout string about ten feet long to the bag by one end, and of the other end they made a loop to pass around the neck. Having everything ready they at last fixed upon an evening to make the bold strike for liberty. Every single man felt as if he took his life in his hand, yet he preferred to do so sooner than remain any longer in confinement. The attempt seemed well nigh desperate, for not only were there soldiers stationed musket in hand along the lower staging, but on an upper one as well, which ran all around the ship.

The landing place, if the prisoners succeeded in reaching it, was about a half a mile distant. Their plan was to distract the attention of the soldiers on guard as much as possible; and with this end in view, a company of good singers stationed themselves in the after part of the ship close to the guard that stood over the hole by which the prisoners were to escape, and the one next to him. By their songs they excited the attention of the two soldiers, who drew a little nearer in order to hear them. At ten o'clock all lights were extinguished, and this was the time that the committee chose for giving the order to put the men through the hole. Each one was already with his hat and pantaloons on, and his bag in his hand. They were put through one by one, feet foremost, a blanket having first been wrapped around the hole to keep them from being cut by the jagged edges of the copper; and then, as their bag strings began to draw, a sign that they had reached the water in safety, the bags also were thrown out. As each half hour struck, the soldier on guard over the hole would step to his post and cry, "All's well," and then the putting the prisoners through would cease; but as soon as he moved forward to listen to the singing it would begin again. Among the first to escape was Edward Hussey, of whom mention has been made, and just after him a young man named Silas Folger. These two were both members of the Society of Friends, and united by a strong friendship. As they touched the water, which was extremely cold, it being then the early Spring of 1813, they with difficulty repressed an exclamation and a

shudder. Those following them were not all so fortunate, for presently it came the turn of one who, as he was dropped into the icy element, uttered an involuntary groan. The attention of the soldier above was immediately aroused, and a shower of bullets went whistling across the water. The two young men, Hussey and Folger, succeeded however, after a desperate swim, in effecting a landing on the coast, which, inhospitable as it was, appeared to them a haven of refuge. Hastily opening their bags and putting on the rest of their clothes, they made their way inland as rapidly as the darkness would permit. They walked all night, and in the morning began enquiring their way to London. They had no money or friends, but they felt that if they could only reach the great metropolis and gain access to some of the members of the religious society to which they belonged, their wants would be supplied. It was a toilsome way that stretched out before them; but they walked all the distance to London, begging some food from charitably disposed persons along the road.

They happened to arrive there on Sunday morning. The bells were ringing for church, and the people whom they met in the streets were mostly hastening to the different places of Divine worship. They were uncertain where to go to find any Quakers, but they suddenly saw coming towards them a man whom they instantly knew to be one, by his broad brimmed hat and plain dress. They did not hesitate a moment, but going up to him young Hussey addressed him, telling him their sorry plight, and their need of assistance. Their most sanguine expectations were realized, for he proved to be a true friend to them, not only furnishing them with lodgings and food and clothing while they remained in London, but giving them the money to enable them to return to their native country. No more prisoners ever escaped from the "Kron Prinzen," than the eighteen who left her that night. One of these was discovered the next day lying dead on the shore, wounded and having apparently bled to death.

**FERNEY.**—Captain Thomas Ferney died at his residence, No. 401 6th street southwest, yesterday afternoon, aged 65 years. Captain Ferney was a native of Nantucket, and when a mere boy, went to sea in a whaling vessel and continued in the business for a long time. Subsequently, as master of a vessel, he sailed to nearly all the principal ports of the world. Some twenty-five or thirty years ago he entered the coast survey service, spending many years in it on the southern coast. He leaves a wife and two grandchildren, the orphans of the late Frederick A. Boswell. Captain Ferney was a great favorite with his neighbors and made many friends here. Captain Ferney was a member in good standing of Acushnet Lodge, No 41, I. O. O. F., of New Bedford, Mass., and during his recent illness was under the care of Columbia Lodge, No. 10, of this city, which organization will furnish the necessary pall-bearers for escorting the remains to the depot in this city. His remains will be taken to New Bedford for interment.—*Washington Star*, 11th inst. 1884



### Death of Fred V. Fuller a Distinct Loss.

The passing of Fred V. Fuller, at the Nantucket Hospital early Saturday evening last, was a distinct loss to the community. He had been ill but a few days, although following a fall which he received some weeks ago he had not been as active as usual. It was not realized that his condition was serious and word of his demise was a great shock to the community.

A man admired by all, keenly interested in everything pertaining to Nantucket, of wise counsel and friendly advice, Fred V. Fuller gave his best for the isle of his birth and he will be greatly missed by all classes.

The deceased was born on Nantucket in 1863, son of the late Capt. William C. and Mary B. (Coffin) Fuller. When a boy he accompanied his parents on a whaling voyage and returned "round the Horn" when but nine years of age.

For many years during his active life, he was connected with the Carson Machine Works in Boston and in that capacity he was eminently successful. Shortly after his retirement and the return to his island home, he became associated with the late Albert G. Brock in the insurance business, renewing an association that started in 1880, when as young men they published a little paper which they called the Sherburne News.

Since his residence in Nantucket, Mr. Fuller has been identified with many worth-while projects and has given of his time and strength freely, cheerfully and willingly. It was largely through his personal efforts that the Old People's Home was established and placed on such a substantial footing as it stands today. He was also actively connected with the Coffin School Association and each year showed his keen business acumen in connection with the local Red Cross Chapter.

Mr. Fuller was always willing to help—whatever the cause, as long as it was to benefit Nantucket and its people—and his advice was often sought on private matters, and freely given. To the younger generation he was looked upon as a "gentleman of the old school", honored and respected by everyone.

Besides his connections with the Old People's Home, the Coffin School Association and the Red Cross Chapter, the deceased was also connected with the Nantucket Historical Association, the Nantucket Civic League, the Pacific Club, the Winter Club and other local organizations. He was a director of the Pacific National Bank and also a director of the Nantucket Gas & Elec-

tric Company. He was also a member of the Sons and Daughters of Nantucket and at one time served as treasurer of the association.

The deceased married Miss Susan Harris Bean in 1899, who survives him and to whom the sympathy of all is extended in her bereavement.

Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at the late residence on Milk street, conducted by the Rev. James Z. Hanner, pastor of the Unitarian Church, of which the deceased was a regular attendant. Interment was in the family lot in Prospect Hill cemetery.

## A HISTORIC TABLET

TO THE MEMORY OF  
THE NANTUCKET SAILORS WHO SERVED IN  
THE "RANGER" AND "BON HOMME RICHARD"  
UNDER COMMODORE JOHN PAUL JONES  
IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR

### REUBEN CHASE—MIDSHIPMAN

HENRY MARTIN	WILLIAM ROBERTS
THOMAS TURNER	JAMES CHASE
REUBEN JOY	ALBERT COGSWELL
NATHAN ALDRICH	LATHAM GARDNER
JAMES NICHOLSON	OWEN STARBUCK
SETH FOLGER	WILLIAM NYE
FREEMAN LUTKIN	PAUL WORTH
HENRY GARDNER	MATTHEW STARBUCK
BARZILLAI FOLGER	STEPHEN FOLGER
NELSON ALDRICH	CHARLES CRAMPTON

### ALSO

LIEUT. ALEXANDER B. PINKHAM U.S.N.  
WHO IN PATRIOTIC REMEMBRANCE RESTORED  
THE BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN PAUL JONES  
AT ARBICLAND SCOTLAND IN 1861

THIS TABLET IS ERECTED BY  
ABIAH FOLGER FRANKLIN CHAPTER D.A.R.

The Abiah Folger Franklin Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, had a float in the parade which attracted considerable attention, as "Abiah" and her son "Benjamin Franklin" were characterized.



### Abiah Folger Franklin Memorial.

At a meeting of the Abiah Folger Franklin Chapter, D. A. R., held on Tuesday last, it was decided to hold the dedicatory exercises for the Abiah Folger Franklin memorial on Monday evening, September 3, at 7.45 o'clock. The order of exercises, subject to slight changes, will be as follows: Music; presentation of a bronze tablet and slab by the chairman of the Old Colony Commission to the Governor of Massachusetts, or his representative, to be by him presented to the Selectmen for the town; presentation of the drinking fountain (now in position on the Madaket road) by the Regent of the Abiah Folger Franklin Chapter D. A. R., to the Selectmen for the town; acceptance by Selectmen; addresses; music; benediction.

The mother of one of the most distinguished citizens of our country was born in a house on the Madaket road, near the point where the drinking fountain now stands, owned by her father, Peter Folger, one of Nantucket's most capable citizens, who came here from Marthas Vineyard. The birth of Abiah Folger was duly recorded in "The Town's Book of Records for to enter Births, Marriages & Deaths \* \* \* per order of ye Town of Sherborn (old name of town) on Nantucket." The record is to be found in book 1, page 1, of said records, and reads as follows: "Abiah ye daughter of Peter Folger was born 15th of August, 1667."

The Abiah Folger Franklin Chapter was organized November 4th, 1897, by Miss Sara Winthrop Smith, a member of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, whose commission as Regent was issued by the national board. It is called the "Quaker chapter" of the association, since nearly all its members come of Quaker ancestry loyal to the American cause in days when to be loyal meant the loss of many privileges. Nantucket men and women—represented by descendants in the membership of this chapter—gave aid to the American cause. Their names are on the Massachusetts roll of honor, and the memory of their deeds will ever be preserved in the archives of the Commonwealth. The formula by which their Nantucket descendants came into the national society of the D. A. R. reads as follows:

Those men of Nantucket who were members of the Society of Friends could not consistently take an active part in the Revolutionary War. The geographical and political position of the island obliged her inhabitants to be neutral. During the Revolution the town of Nantucket appointed a committee to proceed to Newport and New York and represent to the British Commanders "the difficulties under which the people labored on account of the war, and particularly on account of the British armed vessels which had lately committed depredations on the property and inhabitants." (Macy's History of Nantucket, Ed. 1880, p. 99.)

"The Committee consisted of Benjamin Tupper, Timothy Folger, Samuel Starbuck and William Rotch, who proceeded immediately to the points indicated and returned with assurances that the depredations should cease, provided the town of Nantucket would preserve strict neutrality." (The Island of Nantucket, by Edward K. Godfrey, p. 199.)

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"Petition after petition was sent to the British Commanders for at least liberty to bring the Island food and fuel in sufficient quantities to keep the people alive. The sacking and burning of the town was threatened a number of times and the people were kept in constant dread. Macy, in his *History*, says: If the people of the island had observed a strict neutrality during the war, they would have received at all times from the British Commander-in-Chief that attention which their defenseless situation would seem to demand." (The Island of Nantucket, by Edward K. Godfrey, p. 194.)

Then follows the certification of the Town Clerk and the seal of the Town of Nantucket.

The Selectmen held a meeting Thursday evening and voted to cooperate with the Chapter in receiving and entertaining the guests. 1900



## Ancient Folger Diary Discovered In Nantucket Attic. 1955

Mrs. George W. Jones (Rozelle Coleman) working in her attic recently found an old diary written by her ancestor, Abiel Coleman Folger in Milford Haven, Wales during the years 1806 to 1811.

While this diary is a "line-a-day," the two thousand entries reveal the daily life of the Nantucket whalers who remained loyalists after the Revolutionary War and transferred their whaling interest to England and built the town of Milford Haven in Wales.

The two leaders of the migration were Samuel Starbuck and Timothy Folger. Timothy married, in Nantucket, 1753, Abiel Coleman and they had seven children before the Revolutionary War. The diary was written by Timothy's wife for her three daughters in Nantucket: Abiel, her first born daughter, Sarah, in the diary called "Sally" and Margaret referred to as "Peggy" or "PG".

That Timothy Folger was one of the most notable descendants of the first settler, Peter Folger is revealed by his portrait painted by Copley and now in the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art. He was a captain and owner in the Folger fleet of whaling ships, and a merchant of Nantucket with far reaching commercial and political influence in Halifax, London and Paris. Benjamin Franklin, who also was of Folger descent called him "cousin" and said "Timothy" was his best contact with Nantucket his mother's birthplace.

When Timothy, in Paris, heard of the birth of his last son, Benjamin Franklin said "Name him for me" and sent the baby, by Timothy, a delicate miniature of himself. This miniature has been preserved by the descendants of Benjamin Franklin Folger and is now in the possession of Mrs. Ardell Folger Armstrong, Sacramento, California.

One more and perhaps the most important fact about Timothy should be told: It was he who charted the "river in the ocean" the Gulf Stream, for the British sailors. Benjamin Franklin in London was approached by British naval men and asked; why were the Nantucket whale ships and colonial merchant packets able to beat the British ships from London to New York—sometimes by two to three weeks? Franklin put the question to Timothy and learned that the whalers knew the course of the Gulf Stream and when to use it and when to avoid it. By detailed study a chart was made and presented to the British navy.

In 1792 Timothy and Abiel Folger arrived in Milford Haven, one of the finest harbors in the world and perfectly adapted to the needs of a large whaling fleet. They came with thirteen whaleships and one hundred and eighty-two seamen expert in whaling.

This diary, written by Timothy's wife fifteen years after her arrival reveals a household well run by an industrious and conscientious woman. It shows the difficulties of getting and preparing food, the details of furnishing and keeping up the furniture and fabric of the household.

For quotations from the hundreds of "line-a-day" two subjects are selected that recur continually throughout the diary and best illustrate its scope, character, and interesting phases of the Nantucketer's life in Milford Haven.

One is Abiel's comments on her husband's interests and occupations. She always refers to him as "My H".

"My H bin on board tender to git a salor cleared."

"My H bin on a survey on a ship."

"My H birthday only one in four years". (February 29)

"Market Day my H brought veal".

"My H got a bad cold did not go to meeting he went to reading room to read the papers if he was half dead he would do that".

The diary shows that Timothy was a very important man in Milford Haven, that he met many difficult problems, and yet kept up with the issues of the time and always a helpful husband but not always easy to live with.

Another important and conspicuous topic is the neighborly relations of the Nantucketers, their frequent calls, "gams", dinners and teas.

The "social center" was "Castle Hall" a mansion favorably located by and occupied by Benjamin Rotch, son of William. After the French Revolution and life at Dunkirk, Benjamin came to Milford Haven to care for the Rotch interests in many whaling ships.

"Cousin Benjamin came in while we were at diner and took a lunch with us of veal cutlet and mince pye."

"Rode over to Castle Hall in my carr heard the charts had arrived in America was glad to hear." (The "charts" may have been the completed charts made by the British naval authorities.)

"Cousin Ben R sent over the spoons he bought (in London)."

"Cousin Ben R sent me a pigg."

"The Rotch family all over to tea."

More than one of these records end with "we talked Nantucket."

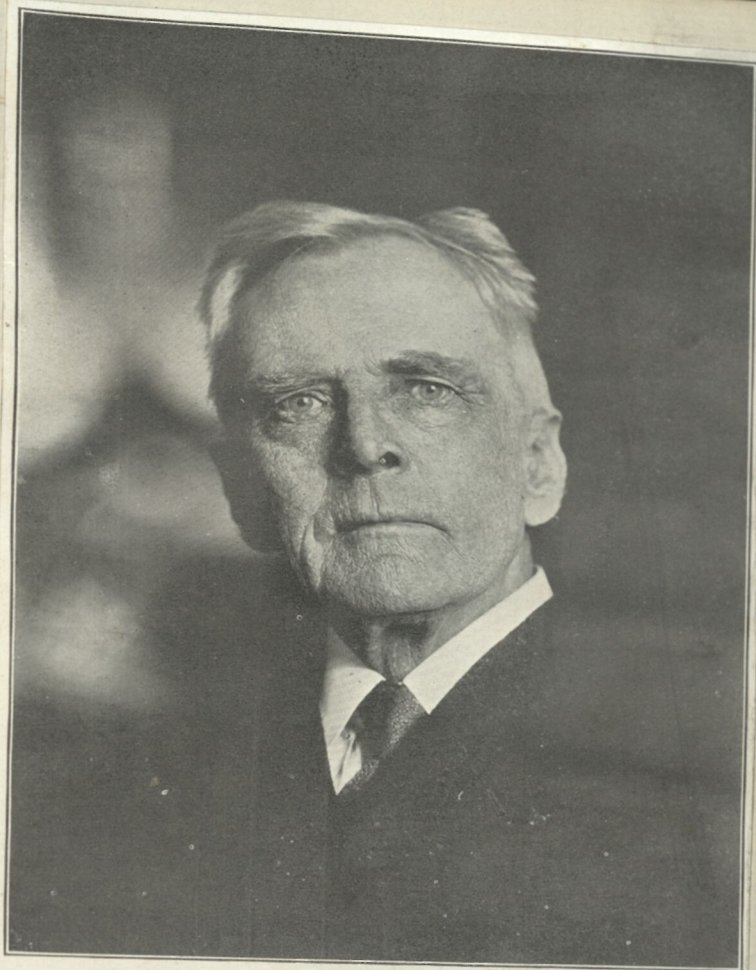
The diary shows Abiel's efforts to make a Nantucket raised girl adapt herself to her husband's life and the life of England.

"Sixteen years this day we got into this harbor".

And the next day she wrote:

"Sixteen years this day I stepped my feet on welch land and a greivous day it was to me."





THE LATE ARTHUR H. GARDNER.

## IN MEMORIAM

ARTHUR H. GARDNER

1924

Arthur H. Gardner, president of the Nantucket Historical Association, died on the 22d of February, 1924, at the age of 69 years, 6 months, 19 days.

Honored and respected by all, he was one of Nantucket's most prominent citizens—a man who everybody admired. Conscientious, honest and sincere to the core, he was as true as steel in his dealings with his fellow-men and he had the confidence and respect of all classes. The community as a whole had implicit faith in him, which had never been shaken through the passing years. He was always a wise counselor and a willing helper and Nantucket and Nantucketers are the better for his life of usefulness.

An interesting conversationalist, with a keen mind, a lasting memory and a ready wit, he was ever a source of information, especially on matters relating to Nantucket, and many there are who have enjoyed and profited by his counsel. He was well informed on matters pertaining to the island's past history, was keenly interested in her present development, and was filled with optimism regarding her future.

A true son of the island at all times, never did he let pass unnoticed an opportunity, either by word or pen, to do what he could for Nantucket. There was none better informed than he on all matters pertaining to the island. He had made a keen study of her past—always had facts and figures which were reliable and were instantly available—and he took pride in research work, thus contributing much valuable matter to the history of Nantucket.

In his passing the Historical Society has lost a